

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND:

A Monthly Magazine,

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THOSE MOTHERS WHO HAVE LITTLE TIME
TO READ, AND LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

EDITED BY ANN JANE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

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A MATERNAL MEETING.

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PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

REVOLVING months once more require the publication of our annual volume, and demand from us a grateful acknowledgment to those extending circles who feel an interest in our labours.

Could we reveal to our friends but a slight glimpse of results at home and abroad, as conveyed to us by our corresponding friends—of homes made happy—of individual transformation in drunkards reclaimed, in outcasts restored, in mothers quickened to activity and cleanliness—of children returned to duty and affection—of new Maternal Societies formed, and of old Societies aroused and blest! Could they listen to the affectionately grateful missive from mothers in the South Seas, and from Societies in India, where, in their own tongues, our simple papers are read. Could they but know a part only of all this, they would believe us when we say our sense of gratitude is indeed oppressive—first, to our gracious Lord, whose glory we desire supremely to promote, and then to all our valued friends, contributors, and readers, who have, through sunshine and storm, so nobly and affectionately sustained us.

Again, then, we send forth "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND," and earnestly solicit a continued interest in the prayers and efforts of all who know the deeply important position *they* occupy, for whom it is especially designed. For our own part, we "bated not one jot of heart or hope," but purpose steadily, by God's blessing, to render our monthly visit to thousands of families increasingly attractive, impressive, and useful.

Some copies may be had of the early numbers to complete sets; and Vols. I. (price 1s.), II., III., IV., V., and VI. (1s. 6d. each), bound in cloth, may be obtained. Many a missionary and many an emigrant have expressed thankfulness for presents of volumes of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

“SHALL I DIE THIS YEAR, MAMMA?”

“Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely and its hope less dear:
This is our world—an Alol, though it bear
Affection's impress or devotion's air!”

“A HAPPY new year to you, mamma,” said little Charley Trueman, as he came bounding into the parlour, on the first of January. The mother looked up from her Bible smilingly upon her boy, and replied, “Many happy new years to you, my darling—to poor mamma this day comes clouded by sorrow.” “Ah! yes, ma, I know why the tear comes down your face. You are thinking of poor pa and Etty; they were both here with us, last new year’s day; but you know, ma, they are in heaven now; and pa told us to think of him as always near us, like the angels, and that he will come to meet us when we die! But, ma, is God angry with us, when he sends death here to take away our papas and sisters?” “No, dear; it is not because God is angry that he takes away our dear ones, but generally to make us more holy, and to love to think about Him and heaven more. Sometimes, my boy, we make idols of those dear friends that God has, in mercy, given us, and then He sees it necessary to take them away.” “Oh! indeed, ma; then did pa mean that, when he said you had loved him too well? But, ma, he said,

too, that Jesus would live with us, and take care of us—so don't cry. I think He will, too—for grandpa asked Him to bless us this new year. I don't like that odd cap you wear, ma; I want to see the nice curls that Etty used to pull, and pa called her 'shining playthings.'"

Mrs. Trueman's tears fell fast as the prattle of her boy recalled the deep sorrow of the past year. A beloved and affectionate husband and an infant daughter were laid in the tomb together, and the little chatting, bright-eyed boy was now her only earthly treasure.

"But, mamma," continued the sweet child, "you must not love me too well, I suppose. Shall I die too, ma, this year? Shall I go down to see the star-worlds when I die, and live in heaven? You told me about that great telescope; what is it called, ma?" "The Craig telescope, dear." "Ah! yes, that is it; but I suppose we shall not want telescopes when we die. Shall we see the people walking about the star-worlds like they do here? Oh! ma, won't it be nice to die and go up to pa and Etty, and see all the beautiful things? Shall I die this year, mamma? Ah! I forgot, but then you would be down here all alone—I mean without any of us, pa, and Etty, and me; but you would have Jesus, ma; all the same, would you not? Please, ma, will you read that pretty story again about the little girl and her dead mamma?" The mother read the following interesting fact:—

"A little girl—a lively and gentle child—lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful—and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by the mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenwards. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the cherished one of the bereaved family, but she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck would say, 'Now, tell me about my mamma;' and when

the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, 'Take me into the parlour—I want to see my mamma.' The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait, but—

'Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to friends she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour drew nearer.'

That hour came at last, and weeping friends assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life's sun was going down; the little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically. 'Do you know me, darling?' sobbed the voice that was dearest, but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colourless countenance—the eyelids flashed open—the lips parted—the wan cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort as she looked piercingly into the far above—'Mother! Mother!' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that last breath into her mother's bosom. A divine, who stood by, remarked, 'If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now.'

"Oh! mamma," said Charley, "why that was exactly as it will be with pa and me! He said he would welcome us, you know, when we die. Shall I die this year, mamma?" "I hope not, dear," replied his mother, while the tears rolled fast over her pale cheek; "I hope you may be spared to comfort me when I am sick and old." "Well, ma, I should like that, too; but pa and Etty up there! and you down here! I like to go, and I like to stay! but I think I shall die this year, mamma." Let us pause and reflect.

Mother! do you think it is written against the name

of any of your dear ones, "This year thou shalt die!" Ah! it may be written against your own name! and what then? are you ready? How important to be ready—always ready! but how difficult to hold the beloved and cherished things of earth with a loose hand—not to have them dragged and torn from our grasp. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver! Did you ever carefully observe how the sorrows of life are suited to our varied characters? If *riches* are a snare, they are given wings to fly away; or, sometimes, they seem to be put into a bag with holes at the bottom—they slide away, we know not how. If we idolize *mind* or *person*, some disease or accident destroys one or both. If we make *household gods* they are commanded to depart, and we are left to feel, too late, that the creature was stealing the heart from the Creator; but, bereaveu mother, better this than that your heavenly Father should say, "She is joined to idols—let her alone." What are your resolves for this new year?

TALK WITH TIME AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"TIME, old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,
Come, sit by my hearth ere the embers fail,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale, 'neath this wintry sky,
Of the deeds thou hast done as the months swept by."

"I have cradled the babe in the churchyard wide;
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk to return no more;
I have humbled the strong, with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old, with his staff, to rest;
I have loosened the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;
I have startled the maid, on her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white 'mid her tresses brown;

THE LAST BLOW.

I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scattered the hoard of the miser's gold."

"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone
On the riven heart and the burial-stone?"

"No; Love's young chain I have trimmed with flowers -

Have awakened a song in the rose-crowned bowers;

Proud trophies have reared to the sons of fame,

And paved the road for the cars of flame!

Look to yon child, it hath learned of me

The word that it lisps at his mother's knee;

Look to the sage, who from me hath caught

Intenser fire for his heavenward thought;

Look to the saint, who hath nearer trod

Toward the angel-hosts, near the throne of God.

I have planted seeds in the soul, that bear

The fruits of heaven in a world of care;

I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright,

As the diamond-drop in the realms of light.

Question thy heart, hath it e'er confest

A germ so pure, or a tear so blest?"

But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray,

And he seized his hour-glass and strode away;

Yet his hand at parting I feared to clasp,

For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,

And read in the glance of his upward eye

His secret league with Eternity.

L. H. S.

THE LAST BLOW.

"I don't like Janet Brown at all," said Margery Carr to her husband, as he sat finishing his supper. "Sure, thin, what has she been doing to ye now? It's yourself and Janet that's always looking the wrong way at one another. Och! and it's a rare pity that yer lot should be so near thegither; I think we had better look out for another cottage, though, for my part, I never see anything the matter with the fate body; she's always mighty civil to me, and nobody, barring yerself, seems to have an evil

word to say of her." "Ah, there you are again, always taking her part; you think her perfect, no doubt, but she is preciouslly deceitful." "Is it I that think her perfect, then, honey! Sure, any perfect woman-kind would be a rare wonder, under the blessed sun, too! I used to think thee had less spots than the sun himself entirely, but I've blinked at that now, and am come to surety, that no mortal woman, even in old Ireland, is perfect! But what has she done to thee, avourneen?" "Done! why she insulted me by giving Johnny a great piece of cake, as if he hadn't enough to eat at home. I watched for her when she came out to gather herbs in the garden; and told her never to give my children meat again, and, in her way, she said, 'He's right welcome, pretty boy.'" "She told me she would give me some, mammy, when I saw her make it," interrupted Johnny, who had been listening. "There now, honey, would ye have her break her word with the childer?" "Ah, then, I don't want any of her favours for me or mine—let her keep her cake; I should like to know how she can be always making cakes these times; but there, those who don't care much about honesty, can get many things that others cannot." "Och, woman, and ye don't mean to make the tidy body out a thief! Aisy, aisly, Mrs. Carr, honey, think of what ye're saying." "Ah, yes, you don't know—but *seeing* is believing." "Is it I don't know, thin, avourneen, what you see; no, indeed, thy eyes are bright enough, to look through a stone wall, maybe; and they look now as if a man could light a pipe at them; 'twas the bright eyes that I couldn't forget, do ye mind, Margery, honey, after I got a glint at them at poor Petty's cake." "Aye, aye, I can't see through a wall, but I *can* see through a fence, and I'm pretty sharp at watching." "Take care, avourneen, ye don't get knocked down, when I'm not there with my shillelah to make them listen to reason; but I guess Janet will knock ye down, some day, herself." "Knock me down, indeed! I should

like to see her at it, the sly, deceitful old cat." "Aisy, aisy, don't whirl a storm about my head; aisy, Margery dear, ye'll be setting fire to the curtains with yer eyes, and knock me down entirely with your tongue. I don't mane that way, woman darlint, at all; but like my father knocked down Billy Shaw, by serving him a right good turn, for ill will." "Ah, there you are again, always taking that woman's part; I don't see but your home is as good as hers, anyhow." "Is it a good home, avourneen, ye think of? Ah, thin, if I could pop ye down by some of the homes by the bog, in old Ireland—thin, darlint, ye would hug yerself up here, in a house with a chimney and a window, all entirely so comfortable. Why, the likes o' this is only seen there for well-to-do folks, o' the likes o' Farmer Lance, up yonder." "Aye, aye, that's all very well, Larry." "Don't be vexed with trifles, woman; as the Priest used to say, we make trouble for ourselves—where God makes sunshine, we will have a cloud to see it through. Come, there's the little darlints all asleep, barring Lizzic, and her eyes are as dazzling bright as her mother's; sùre one needs less candle to live in the light o' them!" "Hark! hark!" exclaimed Margery, "I hear their garden gate again; no doubt there is more game coming home there." "Game! game! woman—sure, Brown's no poacher, or else bad luck to them all." "No, no, Larry, I don't mean *that* kind of game, but just something to feed the pig, maybe, or a little matter of something else." "Do ye see any thing, thin, darlint?" asked Carr, as his wife continued to gaze out of the corner of the window. "No, but I hear the door." "Is it the door ye hear? well, thin, sure the spalpeen may ope and shut the door without any harm going on; I thought the doors were made to ope and shut, in England; maybe the other-side neighbour is wanting a helping hand, for I hear Janet is always doing a good turn to that poor sick body. Come, avourneen, let us mind ourselves, and let others do as they like, sure we ben't

made to rule their ways, and I don't think they'll be meddling with ours, anyhow; come, my good colleen, be aisy—sure ye may be as happy here, as a cow in clover."

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health!"

MOTHER, we have a word for your ear! We have long wished to write on the subject of the "outcasts," but the ground is so tender we have feared to tread on it, lest we should not step delicately enough to reach you in safety. The eye has now deepened the impressions of the heart, and out of its fulness we must speak.

Did you ever think, with compassion of that class of voyagers on life's ocean who are without guide or compass, tossed about hither and thither on a rocky shore, with a storm ahead? They are sure to be wrecked *very soon*, unless a pilot arrives. Are you willing to lend a helping hand—to throw out a rope—to lend a light? If so, you must begin *at once*, or you may be too late! Does that mother say—"It does not concern me; I have no daughters." Have you no sons? Well, if you have neither sons nor daughters on earth, do you not love mercy? Care you not for those who are going down to the "pit," crying, as they pass away, in their bitterness, "*No man cared for my soul!*" We wish you could see what we have beheld, and read what we have studied, you would be roused by the thought that the world is contaminated—yes, every family, more or less—by the evil around us, which is destroying bodies and souls. Yet we all fear to attack it. We have passed on, on the other side!

We could some tales unfold, but we dare not, because our little messenger goes into the hands of thousands to

whom a thought impure may not be whispered; but we want you, mothers, to search for yourselves—to look right at the subject—to be interested in it, and to do quickly any little act of mercy within your power. While you step softly, it must be firmly; if you would lend a guiding hand or speak a word of direction. Some of our readers are among the rich and noble of our land; they, too, may help by joining the various committees of ladies, who, treading in the footsteps of the Saviour, are found speaking peace to the weeping Magdalenes, who have gladly returned to the forsaken path.

Our page will meet some mother's eye whose heart will throb with anguish in the recollection of early hopes blighted, and home-peace destroyed, by the enemy we have resolved to meet. Other mothers there are who are in danger of being sufferers, but they may not now believe it. To such we would offer a word of caution. Watch the very first downward step of your daughter's life; yes, and your son's life too. Check the first bold, forward look in your fair young daughter, and rouse not the love of finery in the heart of the embryo woman, lest she wish for means beyond her reach to gratify the taste, when you have lost the power to check it. Ponder these thoughts, mother, until we send you more.

MATER.

“EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.”

How often does our heavenly Father speak to us by the angel of death; and how often are the clouds of sorrow seen gathering over the mother's home! Sometimes a lovely bud is cut down ere its petals are unfolded, and its fragrance delights the beholder. Sometimes a deadly blight passes over the household flower, just as it is bursting into beauty; and sometimes a desolating blast passes by, making the whole garden appear a wilderness—the buds and the

full-blown flowers are laid fading together in the household grave. How often it happens; as we journey on in this vale of tears, that we are called to bid a sad farewell at the gate of the grave to those whom we might have expected would have closed our weary eyes in their last long slumber! The King of Heaven issues forth his command, and youthful heads are laid low in the dust.

At another time, we weep over the parents leaving their families desolate and alone to struggle through the cold unfeeling world, weeping, as they travel onward, that they find so few who sympathise with the orphan. Again, the widow in her sable garments meets us in our path, clasping her fatherless children to her wounded heart, while she bids them remember Him who has passed the dark valley, and directs them to look up to their father's God. "You shall surely see that beloved face again," she exclaims; "see that you are able to meet him without shame at the judgment-seat of Christ." Mothers, how are you training your children? How did you train those who are gone? You shall surely meet them again!

"They *were*—and, having been, they *ARE*,—
 Earth but contains their mouldering dust;
 Their deathless spirits, near or far,
 With thine must rise to meet the just.
 Thou know'st not but they hover near—
 Witness of every secret deed—
 Which, shunning human eye or ear,
 The spirits of the dead may heed.
 It is a thought so dread—so high—
 And one to wake a fearful thrill,
 To think, while all who live must die—
 The dead—THE DEAD ARE LIVING STILL!"

Some of us have watched with deep and anxious solicitude the blanched cheeks of those to whom our hearts were clinging, and listened with breathless attention to the failing voice—and how did we long to know more of the spirit-land, as they sailed away from our view over Jordan's river.

How did we look, and weep, and tremble, and wonder!

“———Who stands beside the bed,
Where rests the icy corpse within its shroud,
Nor feels a secret dread,
With which his soul ne’er to the living bowed!
The lowliest son of earth—
The veriest babe that death hath smitten down—
Hath to a realm gone forth,
To those who gaze upon them all *unknown*.
An awful mystery, sealed
From their sad eyes who weep beside the bier,
To *them* hath been revealed,
To their imprisoned souls made plain and clear.”

And after we have gone to the gate of the city of souls, and as those we watched have entered in, how we turned back to our own earth to weep, exclaiming, “Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.” The mother, who has had an infant taken from her bosom, looks upon us with streaming eyes, and says, “See my sorrow,—if I had not lost my child at its most tender age, it would not have been so very distressing!” Ah! “Every heart knows its own bitterness!”

Again, we look upon the mother who follows to the grave the lisping child of three or four years, and *she* tells us it is more painful to see the earth cast on *such* a bright young head—for she has more to remember than the mother who lost the babe of a few months old—but “Every heart knows its own bitterness!”

We look again, and we see another mother weeping over one who knew evil from good, and she in her anguish asks us,—“Was my child an *accountable* being? Oh! *this* it is that presses so heavily on my heart; I am not sure about his *responsibility*?” “Every heart knows its own bitterness.”

But yonder stands the mother who has laid one in the tomb who *was* accountable, and who *knew* the fact, and she cannot remember anything like such a *devoted life* as the Bible requires; although she *saw* anxiety for the safety of

the soul and the salvation of others in the last hours of life, still she does not feel quite sure that all was right. She hopes—she must hope—but a doubt will arise—a cloud will hang over the grave till all the dead shall arise, and as we look at her, we say,—“Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.”

Then, again, the mother who has lost one of whose glorious state in immortality she has no doubt; she, in her heart's anguish, tells us *hers* is the *deepest* sorrow, for she had *most* to lose; one so good—so affectionate—who had never caused her a moment's pain by his conduct—might have been the stay of her weary, tottering steps as she went down the hill of life and bent over the tomb. Ah! but “Every heart knows its own bitterness.”

If there is one sorrow more heartrending than another to look upon, it is the sorrow of that mother who saw her child cut down in the midst of his sins, and who left her no *scriptural* hope that angels carried the departing spirit to the bosom of Abraham. She, like David, exclaims, “Oh! my son, my son, would that I had died for thee, that thou mightest have had a little time to repent and seek thy God.” We turn from the painful picture, exclaiming, — “Every heart knows its own bitterness.” We sometimes, perhaps, feel inclined to think our own sorrow the most poignant, but when we hear and read of other sufferers in this tearful valley, we find we had formed a wrong estimate of our own trouble. Yet, we are inclined to turn away and say, “Ah! every heart knows its own bitterness!”

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. IV.

Our present subject, dear friends, will be in the form of a question, which we recommend you to put to your children, — “If you might have been present at one scene mentioned in the Bible, which one would you have chosen?” No doubt you will have varied answers,

according to the dispositions of your children. One, perhaps, will reply, — “Daniel in the lion’s den,” or “the three Jews in the fiery furnace;” another, — “Peter in prison,” or “Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane.” They will then write those answers in their books; then find the passages, and read and talk a little over them.

Now, Christian mother, lead their minds onward; say to them, — “Dear children, these scenes are passed away; I will tell you of some yet future, at which you and I shall surely be present, whether we will or not.” Then picture to them, by the aid of God’s word, some of the events mentioned in prophecy. Tell them of the opening graves—of the great white throne, and the assembled multitude—of the Lamb on Mount Zion, with His blessed company—and the harpers harping with their harps. Do not close your conversation without speaking *personally* to your children.

General instruction is very good, but *sometimes* let an affectionate appeal be made individually, thus, — “Anna, dearest, shall *you* sing the new song with your mother?” “James, my boy, will there be a white robe *for you*?” “I hope my little Ellen will have a golden harp too.” Pray *with* and *for* them also, in the same manner. It may be that your boy will soon leave your side;—you look anxiously, yet vainly, on into the dark future, to see what lies before him, and which way he will go. Let him carry away with him blessed and holy memories. Sometimes, when far away from home and friends, let the pleasant exercises of the Lord’s day come before his mind, calm and peaceful, when, at evening, he bade his mother “Good night!” with his arm around her neck—when she pressed him yet more closely to her side, and whispered her blessing in tones so earnest that he seems to hear them still. He will not be the first son who has been thus kept from the paths of the destroyer. Perhaps you can remember some similar instance. I know *one*, at least:—

In the midst of temptation and away from home—*home*, where anxious hearts were busy for him, and anxious eyes waking in the silent night—such memories came back to his heart, and there he stood firm, and now lives to testify to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to proclaim it to others. Were you to ask him what kept him from the forbidden paths, he would tell you, as he once told me,—that it was just the thoughts and remembrances which he had of his home. Yes, and I saw written in his Bible, by his mother's hand, these beautiful verses:—

“Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she 'd die to save.”

I think I have seen them in the *Mothers' Friend*. Mother, copy them in the Bibles of your sons and daughters.

Oxford.

MARY.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

In the autumn of 184— we found ourselves suddenly located on the margin of one of Scotland's loveliest lakes. Our domicile consisted of four rooms, two of which we occupied, and two our hosts; it was situated in a pretty little garden, directly opposite that object of universal admiration—the magnificent Ben Lomond. The quiet, the beauty, the grandeur of the scene around was so in contrast with what we had left behind, and, withal, was so in unison with all the sensibilities of our heart, that we were fairly overcome, and sat down like the prophet, as one astonished: we could not move, but kept gazing and gazing on, till twilight crept slowly over the scene and gradually wrapt the whole in a misty outline.

At this moment a gentle tap was heard at our door, and we were informed our tea was ready below. As we descended, everything struck us as new;—the narrow staircase—the white-washed walls—the latch of the door—the small room—the little window—the flowers, and who has not been delighted to snuff the sweet perfume of nature's own, in similar circumstances! Then the little round table with pillar and claws—the tiny tea-cups without handles—the home-made bread—the sweet fresh butter, with the delicious twang of salt, and the pure infusion of the eastern plant mixed with your true, real, and genuine milk from the cow!—who could help being happy? We were thoroughly so, and disposed to hold no fellowship with the man whose soul was not tuned to enjoy it altogether. •

As night drew on we began to ruminate as to the course we ought to pursue as Christians. We admitted the duty, and at home enjoyed the privilege, of family worship; but what was to be done here? It was not our house; we were not master. Here we seemed to pause, nor could we get comfortably any further; but, after a little musing, we arose and went to the door and called our hostess—for you must know, gentle reader, this sweet cottage was guiltless of the accommodation of bells!—But she came at the call; and after a slight pause, we said we were in the habit of calling our family together, morning and evening, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God, and commit ourselves to His care and protection—“It had occurred to us, now that we are far away from those dear to us, you and your husband might possibly like to come in and join us in such a delightful exercise; go and consult him.”

She soon returned with her husband. We motioned them to sit down, and then said,—“You know we have been mercifully preserved through a long journey; your dwelling has been kept safely; you are both in health and

strength; let us, therefore, bless and praise His name together, and thus manifest our gratitude. We must all soon appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and must there give an account of every day's work: there will be strange things seen on that day. We will read the 103rd Psalm, and then unite in solemn prayer and praise to God. We are in the habit of telling our people at home, it is not enough that they listen to the prayers of others, because they may do that and be thinking of something else;—they must pray for themselves, by stirring up their own hearts and lifting up their souls to God: now, will you join with us? Perhaps it is a new thing with you, and you hardly know how to set about it. We greatly fear spiritual worship is a new thing to many. We must first try to realise the great fact—*God is here!*—and He is the hearer and the answerer of prayer. If we are impressed by these thoughts we shall be solemn and sincere; nor shall we go to sleep as some do! We must feel sure He will answer us if we ask in faith. If you say you have no faith, then ask for it; for faith is the gift of God. 'Lord, help us to believe.' Faith is believing: we will try to explain this to you. A gentleman met two little beggars in the street, who asked him to bestow his charity; he said he had nothing with him to give, but if they would call at his house the next day, he would give them something. Accordingly, the little girl presented herself at the gentleman's door, who at once asked for her brother, —'O sir,' she said, 'he did not believe you, and would not come.' The little girl believed, or had faith, went, and had the promised favour. The little boy did not believe, or had not faith, therefore would not go, and lost the gift. Now, then, if you please, we will read the psalm, and you will not forget the silent inward prayer, 'Lord, help me to believe.'

More to come.

M. B.

SONG OF A PASSING SPIRIT ENTERING THE
"SHIP OF DEATH."

With solemn tread,
We drew near a bed,
At the close of day,
Where a maiden lay.
With heavenly light her eye grew bright,
As her song began,
Thus the numbers ran:—
"I am passing, my sister, through death's troubled sea,
But my home in the distance looks bright;
Salvation for ever—salvation for me—
In a mansion where enters no night.
I am passing, my sister! the Pilot is near,
To conduct me safe over the wave—
The tempest is hushed—I go without fear,
With Him who is mighty to save.

"I am passing, my mother! my circuit is run,
Life's brief day of anguish is o'er;
I go to the home our loved ones have won—
Salvation for me, evermore!
I am passing, my mother! safe over the flood,
Thus early I sail from thy view,
Salvation for me has been purchased with blood—
All is joy, save the parting from you.

"One kiss—the ship's moving! my sister, farewell,
The chill waters are touching my feet;
Weep not, my own mother—with me it is well,
In Heaven again we shall meet.
I joyfully enter the Jordan's dark sea,
For it leads to my home in the sky:
Salvation for ever! Be Jesus with thee,
My mother—my sister—good-bye."

We heard the last,
As the Death Ship past;
But as she went,
The heaven seemed rent,
By the angel throng as they rushed along.

We gazed to see the ship's company,
 And list to their perfect minstrelsy.
 The hope was vain—
 To earth again,
 By the maiden's bed we wept the dead;
 In beauty lay
 The silent clav,
 Awaiting the great gathering day.

THE SISTER'S PAGE.

WE cannot send forth our little messenger this new year, dear young friends, without a page especially for you. We know that many of your number hail our little Magazine with pleasure, and many an eye, sparkling with health and vigour, will glance over this first number to look for "Something for the Young." We hope you will read to the end of our paper, before the youthful heart will be allowed to bound away after things wild and rare, which imagination will dress up in holiday garb. Yes, we know all about it; our heart has not grown old yet!

But now tell us,—Did it ever enter into that warm heart of yours, that before another new year's day the bright eye may be closed in death; and the active feet, having run their short race, may be stretched out in the family vault? Yet so it may be. Yes, with you! We could tell you of one particularly, one of your number, who was as likely to live last new year's day as you are now,—but her pilgrimage is ended, and her sun is gone down, even in the morning of life! But she had given the dew of her youth to the Saviour, and she could say, "to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Death came to her, not as an unwelcome intruder, but as a friend to usher her into the presence-chamber of the great King. She could sing—

"Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And I am entering there."

And when she heard the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" she had only to arise, for her lamp was trimmed and burning brightly. A sister stood by, with her finger on the feeble pulse, when the dying eye gathered brightness, and, calling her by name, she exclaimed with ecstasy, "Salvation for ever! through the blood of the Lamb!" then composing herself, like an infant going to sleep on its mother's bosom, she went up to join the redeemed in their home of joy and love.

Say, should the Bridegroom call for *you this year*, will you be thus ready? We will give you, as a contrast to this happy death, the sad ending of one of whom we have been reading, who was obliged to enter the spirit-world tremblingly anxious, lest he should not only step in the dark but *into the dark*. In the vigour of health he was thrown from a vehicle and dreadfully injured. When the medical man came, his first question was, "*Sir, must I die? Deceive me not in this!*" He was told that he could not live half-an-hour. Oh, how he at once awoke to a full sense of the dreadful reality! "*Must I then go into eternity in an hour!*" he exclaimed. "*Must I appear before my God and Judge in an hour! Oh, I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that some were cut off thus suddenly, but I never expected to be one of the number; and now, what shall I do to be saved?*" He was told of Jesus; but he replied, "How can I repent and believe. There is no time to explain the matter; death will not wait for explanation!" Thus was the whole business of life crowded into one short hour, and that hour was one of agony and distraction. He continued this cry of "*What shall I do to be saved?*" till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death!

Dear young friends, which death would you die? Bear in mind, you must *live the life* if you would die the death of the righteous.

FRAGMENTS FOR 'SPARE MOMENTS.

"DEAR ME!—IT IS GONE, THAT IT IS!"

Yes, another year of your short life has fled, but its works are all recorded in a book, whose pages never wax old; and when all the monuments of marble and tablets of brass and steel shall become illegible, or wasted away by the erosion of time, the record in that book will be as fresh as it is this morning!

EXAMPLE.

One watch set right will do to set many by; but one that goes wrong may mislead a whole neighbourhood! Mother, how many are going right by your example?

"A BRIGHTER DAY TO-MORROW MAY SHINE UPON US ALL."

There is no day so long and bright that clouds do not sail by and cast their shadows, but the sun is behind them.

LOOK UP.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Green Leaves. London: Hamilton and Co.; Glasgow: Maclehose.

A book full of thoughts on interesting subjects. We recommend it to our young friends.

Simple Poems, by Anna Potts. Cambridge University Press.

A cheap book, suitable for the cottage and Sunday-school reading.

The Day Star. London: Ward and Co.

A magazine of useful thoughts and anecdotes on religion.

Religion for Young Men.

A cheap and very valuable little present for our sons.

The Scholar's Friend.

A cheap and interesting little serial for children. By one who loves the "little ones."

THE LAST BLOW.—No. II.

As Janet Brown was weeding her little garden one morning, she turned round at the sound of carriage wheels and "Halloo, there!" Close to the gate she saw, with dismay, little Johnny Carr just under the horses' feet. The tender-hearted woman sprang over the rail, and dragged the infant boy towards her, just in time to save his life, but not without a severe blow and injury to both. Margery Carr ran to her door on hearing the scream, and, half frantic with terror, she called out, "My boy! my boy!" and dragged the little fellow bleeding from Janet's arms. The gentleman pulled up, and addressing Margery said—"You may thank this good woman for saving your child's life, at the risk of her own, and I will take care she is not unrewarded." He then rode down to the village, and ordered the doctor to attend both to Janet and the child.

Janet Brown was, indeed, more severely injured than she had in her terror imagined, the wheel having passed over the side of her hand. The humane gentleman, giving his address to the medical man, and saying something to Janet in a low voice, left the village: Mrs. Brown had followed Margery into her house and helped her to undress her little suffering boy, forgetting her own pain, when the doctor addressed her—"Come, Mrs. Brown," he said, "now let me see what I can do for you; untie your apron from the wounded hand." On her opening the bandage the blood flowed profusely, and poor Janet was well-nigh fainting.

"Oh, don't die, don't die," said poor little Johnny, looking at the pale face of his friend. "You are so kind to me, Mrs. Brown, don't die!"—"Ah," said the doctor, "children and dogs, they say, soon like good-tempered people. I suppose this is a pet of yours, Mrs. Brown." Margery bit her lip, and drew little Johnny into her expanded lap.

"He is a nice little fellow," said Janet, "and my children are very fond of him; I pity the woman who can be unkind to little children." Janet then returned to her own cottage, and was obliged to keep very quiet all the rest of the day.

When little Mary Brown came home from school, she ran into Mrs. Carr's to ask for Johnny. He was in bed, and Mary drew near the fire on which was a pot boiling, talking to Mrs. Carr about the accident. Turning round, with a pair of black hands, and looking very cross, Margery took the neat little girl roughly up, and placed her in the middle of the room, saying—"There, don't come here, peeping about, with your excuses and your prim clothes." The terrified child looked down upon her blackened frock, and burst into tears, saying—"I only came to ask if mother can do any thing for little Johnny, and she is very bad herself—she is! Only she told me to come—I am sure I don't peep—I didn't do any thing—Oh, dear, my nice clean frock is so dirty!"

Just then Larry Carr came in exclaiming—"Oh, my—my—why, thin, where's my darlint boy? I have only jist heard tell about it, for I've been a long way off to work to-day—avick, thin, this is fading from sunbeams into moonbeams entirely, avourneen—where is he?" "Up stairs," replied his wife, "but be quiet, for the poor little heart is just gone to sleep." "So I hear Janet saved his life! the kind body! Think o' the likes o' that, too! She's the pink of the country for a neighbour, and takes the shine out o' many for kindness!" "There—there—that's enough about her," said Margery, pettishly, "I suppose anybody would have done the same, if they had been near enough to save a little innocent." "Ah, may be they would—and may be they wouldn't," rejoined Larry, "for sad's the world now-a-days, and soorra a pratee some'll give the poor childer to keep the breathe in the colleens."

As Larry descended the stairs, after looking at his boy,

he stepped towards the door and opened it to admit Janet, who had with difficulty walked in to inquire for the child. "Ah, thin," said Larry, offering his hand to the kind woman, "we have to thank you entirely for the life being kept in our Johnny. Sure, the heavens never shone on a kindlier creature!—it's yellow gold that ye're worth for a neighbour!" "Don't say a word about anything I have done, Mr. Carr—I only did my duty; and thankful I am to our heavenly Father that I was in time to drag the dear little fellow from his death—but how is he?" "Ah, thin," said Larry, brushing a tear from his eye with his rough hand, "I'm thinking we'll have to watch the colleen all night entirely, for it's red hot he is, too, and don't breathe well, the darlint."

"It is a great mercy we are both alive," continued Mrs. Brown, "our troubles might always be worse than they are. The kind gentleman gave me half-a-sovereign to pay for anything I may need, and to get a little help till my hand is well; so you must allow me to give half for little Johnny, and I will come in again before I go to bed. I cannot well stay now, as I am expecting my brother." "See that now," said Larry, "the blessed sun shine on ye now and for evermore!" The warm-hearted man looked after Janet with gratitude beaming in his countenance as she left the house. "Aye, aye," whispered Margery, "expecting her brother!—and she may expect to be watched, too." "Sure thin, honey," said her husband, "who has a better right to call at her house thin her own born brother?"

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

To our numerous Friends who have written to us on this subject.

WE are often asked—"What are Maternal Associations?—What use are they? and, How must we begin and conduct them?" We will answer in a few words. They

are meetings where mothers learn together the best mode of training their children for this world and the next. Where mothers implore Divine blessings on themselves and their families, and, above all, when the members assemble, it is found to be a place where Jesus condescends to meet with them and to vouchsafe His rich blessing.

At these meetings the ladies who conduct them bring the thoughts and experience of others, as well as their own; so that the poor mother, who has little time for reading, and little opportunity of gaining knowledge as to the importance of her position and her duties, may here learn more in an hour than she would get elsewhere in a week.

We should like to write a long paper on the *usefulness* of Maternal Associations to mothers and families, but we must hasten to speak of the mode of conducting them, to aid those for whom we now more particularly took up our pen.

We will suppose a neighbourhood where none has been established. Two or three friends would unite in visiting and inviting all the mothers within their reach, of all denominations, to meet with them at a place which had been previously selected, leaving at each house a little paper written for the purpose, called "A Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting, by Ann Jane," which may be obtained, with *The Mothers' Friend*, at a very cheap rate, by the hundred. The time of meeting would be suited to the locality, either afternoon or evening.

Most ladies like their pastor to commence the meeting, by singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. He would then leave. After which, a mother would read for half an hour on mothers' duties, responsibilities, encouragements, or any suitable subject previously chosen. (If at a loss for reading, "The Mothers' Monitor" is ready prepared for her with twelve readings; a cheap volume by Ann Jane, and may be obtained from any bookseller, with *The*

Mothers' Friend.) Then singing, and prayer by a mother previously engaged to help; then another reading; and conclude with singing and another short prayer. (A very cheap Hymn-book is also prepared, by Ann Jane, for these meetings.)

This is the usual mode among thousands of mothers, but in some cases it has been found desirable to have only *one* reading, and the whole conducted by one lady, with one friend only to take a prayer. Others have various small district meetings, assembling in various places at the same time; and in towns and cities this has been found to meet the convenience of poor mothers. Some prefer giving out a subject at one meeting, and reading on it at the next. Some like a set of rules, and a book to enter the names of mothers and children. Of course, these minor things must be left to the wisdom of the friends who conduct the meetings. We will (D.V.) give the rules next month, for those who like to use them; then each mother may read them for herself in *The Mothers' Friend*.

Again we would mention, for the help of those who are about to commence this good work,

"The Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting;"

"The Mothers' Monitor," for reading at these meetings; and

The little "Hymn Book for Mothers;"

All by Ann Jane, and may be obtained with *The Mothers' Friend*.

We have some interesting reports of Maternal Associations to appear in the next two or three numbers of *The Mothers' Friend*.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. I.

To the Editor of "*The Mothers' Friend*."

DEAR MADAM,—I am one of the mothers who read and have been helped by your little publication, and I think I might be able sometimes to help others, by telling them of my own

difficulties, and experience, and failures. Much of what I have to say will be connected with a little boy, about three years of age. I had to bring up my child "by hand," so that a few hints to mothers thus circumstanced may be of use.

At first I had some difficulties; for instance, how to keep the food warm all night. I had no nurse for my child after he was a month old, and as I had read that a very young infant ought not to be exposed to severe temperature, I kept up a fire the earlier part of the night, but after a little time I kept the food warm by putting a portion of it in a bottle in the bed. This food, at first, was milk and water; as he grew a little older, I tried several things which were recommended to me, but nothing agreed so well as sago, boiling it with water and mixing it, *when quite hot*, with an equal quantity of new milk. After he began to take this, he soon grew plump, and was more happy and tranquil. This food he continued till he was two years and a half old.

I received much advice, of course, about giving him meat and broth, and so on; but our medical man often said he did not know such a thriving child in all his practice, and this he attributed chiefly to his food. In the summer, he had strawberries and raspberries, but no other fruit but baked apples. When I have perceived any derangement of his health, such as fever, waking up with crying, or colds, I have generally given him a teaspoonful of castor oil in brown sugar; after which he would almost immediately lie down to sleep, and perhaps awake well.

He has sometimes suffered from severe colds on the chest, when I have found it very beneficial to use the castor oil *externally* as well as internally, rubbing the throat, chest, and back with it, and always with marked success. I still give him *very little* animal food, with potatoes and gravy, or a plain rice pudding.

As soon as my babe could use his limbs, I tried to accustom him to lie on a shawl on the floor, where he soon began to crawl about vigorously, and to crawl up stairs. In this way his limbs grew strong, and from early use he has scarcely ever fallen down the stairs, or in any way been injured, as many children are who are made too dependant on the care of others.

If agreeable, I hope soon to resume my subject.

I remain, yours faithfully,

HANNAH.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. II.

“Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health!”

MOTHERS! have you pondered, amidst the world's business, over our last paper on this subject? Then again listen. It is with you, mothers, to make a happy home for your children, so that they have not to seek a place of comfort or of refuge among strangers. We lately went to look upon a group of these homeless outcasts, for whom we would plead. It was a most touching sight to behold! Youth and energy, and, in some cases, beauty, brought so low by the snares of the world and the deceitfulness of the human heart! And while we rejoiced to see a few who were willing to return to the paths of rectitude, the thought that thousands are still rushing into open graves, by the error of their ways, while scarcely one Christian woman is found stepping out of her path to speak a warning word to them, nerved us to the resolution of writing a page or two on the subject.

It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact,—that four years is the longest period these poor outcasts are likely to live! And then,—oh, what then? The fearful cry is heard,—often heard,—“I am going down to darkness and eternal death, but none warned me of my danger!” Words these, that we would have rung in every careless mother's ear, and every wandering, self-willed daughter, till they awaken to a sense of duty.

We said, it is with mothers to make happy homes for their families, and thus prevent wandering and crime. We said, too, that we had lately looked upon a group of these poor outcasts, in an asylum prepared for them by Christian philanthropy. While we looked upon those youthful countenances, and saw the falling tear, as we read to them of the sympathy of Jesus, we felt anxious to ascertain the kind of homes and the kind of mothers these Magdalenes

had been trained by. Alas! the tale was very sad! Out of the whole group there were only *two* who had mothers living; and these mothers were anything but what they ought to have been! 'Eour were orphans! The rest had step-mothers! But we found, when the bare mention of a mother's name was made—even of a dead mother—that a chord was touched in the hearts of these fallen ones, which vibrated for a very long time.

This gives us hope in our work. Alas, who can say what heart-thrilling recollections the name of mother brought of home and early happiness, and joy and innocence? and, to most of them, how fearful would be the contrast! Again we rest our pen. Mother! push not away the subject; still ponder.

MATER.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. II.

WE left our readers last month, with candle in hand, turning our steps to bed, "on the evening of our arrival at the pretty cottage on the margin of Loch Lomond. Our domicile, as we said before, was small and plain; the door at the foot of the stairs was whitewashed, and opened by a wooden latch with a string. The staircase was garnished with bundles of herbs hung up to dry. The bed was small, but beautifully clean; we had two chairs, with wooden bottoms; a chest of drawers, rather rickety, but which could boast pretensions to have seen better days; and a wash-hand stand, which in reality was a board, supported by two legs or sticks, and fastened to the wall by hinges; but on it was a pitcher of beautifully soft clear water,—a luxury not always found in larger and grander houses. On the drawers was a small square looking-glass, whose angle of vision had to be adjusted by a bit of paper thrust between the frame of the glass and the standard. It had some day met with a sad accident, for a piece was missing

in one corner, and an oblique crack ran across it. Notwithstanding these things were somewhat strange to us, we were unaccountably happy; and being weary, we slept well. Then the solemn stillness, so unlike the noise and rattle of our crowded cities, helped us to a good night.

We awoke early to behold the glorious sun peeping in at our casement window. The great Ben Lomond looming in the distance, and the lovely Loch, with its many islands, stretched to the right and left. The language of the inspired Psalmist was stirring in our hearts, and found utterance from our lips, as we acknowledged the mercies by which we were surrounded, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" How inexpressibly sweet it is to go forth to the duties or the pleasures of the day under so Divine a guidance, feeling every step you take you are under His care who never slumbers or sleeps, and who constantly watches over you to do you good, while the heart bursts forth in humble confidence, and cries, "My Father and my God."

Our breakfast was now ready in the little parlour, and the table was comfortably though homely spread. We had no disposition to be captious, being in that state of mind which disposes a man to be pleased with every thing; nothing seemed a difficulty,—nothing came wrong; we took everything by the right handle;—we were happy—others seemed happy,—and, somehow or other, matters went on delightfully. There must have been a cause for this. Our poor jaded spirits had just slipped from the collar of perpetual excitement and anxiety, when we thus found ourselves suddenly in the midst of some of Nature's greatest beauties; all was new and untried, and poor human nature was herself again.

Our landlady now came to remove the breakfast things; and, on inquiry as to the best course for a day's ramble, we were led to ponder on the ascent of Ben Lomond,—a day's fishing on the Loch,—a walk through the Pass of Glencroe,—or a quiet stroll by the Loch before us; we

determined to take the latter, especially as we understood the Kirk was in that direction; and, this being Saturday, we were anxious to make sure of that locality, in order to know the exact time it would take us to walk the next day; for we always feel a solemn obligation to be in time at the house of God.

We remember once being at Brighton, in the time of William the Fourth, when the public were admitted to the Royal Chapel by tickets, and if the holder was not there before the service began, the door was shut, and he was excluded. This reminded us of that awful scene described by our Lord, in Luke xiii. 25—30, when the door will be shut to all who are not ready to go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

We started,—taking the road that skirted the margin of the Loch, soon passed the inn at Tarbutt, and, turning to the right, we suddenly came upon a most antiquated building, and exclaimed with surprise, “What can this possibly be?” Upon a close examination, we found it was the Kirk. “Well,” said we, “this is a Primitive Church indeed.” But, as we have more to say of it in connexion with the coming Lord’s day, we shall take leave of our readers, and pursue our walk, hoping to meet again.

M. B.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.

“The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future.”

At a time when “almost all the world” is reading and feeling interested in “Uncle Tom” and his sable race, we thought it would be acceptable to some of our young readers to peruse a short narrative of facts which happened among our private friends; as it relates to some of those unfortunates beings who happen to have a little darker skin than their brethren. Before our beloved country threw off the dreadful stigma of holding its fellow-creatures

in bondage, a gentleman went into a slave-market to make his purchases. There were seen fathers, mothers, and children, all chained together like cattle. Many of them had been torn from their own sunny land, far away, and now they were to weep out a painful life of slavery!

Fearful were the cries and earnest the entreaties of the poor creatures, as they were torn from dear relatives to serve different masters, and separated from each other, in most cases, for ever. With bowed head and bursting heart, the mother was seen in the long train of one planter, while her infant boy, sent to a distant place, wept in vain for its mother's love and tenderness; and the husband and father, in heavy chains, was dragged, heart-broken, far away from all that made life dear to him!

Our friend was, however, more tender-hearted than many who engaged in this dreadful traffic, and he, therefore, selected for his slaves those who were related to each other; and, among others, he purchased Sam, Judith, and their infant boy. Not long after this gentleman became a slaveholder, he took his lady one day to hear a missionary preach in the Court-house. The subject was the judgment-day, and the account we must all give for the acts committed on earth. From this time, Mr. and Mrs. Dare's views were entirely changed—"all things became new;" and they resolved to have their slaves instructed, then to give them their freedom, and return to England. Many tears fell over sable cheeks when this arrangement was made known, on the plantation, for black faces have loving hearts when kindly treated.

After giving the freedom promised to the slaves, and commending them to the care of the good missionary, Mr. and Mrs. Dare prepared for returning to their native country. One morning, Judith was seen hastening towards Mrs. Dare's house with her infant boy in her arms, and, entering the room where her kind mistress was sitting, she exclaimed—"Missus, me come to give you my piccaninny

to take to white man's land. Look, he pretty baby! you tell him 'bout great God up 'sky. Me know you kind; me know you good; me no 'fraid to give him to you;—take him!" Mrs. Dara was greatly surprised, and said, "No, Judith, no; I cannot take your little one, on any account." But Judith became more earnest still, saying, "Do, do, missus, take him—me tell you why. Me saw piccaninny of slave mother down plantation; white man make him work too hard, for him sick; but white man no care for him sick; he flog him with great whip! Poor little one cry! White man no care for him cry, only flog more for cry." "Ah, but Judith," replied the lady, "you and Sam are free; you can both work for yourselves now." "Iss, missus, me know; but Sam die—death come to Judith too! Poor little one have no kind missus; he take to hard master, he flog him, he no care for cry; but now you take him, den if me die—if Sam die—he no mind. Missus and massa be him fadder, him mudder—him happy den. Me hear poor black man cry; him wish him die, den him say him go back to him country 'gain. Him massa no like my massa; him cruel; he say, black man no soul. Now you take baby; him happy; take him!" The offered gift was still refused, and Judith went away sorrowful, saying, "Me bring him 'gain to-morrow!"

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES DEPARTING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been, since its commencement, a constant reader of your excellent magazine, and have had very great satisfaction in recommending and circulating it amongst my female friends. I am deeply interested in its success, and I trust you have encouragement in its increasing circulation to persevere in your labours of love, and by hearing, from time to time, how mothers are stimulated to greater zeal in duty by the warnings and appeals of *The Mothers' Friend*. There is a word for each and all in its pages, and few numbers but contain some remark which touches some tender chord in the mother's heart, causing it to vibrate.

Whilst reading the first article in your magazine for this month I was struck with the few words, "Alas! how many will sigh over the wrecks made this year!" A tender chord was touched—for, oh! how little did we foresee, at the close of last year, the change a few months would make in our happy family. Within a few days of each other, the eldest and the youngest, a sweet girl of just fifteen, and a lovely boy of six, were carried to the silent tomb! To encourage mothers to train up their dear little ones for heaven, permit me to state a few things respecting these beloved children, which have cheered our desolate hearts in the time of deep sorrow.

The elder fell a victim to that most insidious disease, consumption; disease was at work while the cheek bloomed with health. With the most perfect resignation and patience she met the fell destroyer. *God knows best.* When told she would not recover, "God knows what is best for me," was her only reply. She was an orphan, but loved as our own. While she lingered, our sweet Willie used to pray very affectionately for her as a sister, that God would please to make her well; and if not, "may dear Anna not be afraid to die," he would add; "not afraid to cross the Jordan; but may she land safely on the happy land, where she will never be sick any more." I little thought, when I heard the dear child thus praying, he would before her cross over the swellings of Jordan, and show her the way; but so it was—the last was first. Without a murmur, without a sigh, this lovely one entered alone the deep waters; and, a few days after, his adopted sister most peacefully followed him.

We had trained our dear boy for the service of God on earth while he was with us. We knew not so soon he would exchange earth for heaven, where he will serve Him day and night without ceasing. Deeply impressed with the necessity for more labourers in the missionary field, from their birth I had in heart devoted a little brother, a year older, and this departed one, to be missionaries to the heathen, and from the first sought to interest them in the missionary cause. They loved each other devotedly. I thought of the coming future, when they would go forth together to labour and die in the field; but the mission of one is ended, and a sweet mission of love it was. Like a ray of light he came and departed—a morning without a cloud.

• Before his last illness there seemed a perceptible ripening for

heaven. One of his favourite texts, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," he carried into daily practice. It would occupy too much time to relate the sweet instances I recollect of his putting this in practice. The last thing he gave away was some fruit. He divided it among the other children, and the largest share he gave to one who had been unkind to him. "She must get from me the most," was his remark.

"God is love," was another favourite text; and its sweet spirit was within him. As he lay dying, he said to his young nursemaid, "Sally, dear, I love you *with all my heart*," and thus did his heart overflow with love to *all* around him. Yet, he so loved the dear Saviour, he said, "I do not wish to get well again, I wish to go to Jesus." I heard him sing as he lay on his dying bed, "I will arise and go to my Father." At another time he said, "Thou, God, seest me." In the agony of a convulsion fit he put up his little mouth for me to kiss, then softly, sweetly murmured, "*Jesus*"—"beautiful!" These were his last words. Soon after he became unconscious, and for six days and nights we watched his falling tabernacle, with its imprisoned spirit, ere it departed. And so he left us, for a better world. I cannot convey, in words, a more correct idea of this sweet child, than by transcribing the beautiful lines by Mary Howitt, called "The Lost One."

I fear this paper may be too long, or I would tell how my little son, forgetting his own sorrow, sought to comfort me by the precious promise of God's word; but I may do so, at a future time.

I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

A. N. C.

[This paper is rather longer than usual, but it is so deeply interesting we do not fear tiring our readers.—ED.]

THE LOST ONE.

We meet around the board—thou art not there;

Over our household joys hath passed a gloom.

Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,

And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.

What hopeless longings after thee arise!

Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine,

And for the sound of thy dear little feet,

Alas! tears dim my eyes.

Meeting in every place some joy of thine;

Or when fair children pass me on the street.

Beauty was on thy cheek, and thou didst seem
 A privileged being, chartered from decay;
 And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream,
 That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way.
 Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
 That thrills the heart and cannot be unfelt.
 The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the flowers,
 Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwelt
 Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Oh! what had Death to do with one like thee?
 Thou young and loving one, whose soul did cling,
 Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
 To those who loved thee; thou, whose tears would spring
 Dreading a short day's absence, didst thou go
 Alone unto the future world unseen,
 Solving each awful, untried mystery—
 The dread unknown to know?
 To be where mortal traveller hath not been,
 Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee.

My happy boy! And murmur I that Death
 Over thy young and buoyant frame had power?
 In yon bright land love never perisheth,
 Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
 The beautiful are round thee—thou dost keep
 Within the eternal presence, and no more
 Mayst death, or pain, or separation dread.
 Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
 Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore;
 For thou art of the *living*, not the *dead*.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

"MAMMA, mamma!" said little Minny, with a countenance looking disappointed, "Hetty says I must not ask questions—nobody will tell me anything like you, dear mamma;" and the little girl hid her face in her mother's dress, as she was standing to finish the arrangement of her cap in the early morning.

"What have you there in your tiny basket, my Minny?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Only some leaves, ma—I have just gathered them on purpose to put into the nursery teapot, and Hetty will not put them in." "Indeed, my dear, I am very glad nurse would not agree to spoil all the tea by attending to your foolish request." "But, mamma, you told me the tea-tree was like a rose-tree, so I thought I should like to know if it tasted just the same." "It does not follow, Minny, that because the tree looked the same, the taste and the quality should correspond also; but, if you will run out into the garden, and gather a few black-currant leaves, I will put a little of my tea into your dolly's tea-pot with a few of them, and you will get a flavour very like green tea, when you pour it out." "Oh, how nice that will be; you are a kind, dear mamma, that you are—thank you, deary," said Minny, and she ran off with a smiling face.

"I do like my new tea, ma," she remarked, at the breakfast table; "is this the way to get green tea always, ma?" "No, dear, you forget what I told you about it, some time ago. You ask a great many questions; but I fear you do not often remember the answers you get to them. The green tea is just the leaves which are first plucked while very young and tender; and after this, there are two gatherings of leaves which become the less expensive and commoner sorts." "Oh yes, ma, I remember; and the Chinese put the seeds in holes in the ground to get trees: I tried that plan in my garden, but I did not get any tea-trees."

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

PAUSE awhile, ye mothers, ere ye go one step further on the journey of life; and think *seriously* what *God* requires at your hands. *He* has given you children to bring up for *him*; what a responsibility is thus laid on *you*, by your

Creator! As soon as the child begins to know you, it notices every look and action; then, as its understanding increases, it listens to each word spoken by its mother with greater interest than any other person; thus, you see, how watchful and cautious you should be in *all* your ways, when you consider that they will have such a powerful influence in forming the character of your child, who is ready to imitate everything it sees and hears? *Remember*, that a sinful word spoken by you in his presence, or a sinful act committed in his sight, may be his ruin, and cause you to shed many *bitter tears*, and even to spend a life of *sadness*. Resolve then, dear mothers, that from henceforth (with God's help and blessing) you will, by *every* means in your power, train your child for *heaven*.

I know a mother who has brought *great* trouble on herself by her inconsistent and foolish ways; her children are now growing up, and reproach her for the example she has placed before them. God is not in all her ways, and therefore we need not wonder at her steps sliding. *God alone* can aid mothers in fulfilling the responsibilities he has placed upon them; look unto your Father in heaven, and ask for strength, or you must fail in training your children for heaven.

E. R. Y.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New year's day is now past; but is it, therefore less important to redeem the time, and put our good resolutions in practice, than it was on that day? It is rather more so, because the year is now shortened by one considerable division of it. Let us, then, conscious of the weakness and volatility of our hearts, and of the frailty of resolutions, made in our own strength, look up to *Him* who, "to them who have no might," has promised to increase strength; who will, if implored, confirm our wavering minds, and establish our weak resolutions.

A new year is now commencing; let every one inquire how they have begun it. Is it with a resolution to make renewed efforts to overcome their *bad habits*, and to improve their manners and characters? and have they actually begun to make such efforts? Then I prophesy a happy new year to them; and that, if they persevere in their resolutions, it will be the happiest they have ever known. But if, on the contrary, they are beginning it ~~A~~ the old way—not more attentive to business, nor watchful of their tempers and conduct—not more concerned for their intellectual and religious improvement than heretofore—then, although they may very likely have had a merry Christmas, I cannot wish them a happy new year, because I know it would be in vain to do so; for the saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we *must* be good. The knowledge of this is, in fact, the grand secret of my art; and it is by consulting this simple rule, that *every man may be his own fortune-teller*.

Q. Q.

A FACT FROM A MOTHERS' MEETING.

A good woman, who is in the habit of going out as a sempstress, carried from the Maternal Meeting a paper, a *Mothers' Friend*, and some other little books. The paper contained the following advice:—

Do all the good you can—

In all the ways you can—

At all the seasons you can—

To all the people you can—

And as long as you can.

With this she purposed wisely, resolved firmly, and persevered with determination to spread religious knowledge. The will to do good opened the way, and she now takes *NINE Mothers' Friends*, a number of other periodicals and books, as well as many copies of the Scriptures. She continues her work with Christian zeal, and others are encouraged to follow her example. Mother!—Teacher!—can you not do something in this way? Try—try—try.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM A FATHER.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have often thought I should like to send you a word of encouragement; but, being of so humble a class as an agricultural labourer, I feel that I do not possess wisdom or understanding sufficient to write to you. But, dear madam, just after you commenced your valuable undertaking, a lady sent one of your valuable magazines to my wife. We were so interested that we at once ordered it, and have continued it ever since; and feel more and more interested with its contents. It is so well suited for fathers as well as mothers—for I do think we fathers are too harsh at times with our children; and your valuable magazine shows us our mistake in such a light that we are obliged at once to yield to the conviction, and say, "I am the man." And we always endeavour to recommend your magazine whenever opportunity presents itself; for we feel persuaded, if every mother would but purchase it, and peruse the contents thereof, there would be more comfort at home and less bawling after the children in the streets.

Wishing you much pleasure and large success in your valuable undertaking,

I am, dear Madam,

Your humble servant,

C. D., a Father.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.

A little child had been listening to her mother, while she sang one of the songs of Zion. Shortly after, while her little arms were twining about her father's neck, she said—"Mamma sings, 'Long as they live should Christians pray, for only while they pray they live.' Is papa dead? *He never prays*!" When the little child went up to join the angel choir the father began to pray!

CHILDREN FROM HOME!

I was thinking that God's people, while they are in this world, are like the children of some great, rich man, who are sent away from home to be educated very early in life,

before they are capable of understanding their father's wealth and grandeur. While away, they receive presents from the father, of whose circumstances they are told by their tutors, and are continually reminded of the purpose of their staying away,—that it is to fit them to dwell at home; that many of their elder brothers and sisters have finished their education, and are arrived at their father's house; and that the time will soon come when they shall join them, reach their father's mansion, and see his glory.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTER.

A little child one day, observing his pious grandmother weeping, said, "Grandmother! sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;' do sing it, and I am sure you will be better!" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise."

A GOOD MAN'S RESOLUTION.

I will hear, as little as possible, whatever is to the prejudice of others. Believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. Never drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. To moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. Always believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

CRUMBS.

A letter from a daughter in Australia remarks—"I never receive any good thing, any favour, without the assurance that it comes in answer to my mother's prayers, and this thought sweetens all my comforts."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Leaflets. London: W. and F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate-street.

Sixty stories on "Love and Peace." Very useful to mothers, and the delight of little children. A sixpence well spent.

Little Things. Edinburgh: Kennedy. London: Hamilton & Co.

These little duties—kindnesses, efforts, cares, &c.,—treated of in ~~the~~ book, will be a great treasure in any home.

SONS FROM HOME.

THE SECOND MOTHER.

WE have often wished to write a few papers on this subject, and we are thankful to those friends who have helped us. The first writes thus :—"There is amongst us a class of persons whose cause is seldom pleaded, but for whom we now bespeak the prayers, the exertions, the sympathies of English mothers—of all mothers. .

"We would plead for the sons who are from home ; for those who, almost as boys, are placed far from their families, and amidst scenes of excitement and temptation, either as apprentices, or as learners of the trades and manufactures which abound in our cities and towns. By many of these, the change from home comforts and family groups to the loneliness of a lodging, or an abode among strangers, is bitterly felt ; and to many it is a source of temptation, resisted at first, but to which, from the desire for society, they yield at last. From this and following evils they might often be saved, were a mother's hand stretched out to guide them, and an occasional place given to them by the family fire-side, when the labours of the day are done. Of course, a husband's will must be consulted, and his permission granted, before this could be done ; but there are few men whose homes would be a safe refuge for a youth, who would refuse to assist in saving him from evil and misery. A kind and womanly interest taken in his pursuits ; a gentle, directing hint, as to his readings and associates ; a little personal service, done when needed and time can be spared ; a firm, yet gentle rebuke, if evil be done or said ; and a quiet eye kept on his observance of the Sabbath. Mothers ! you little know the unspeakable blessing, the value of all this to a son from home ! On the wives and mothers in whose homes apprentices and journey-men reside, a plain and heavy responsibility rests. Your husband may *command* these inmates, you can *influence* them to good or evil. Deal with

these souls as you would wish others to deal with your boys in similar circumstances. The following account may illustrate what I have said, and encourage others to do as I have, by God's help, been enabled to act.

"Though neither wife nor mother, I was, some years since, the housekeeper of a near relative. Seating himself in his easy chair one evening, with a thoughtful look, he said, 'L——, there is a youth come to live in B—— who interests me very much; he is a fine, ingenuous fellow—a widow's only child. Poor woman! she little knows into what an atmosphere of temptation he is thrown. I should like to tell him we shall be glad to see him in an evening, after business hours, and to give him a seat in our pew on Sabbath days. Shall you object to this?'

"These words—'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow'—rose to my mind, and I gave a ready assent, inwardly praying that I might in some degree be to him a second mother. I found, too, that his own mother was a very pious Christian, tremblingly alive to the dangers to which her boy's peculiar temperament exposed him. This gave me an additional motive for welcoming him to a place by our fire-side. It required some self-denial to lay aside my own habits, and enter into the feelings of my young friend. I listened patiently to his youthful opinions, and corrected them quietly. I sympathised with his home longings, and his daily trials. I allowed him to bring his books and read to me, thus regulating his reading; I won his confidence, and was looked up to by him as I wished to be,—a second mother.

"One day this son from home said to a mutual friend, 'I shall for ever thank and bless M——, T——, for allowing me to spend my evenings with her. It has saved me, many, many times, from entering into scenes of vice and dissipation; it has strengthened me to resist invitations to join parties where drinking and gambling would have been placed in my way. It has prevented my going where

I should have had more refined, but equally dangerous enemies to fight against. Oh ! if my dear mother knew how her prayers are seconded by the anxious, constant, yet gentle watchfulness of this dear friend, she would bless and love her as I do.' Was not this reward enough ?"

T.

THE LAST BLOW.—No. III.

Mrs. Carr was sitting close to her bed-room window, which overlooked both her garden and Mrs. Brown's, with a bit of the window-curtain pinned up at the corner, every now and then walking over to look at her injured boy, and returning to her post of observation, anxiously watching something without. About the usual time for the cottagers to retire to rest, she saw a young man enter Janet's garden-gate, with a sack on his back and a basket on his arm, and slowly walk up to the door, which he opened without knocking, and closed after him. David Brown was gone to a neighbouring town, to fetch coals for his master's house, and Janet was waiting up for him. Margery looked on with an eagle's eye, to scan all she could of what was going on; soon the young man returned through the garden empty-handed, leaving the matron in astonishment as to what the bag contained, and where it came from.

On the following morning, at breakfast, Margery looked very knowing and thoughtful, and told Larry what she had seen—adding, "But I will fish it out, never fear me." "No, no, woman alive," rejoined her husband, "do let the kindly body alone entirely." After Larry was gone, and as little Lizzy was leaving the house for school, her mother called her back, saying, — "I want you, Lizzy, just to do a message for me; ask Mrs. Brown to lend me her little brown pan, and mind you, child, what I say—I don't want the pan, only it will do as an excuse for you to look about and see what you can, and look if there

is a bag full of anything there. You can run into the back room for the pan, and say 'tis to save her the trouble—now mind what you are about.” “Yes, mother, I’ll see all I can.” Thus did Margery teach the art of double-dealing and deceit, and her child understood it all right well.

After receiving this lesson the little maiden tripped into the unsuspecting neighbour’s cottage. As she was returning with the pan, Janet called her back, saying,—“Here, dear, take a few of these bull’s-eyes for poor Johnny; little David’s uncle brought them for him last night, but I am sure he will spare some to his little sick play-fellow; and here is a bit of cake, too, that my cousin has sent me, if you will give it to the pretty boy.” Lizzy ran home delighted with Mrs. Brown’s kindness, and turning the treasure into her mother’s lap, the child exclaimed,—“I do love her too!” “Well, well, child, but what did you see?” eagerly asked Margery. “Oh, mother, I saw ever so many things; a great large bag full of something—a bundle on the table—and, oh, such a fine great pie—and something like new shirts on the chair—and a nice piece of bacon, too.” “Well done,” said Margery; “now run off to school, and mind your books.” “Yes, mother.”

Cheerfully did Mrs. Carr get through her morning work, and her attentions to her sick boy; her labour was thought little of, for her mind was so full of the glorious secret she now possessed.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. II.

“The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future.”

THE next day Judith kept her word, and presented herself at an early hour before her mistress to urge her request; and she continued to do so every day, until the

summons came for her kind friends to go on board the vessel; and when they reached the beach, there stood poor Judith, waiting to ask her mistress once more to take her little black boy with her to England, but she was still refused, and bidding Judith farewell, they stepped into the vessel, which was soon bounding over the billows.

Mr. and Mrs. Dare had not been long seated in the cabin, when their attention was arrested by hearing a sailor call out, in a very rude manner, "Go back, black face, or I'll hurl the rope at ye!" Anxious to know what occasioned this rough address, they ascended to the deck just as a voice answered, "Me no go back, till missis take piccaninny;" and, looking over the side of the vessel, they saw Judith, the poor negro mother, swimming with her little boy, calling out to them to take him! Mrs. Dare was greatly moved at the sight, and soon consented that the sailor's should "haul up the black lump," as they expressed themselves, presenting the little sable fellow to his kind protector. Judith seemed delighted, and soon swam back to the shore, where she stood till the last bit of the mast of the ship faded from her gaze.

Poor Judith! in her anxiety to have her boy taken care of, in a land where he could never be a slave, she had not taken into the account what her sacrifice would cost her mother's heart, and what loneliness she would feel when her boy was fairly out of her sight, in all human probability to see him no more till the judgment-day. Fairly overcome by her maternal feelings, she sat down on the beach and wept bitterly. She began now to remember the kind instructions of her mistress, and that she had told her, when she was in trouble, to tell Jesus all about it, and He would comfort her; so she went home, and asked God to take care of her boy, and help her to feel happy about him. She then tried to put things a little in order in her cabin, and prepare her husband's dinner; but the house was so still and melancholy, and everything reminded her

of the little one now far away, that she could not remain alone; so she walked to the sugar plantation, where Sam was working, and told him "poor boy was gone!"

Sam had never expected that his master would consent to take charge of the little sable fellow, and his surprise was so great that the sugar-cane fell from his hands, and he sat down, covered his face, and wept. Judith now began to administer comfort to her husband by talking of the future happiness of their son, and—as is often the case—in trying to cheer another she became more happy herself.

Next month, we hope to follow the English ship on her voyage.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. III.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

WE have thought sometimes, as we have passed the haggard and unwomanly form, with bold brow and loud voice, in the streets of our large towns and cities, that it is possible there may yet live, even there, memories of home, of love, of a mother's early care; and we have asked the question, "Has any Christian woman ever tried to awaken these memories in that fallen woman's heart?" Alas, mothers! have we not too often turned away with disgust, forgetting that on the slender thread of that quickly-wasting life hang everlasting things? And we have sat down amidst the endearments of our own homes, musing on the thought that neither prudence nor feeling will allow us to make the attempt to pull one of these brands from the everlasting burning! Is this right? I grant, the work is very difficult, but may we not find *some way* of reaching them?

We said, in a former paper, that we found, when the bare mention of a mother's name was made, that a chord was

touched in the hearts of those for whom we plead, which vibrated for a long, long time. Christian mother! British mother! try to get near enough to strike this chord, at least in *one* heart, that you may follow the example of Him who reproved the proud Pharisee in his own house, while He said to the weeping Magdalene, "Thy sins are forgiven." Let us not forget that a repenting "sinner" is a sight over which there is joy in the presence of the angels of God; and, however disdained by man, there are found, among the ranks of the redeemed, Rahabs, penitent Maries, Magdalenes, and many who were "great sinners," now washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, while the arches of Heaven echo and re-echo the praises of Him who came to seek and to save those who were lost.

Keep the subject before you, mothers—we have not finished. MATER.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. IV.

My dear children, I am going to write *to you* this month. You have talked with your mother about future events, or things that are going to happen—things painful and pleasing, things happy and unhappy. Now remember, in these things we must all have a part; we must be either very happy, or very miserable for ever. In this world you often see people who seem neither one nor the other, but it will not be so in the next world.

My dear children, there will only be two states in Eternity, so there will only be two sorts of people. Indeed, *this* is true now; there are in *this* world none but believers and unbelievers—those who are the children of God, and those who *are not*. Which of these two sets of people will have a part in the blessed things that are coming to pass, and which in those that will be sorrowful and dreadful?

I know you can answer this question. Now I want you to take your slate, or a piece of paper, make a line down the middle, and then write on one side verses of Scripture about

those who love God, and on the other side verses about those who do not love him. I wish very much that I could see some of your papers when you have written them. I will give you two texts to begin with:—

VERSES ABOUT THOSE WHO LOVE
GOD.

“And they shall be ripe, saith the Lord of Hosts, in the day that I make up my jewels.”—
Mal. iii. 17.

VERSES ABOUT THOSE WHO DO
NOT LOVE GOD.

“And all the proud, and they that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts.”—Mal. iv. 1.

Do you know what stubble is? I will tell you. It is the stalks of corn which are left in the field after reaping; you have often seen it and trodden it under your feet, for it was fit for nothing only to be burned. My dear children, could you bear to think, even for a moment, of being like the stubble? No, no. Let us talk about the *jewels*. What are they? Precious stones; you have often seen them in the shop-windows; and if you had ever looked upon the Queen's crown, you would have seen brighter and more dazzling ones than are found in shops. Do men ever gather jewels together, to cast them into the fire? No, they are kept and placed in crowns of gold.

Little one! whoever you are, now reading this paper—Do you wish to love Jesus? Do you desire a new heart? Will you pray to become one of the *jewels*? It will make no difference whether you are rich or poor, wise or ignorant. In the Redeemer's crown glitters many a *jewel*, which was once just such as you. Many and many precious gems are yet to be added to that crown. Little child! by-and-by, He will make them up—reckon them—count them—see that none are missing; after that time, not one will be added.

Pray now that you may be numbered among the *jewels*, and that Jesus may say of you in that day—“He is mine! —she is mine!”

MARY.

Oxford.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. II.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

"Oh dear, mamma!" Minny exclaimed, as she tasted the second cup of tea, "this is very disagreeable; I cannot help making a face at it. I suppose it is too strong; oh dear, it is so very unpleasant." Mrs. Mild smiled, and poured some water into the little girl's cup. "You remind me, Minny," she said, "of an odd tale I read lately about 'China soup.'" "What was that, ma? Do tell me—do, do, ma," said half-a-dozen voices at once.

"A great many years ago," began Mrs. Mild, "a lady, who had a friend in China, received a present from him, consisting of a Chinese silk hat, the crown of which was filled with tea. The family had never seen nor heard of tea before, and the letter mentioned, that if it were boiled in water, it would make what was called 'Chinese soup.' A brass skillet was put on the fire, and a pint basinful of tea, with some water and some sugar, were put on to boil—it was then strained through a cloth, poured into basins, and placed round the supper-table instead of their porridge. The party then crumbled some bread into it, and began to eat. The first mouthful set their faces awry, like Minny's, and some of the family were sadly alarmed, for they imagined it must be poison, so that the doctor was consulted, and the tea and sugar poured away as something worse than useless. After a little time the gentleman returned from China, and brought with him a chest of tea, a China tea-set, and a tea-kettle; and, after teaching the ladies of the family the proper way of making tea, they liked it, I believe, as well as we do."

"Oh dear, what a pretty tale," said Minny; "I should like you to tell me a tale about everything, ma." "That would not be a very difficult matter," rejoined Mrs. Mild. "Then do tell us a tale about sugar, too, will you?"

mamma?" "Do you think sugar can be made from anything besides sugar-canes?" asked the mother. "Yes, ma," replied Henry; "from beet-root, for the gardener told me so; and there is a *tree*, too, from which sugar is made in some parts of America, for John Sloe told me his uncle made some!" "A tree!" exclaimed Minny, in amazement, "do they cut down the trees, then, ma, like the sugar-canes?" "No, dear, there is an incision made in the tree with an *auger*, into which a sort of spout is driven—then a trough is placed under it, into which the sap flows." "What is an *auger*, ma?" asked Minny. "Oh, forgetful Minny! it is a tool, to be sure, to bore holes with," replied Henry.

"Well, dear children," said Mrs. Mild, "shall I go on?" "Oh, please—please." "The sap is then put on to boil, until it becomes a syrup. Then some milk is poured into it, which makes the *scum* rise to the top of the kettle; this is carefully taken off, and the liquid boiled for some time longer; then the sugar is put to cool, and when nicely done, is nearly as white as our lump sugar." "Oh dear, how nice to know about everything!" said Minny. "And useful to *remember*, too," added her mother, smiling. "Oh, ma, I do remember one thing, however; shall I run to get my little book about *tea* and sugar?" "Yes, dear, and read it to me." "Here it is, ma—oh, do listen:—

TEA AND SUGAR.

To get our breakfast, far over the sea,
 Ten thousand long miles, we must send for our tea;
 Where the Chinese are busy to pick the leaves green,
 To roll them, and dry them, so neat and so clean.
 And some for the sugar a voyage must go,
 To the burning West Indies, where sugar-canes grow;
 Where the poor naked negro toils all the hot day,
 To prepare the sweet cargo for lands far away.

"There, mamma, is not that suitable?"

BIRMINGHAM.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARR'S-LANE MATERNAL
ASSOCIATION.

STANDING on the threshold of another year, the Members of this Association are constrained to look back, and, in the retrospect, they are deeply impressed with the solemnity, brevity, and uncertainty of human life. The shades of death hovered over their last annual gathering. One of their number, much beloved, was then exchanging time for eternity, and the following day her home was left desolate, and her loved ones weeping. She died in *peace*, leaving a message to every Member of the Maternal Band, "To live closer to Christ—to cling to Him—to live with death in view—to be *much* in prayer—to pray well!"

Through the bygone year, there have been granted sunny seasons, over which they linger with sacred delight, as well as dark and gloomy scenes, at which they pause with lowly sadness. Six of their children have been received into the fellowship of the faithful, whilst others have been gathered in infancy to the church triumphant. In some of the families, the dearest connexions of life have been formed, and in others the sweetest and closest ties have been severed by the hand of death. Thus, the hours allotted for maternal communion and sympathy have been rendered seasons of holy discipline. Here they would refer, with grateful acknowledgments, to the *valuable* addition made to the literature of Maternal Associations by the monthly lectures, delivered, and issued, from the press, by their esteemed Pastor; under a sense of which they would look back upon the past year, as one that shall be the germ from which shall burst some new, good, some blessed result in domestic improvement. The regular and enlarged attendance testifies that the purport of the Association is increasingly appreciated.

Number of Members now in this Association 98

Average attendance at the Monthly Meetings 41

The meetings held in Carr's-lane Vestry every alternate Tuesday afternoon, for the accommodation of those mothers whose domestic duties prevent their attending the morning meetings, have *not* been satisfactorily responded to. However,

they are on the way to improvement, and hope is entertained for the future.

Number of Members, 20.—Average attendance, 12.

Boatman's Chapel, Branch.—Fortnightly meetings have been held, but in consequence of the removal of some of the mothers from the neighbourhood, the average attendance has not exceeded eight out of twenty-two members in the whole. Seventy-two copies of *The Mothers' Friend*, and sixty of the Rev. J. A. James's *Lectures to Young Women*, have been sold.

[Other Branches next month.—Ed.]

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—No. II.

WE will now give the Rules generally used among English mothers, and written in the Maternal Book of the Association; first remarking, that the object of the Maternal Association is to awaken mothers and teachers to a deep sense of their responsibility and undying influence.

RULES.

I. That a lady be appointed to preside at the meetings of the Society, and prepare readings—Scripture, hymns, &c., &c.—and to appoint those who will take a prayer, and give out hymns, to rest her between the readings.

II. That a Secretary be chosen, to record the names of mothers and children in the Maternal Book, and keep minutes if approved.

III. That each member bear the Association in her heart before God in prayer, particularly remembering the Queen and Royal Family.

IV. That all the members shall invite other mothers and teachers to join the Association.

V. That once a quarter the mothers, fathers, and children be invited to receive a public address from a minister. (Some prefer the Sabbath-evenings.)

VI. That when any mother is sick or in sorrow, the members of the Association are expected to sympathise with the afflicted.

VII. That when a mother is removed from her sphere of labour by death, the Association shall regard, with peculiar interest, the motherless family, remember them in prayer, and do all they can to promote their best interests; and, if removed to another locality, to be commended to the nearest Maternal Association.

VIII. That the names of mothers and children be recorded in a book, and that the names of her Majesty and her children stand first.

The book should be ruled, and the names entered, in the following manner:—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa.
Alice Maud Mary.
Alfred Ernest Albert.

Helena Augusta.
• Louisa Carolina Alberta. •
Arthur William Frederick.

Mrs. A.—Anne, Mary, John, Charles, &c.
Mrs. B.—Lucy, James.
Mrs. C.—Maud, &c.
Mrs. D.—Ellen, &c.

Mrs. E.—Charles, John, Emily, Mary.
Mrs. F.—Janet, Mary, George, Herbert,
William.
Mrs. G.—Jane, Kate, Annie, Frank, &c.

In conclusion, we would press on the attention of our friends, who have written to us on this subject, the importance of united and immediate effort. We know that Maternal Associations do good to mothers and children, and the thought that the soul of one little child is of more value than ten thousand worlds, should be a stimulus to our efforts. Time is short; we must not mind a few frowns, or an unkind speech, as we prosecute our work. Eternity will yield reward enough; for we are quite sure that many mothers, fathers, and children, will praise our Heavenly Father there, that He put it into the hearts of mothers here to form Maternal Associations. Mother! pious mother! you will soon have done with your work; it is an honour to be allowed to labour in this vineyard, "Go forward," and the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon your path, and, by-and-by, the good Shepherd will

say — “She hath done what she could !” Let your motto be—

WORK ON EARTH—REST IN HEAVEN.

• “Passing away,” a voice proclaims,
 In the mother’s tears, in the infant’s pains ;
 The brightest and fairest may not last,
 They droop beneath earth’s chilling blast.
 The loved and the cherished may not stay,
 They brighten our path, then pass away !
 We hold them to earth with bands of love,
 And too often forget the home above,
 Till a Father’s voice is heard to say,
 “Call that *idol* from earth away !”
 The Shepherd folds the lamb above,
 To ensure a share in the mother’s love,
 And often blights our hopes below,
 To save us from a world of woe.
 He thus proclaims earth is passing away,
 And points to a home of eternal day !

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. III.

THE LORD’S DAY.

HAVING given our readers last month a peep at the outside of the Primitive Church, we now request their company to the close of our walk. We pursued our course along a most delightful road, now gracefully arched by the meeting branches, like the ribs of a noble cathedral ; here, open to the wide expanse of heaven ; there, the hedges were high on either side ; and then, through a natural gap, you got a momentary glance of the steamer as she glided upon the glassy surface of the unruffled Loch, or saw the adventurous tourist wending his quiet way to the top of the great Ben Lomond. After a little time we emerged upon an open valley, and the beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery burst upon our view in all its glory. Our intention was, if possible, to reach the comfortable inn at Inverury.

When we reached the place, thousands were walking about, most thoroughly enjoying its beauties; for the steamer had just arrived and disembarked its living masses of men, women, and children, who had come from Glasgow and the neighbouring places to enjoy themselves, having a couple of hours given them to stroll about before they returned. We asked one of the men connected with the boat if they came every day; his answer was, "EVERY LAWFUL DAY!"

How pleasantly this fell upon our ears; it was a sweet homage to the sacred day of rest. Railroads and Sunday travelling for pleasure had not then made such awful progress as in these guilty days of ours. Now we tremble for our beloved country, for, verily, we believe the observance or non-observance of the Lord's day is a barometer by which her peace and prosperity, her degradation and ruin, may be accurately measured. But we are tauntingly told by the infidel and his minor satellites, that the Sabbath was made for man—yea, for his pleasurable enjoyment; be it so, but when was it so made? When? Why, when Adam was created, and came fresh and holy from the plastic hand of his Maker. Then he found a Sabbath ready for his enjoyment, and that enjoyment was then in entire conformity to the will of the Creator; and who can say but that the Sabbath was the first day he spent on earth, and then how pure and holy would be his pleasure! But man has fallen, and, verily, he "must be born again," and that spiritual life which he lost when he fell, must be restored before he can know real enjoyment on earth; and just in proportion as the Divine image is restored in the soul by the Holy Spirit will be his enjoyment.

It would, moreover, appear, from the general tenor of the sacred Scriptures, that Jehovah calls this day His own, and that He is very jealous as to its appropriation; and because we hear so little of it during the patriarchal dispensation we argue it was generally observed; and when God made

choice of the nation of the Jews among whom He would declare His love and mercy to a fallen world, we find its solemn recognition by Moses, and a continual mention of the day. Moreover, it will be found that, as a nation, they either prospered, or were given over into the hands of their enemies to afflict, as they observed or despised the sacred day; and we find the Sabbath, as a day of rest, particularly mentioned in respect of the very soil they cultivated. The people, in their avarice and forgetfulness of God, refused to let the land lay fallow every seventh year; the consequence was, their captivity in Babylon till the very earth should have enjoyed that rest of which it had been wickedly despoiled. And, in almost all the dealings of God with His chosen people upon the subject, He seems to have dealt with them nationally; thus, He condescends to argue with them in a most beautiful passage by the prophet Isaiah, in which He not only claims the day as His own, but promises both temporal and spiritual blessings upon its observance.

Take down your Bible and read for yourself, Isaiah lviii. 13, 14—"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." And if we as a nation are found robbing God of His Sabbaths, let us prepare for one of His sore judgments—"war, pestilence, or famine." Here we cannot help remarking, that the idea seems to be that of a seventh day of rest, which seventh day should be consecrated to His service, honour, and glory. And we must confess to have no sympathy with that morbid philanthropy which pleads for "green fields,"—"the air of heaven,"—or the "luxuries

of a Crystal Palace,"—for the enjoyment of the poor man on the Sabbath of the Lord. That he should enjoy such things we are not only willing but anxious; but let the time be taken from the world. The men who are most clamorous for such Sunday-pleasures are the very men who spend one, two, or three days every week in the public-house. Now, to such it would be a clear gain every way.

We should be quite content to leave the question, with all its consequences, upon the simple command of God, but we are aware there are those who deny the authority of His word. To such we would say, "Do you think you accomplish all your purpose by sending your tens of thousands to seek health and rest in the pleasures of the world, on that holy day? Do they find it? Ask the foreman at the mill, the manufactory, or the work-shop, and he will tell you that he has no confidence in such men, that he ever finds your 'Sunday-pleasure men' are your 'SAINT MONDAY men!' Seldom are they in their place, for they have proved that a day of *such* pleasure is the hardest day's work of the seven!"

But, now look at the man who finds his pleasure and his rest in the house of God. His wife is early up to provide breakfast for the children, who are anxiously waiting with smiling faces to be off to the Sabbath school; they spend quiet hours in their happy homes, reading and talking over God's word and God's ways; they enjoy the services of the sanctuary, and thank God, at the close of the happy day, for a Sabbath of pleasure and rest. The whole family enjoy calm and refreshing sleep, and they arise with renewed vigour of body and mind to be among the first and the happiest at the mill or the work-shop. We have strayed from our original purpose, but we trust the vast importance of the subject at the present moment will plead our excuse. We leave the remainder of our walk for the beginning of our next paper.

M. B.

“DON'T CRY, MA.”

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

YOUNG and anxious mothers! do you not sometimes, in pressing those little ones that God hath given you more close than is usual to your throbbing bosoms, *think*, “What if I should lose my babe?—what would become of it?—how should I ever train another, in the fond hope to meet it in glory?” Listen.

Mary Emma P—— was born in M——. Her fond parents in infancy dedicated her to the Lord, praying that she might become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. She was a lively child, gentle in her manners, and beloved by all who knew her. As early as at two years of age, she loved to hear her mother read to her about Jesus and his disciples; and about good men who had gone to be missionaries in heathen lands; and about little children who had died, and gone to be with Jesus. Her mother often sang and prayed with her, and taught her such hymns as these,—“And now another day is gone,”—“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;”—of these she was very fond. She was regularly taken to the house of God, and this was a source of great delight to her. She always appeared *attentive* there, and would ask about the sermon and the hymns on her return home.

This beloved child was suddenly seized with inflammation on the lungs—and although the best medical advice was sought, and change of air, all was of no avail, save for a time. The day after she was seized—November 8th, 1850—a little playmate of hers, about her own age, was called away into eternity in a moment; which led Mary Emma’s parents, with more than usual solicitude, to watch her declining strength. She grew weaker, but was exceedingly patient, and even cheerful at times. She used to talk to her ma about Jesus loving little children; and would ask for some of her favourite hymns to be sung.

Those she liked best were,—“There is a happy land,” and “There is a land of pure delight.” When very near her approaching end, one day, after remaining for some hours in a state of seeming insensibility, she opened her eyes, and looking round with a sweet smile, said distinctly, “*Don’t cry, mǎ.*” And then gently and slowly her spirit passed the boundaries of our mortality, and found rest in the bosom of that Saviour she had so early learned to love. She had, for almost a year, been ripening for *that* glory, and she closed her infant career at the early age of five years and one month.

Who can doubt, but the Great Shepherd of His flock on earth intended thereby to draw the hearts of the parents of this darling child closer to himself; and to show them their reward in nursing and training *this* one, for the eternal kingdom, that they might *continue* their “work of faith and labour of love” with their *other children*, and “*be not weary in well doing.*”

G. B. S.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. II.

To the Editor of “The Mothers’ Friend.”

MY DEAR MADAM,—I would mention that, during the first few months of my baby’s life, I washed him night and morning with soap and tepid water. As he grew older I put him in a bath, but not of cold water, unless during the heat of summer. Lately, I have found that he is always desirous to get into his bath in the evening, but often shrinks from the cold water in the morning. In such things, where there is no special reason to the contrary, nature seems to be the best guide. I began very early to lay him down awake, both at night and during the day. This habit was not established without a struggle, but I had less trouble than those would suppose who have not tried.

When he was strong enough to get out of his “bassinet,” I put him in a crib, which I should advise every one to do who can procure one. To this day it is a safe resting-place at noon, for my little man, and a very effective *prison*, when it is needful to resort to discipline. I put him to bed, as near as I could, at the same time every day, and never, if possible, broke into his

mid-day sleep, which we continue to the present time. This day-sleep greatly tends to strengthen the body and tranquillise the mind. I shall continue it as long as I can. It gives me, also, a quiet hour or two in the middle of the day, without which I should not now have time to write to you. I have gone into houses where the mother or the grandmother was worried for hours to get the child to sleep, and perhaps, just as it went off, some noise or interruption awoke the little creature. I have known others where the child went to bed when it was sleepy; perhaps, sometimes, not till three or four in the afternoon, and then would not go to bed at night; but this is miserable work!

As soon as I thought my child could at all understand me, I began to pray by his side after he was in bed; now he generally asks me to "pray God," and names all his relations and my friends to be prayed for. I have tried, as much as I could, to make him understand something of God, as the Creator of all things, Giver of all things, and our Preserver and Friend. I have bought for him a little picture-book, called "Little Mary's Scripture Lessons." He is very fond of this book, and I sometimes show him Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel, when he is in bed, and tell him a little about them.

In the morning, he is always made to be still while his papa prays, and I have reason to think he knows and listens to what is said, and remembers it. We always pray for him that God would give him a new heart, that he may love Jesus, that he may learn to be obedient, &c.; and when we conclude, he sometimes says, of his own accord, "If you please, God, take the naughty out of my heart, and take me to Heaven some day, to be with Jesus." I know that he can understand but little of what this implies; still, it is something that he should early learn to ask it. He often spontaneously thanks God for his food, and if he thinks we have forgotten to ask a blessing before a meal, he says—"Papa, you haven't prayed." I merely mention these things to show how very early children take notice, and how soon good habits may be formed and good thoughts suggested.

HANNAH.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Youth's Magazine. New Series. London: Houlston.

A very old and valued friend, in rather a new dress, but as attractive as ever.

Do not go to the Fair. London: Allen.

A useful and cheap little book, addressed to Sabbath-school children.

THE LAST BLOW.—No. IV.

As soon as Larry returned to his dinner, which was ready on the table for him by the time he entered, Margery closed the door, saying, "Now, then, Larry, you will believe what I am going to tell you. Last night, Janet's brother, who lives with Farmer Nott, brought her a bag full of something, and a fine piece of bacon, and a great pie, and I don't know what besides! No wonder people can fat pigs, and keep a good table, and have any thing they have a fancy to; but truth will out. I hate deceivers—I do." "Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Carr, darlint; why ye're judge and jury too, woman; don't ye owe respect to one who loved yer boy well enough to risk her own life? May be Farmer Nott made her a present." "Ah, I dare say, indeed—that's not likely, I'm sure; though I don't know much about them, for they are new comers."

Just then Janet entered, and Margery started as if she had seen a ghost! "Sure now," said Larry, "ye're as light and swift as a swallow's wing. I did not see ye pass the window, and I was glinting that way too." "I have only brought in a bit of pudding, to try if dear little Johnny can eat it. My brother brought me some arrow-root, last evening, and many other things, from Farmer Nott, who had heard of the accident." "Ah, that makes me bethink, Mrs. Brown," said Larry, "I met with Jack Barnett at our mill to-day, and he was talking that ye're kith and kin to the farmer—is that true?" "Why, yes," replied Janet, "in a manner it is true; for he married my cousin, and he always says we are so much alike that he must care a little about me and mine; and, hearing of the accident, he sent my brother William, who lives with him, with his arms full of good things, to ask for me and Johnny."

Larry walked briskly towards the window, giving a sly

look at his wife, who was biting her lips, and addressing Janet he said, with an arch look, "Ye make my heart so lightsome, that if the colleen were not sick I should dance to the tune of St. Patrick's day in the morning." "You do not look well," said Janet, addressing Margery. "I am not well," she replied; "I was awake all night, and the lack of a night's rest always makes me ill, and the fright of the accident, too, had something to do with it. But how are you?" she added, in a more softened voice than usual. "I am better, thank you; my hand is sore and my head aches, but it is a mercy 'tis no worse; the dear boy and I might both have been dead." "Ah, thin," exclaimed the honest, grateful Larry, "good luck to the day ye came here for a neighbour, Mrs. Brown; sure the blessed sun shines brighter where ye are entirely, for many a cloud ye chase away."

Before the evening closed in, Margery was really ill, fatigue and excitement had rendered her unable to proceed with her domestic duties, and she went to bed at an early hour. The next day she was still poorly, but able to attend to her family. In the afternoon a Sabbath-school teacher called to ask the reason of little Lizzy not being in her class. "Take a seat, ma'am," said Margery. "I really began to think, Mrs. Carr," said the lady, "that the child must be ill; only that we sometimes see her late in the afternoon, when she tells me she feels well, but she looks unhappy." "Why, you see, ma'am, I want her help a little on the Sunday mornings—I like to get a hot dinner for my husband." "Did you read the little book called a 'Letter,' Mrs. Carr, that I sent you on this subject, written by the Editor of *The Mothers' Friend*?" "Why, yes, Larry read it to me, and wanted me to give up warm dinners on Sundays, but I cannot get into that way." "How does your neighbour manage? She is always in her place in the house of God, and her children are always in time at school; they seem very worthy people."

"As to that, ma'am, those who know them best could tell most, but some folks would deceive the very angels with their soft speeches and purified looks. I don't want to say any thing about my neighbours; but I don't like ladies to be taken in; but for the matter of that, they are very well off, I suppose." "Indeed!" said the lady, looking surprised, "I was told, if it were not for some relative of Mrs. Brown's, who is very kind to her, they would have some difficulty to live in anything like comfort; but I like to find out character for myself, remembering who has said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I hope you will read the little 'Letter' over again, Mrs. Carr, and bear in mind the solemn meeting you will have with your family at the bar of God. You will have much to do with their happiness or misery. Do try to send your children regularly to the Sabbath school." Saying this, the lady took her leave and knocked at Janet's cottage.

"How are you, Mrs. Brown?" she asked, as she entered. "I called to inquire for you, and to tell you how pleased we all are with the good conduct and regular attendance of your children. It is quite a pleasure to have them in one's class." "I am glad to hear you say so, ma'am; I was once a Sunday-school girl myself, and I feel the advantage of it to this day. Many a thought I got there comes back to help me train my children, and I am anxious they should have the same advantages, and many thanks to the teacher for taking the trouble to teach them." "You are very welcome, Mrs. Brown, and I wish they could persuade the little ones next door to accompany them early to school. There are sad complaints about them." Janet was silent. On her work-table lay a well-worn Bible, and the lady thought of that passage—"Love thinketh no evil." At length, Janet remarked, "None of us come up to what is required of us, ma'am. I only wish I could be more like the Saviour; the time will soon come, I often think, when we, with our children, must look

eternity in the face, and go in there to meet the Judge, whether we are ready or not." As the Sabbath-school teacher left Janet's neat cottage, she thought, "What a contrast have I beheld!"

SONS FROM HOME.—No. II.

A MOTHER REMEMBERED IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

HAVE you a son from home, mother? Does he carry in his recollection your early and holy teaching—your pious counsel—your consistent and good example—treasures of Scripture truth that you taught him, and your earnest and constant prayers? Then be encouraged to hope he will yet be found among the redeemed of the Lord in the great gathering-day. A friend, writing to us on this interesting subject, gives us the following heart-stirring account:—

"I was one day," he says, "conversing with a youth just returned from the 'Antipodes;' I was much pleased with the simplicity of his narration, as he referred to the temptations surrounding him in the land of gold! He was the son of a widow—a Christian widowed mother! who, in many a midnight hour, had breathed forth her fervent solicitations for her sailor-boy—little imagining, that even while she was yet speaking and praying, that gracious Spirit to whom she appealed was at that very moment powerfully working with his secret feelings, and restraining him from a course which might have involved him in all the perils of a colonial prison, and brought his mother's heart with sorrow to the grave: 'My apprenticeship,' said he, as we got into the subject, 'had ceased, and I was justly entitled to my liberty; but colonial law decreed that I must return to England to procure my indentures, thus compelling me to serve six months beyond my engagement. I resolved to abscond. Many of the

crew had already gone, and others were prepared to go with me; but, just as my plans were matured, the *recollection of my MOTHER* so powerfully pressed on my thoughts, *that, knowing it would grieve HER, I abandoned the scheme.* A few more weeks passed by in the excitement of the country. I sought and obtained leave to visit the Diggings and return to Sydney. Again the ardent desire to escape my bondage came over me. I pondered the injustice of my employers, and felt that it would not be matter of much difficulty to elude the pursuit of the Colonial Police; then once more I determined to "bolt!" My clothes I placed with a person on whom I could rely; provided myself with the money necessary for my purpose; and now, on the eve of my departure, sat quietly down to consider the probable requirements of the future. No sooner had I retired for this purpose when the *recollections of HOME* revived—I *thought of my MOTHER!*—The ship would return!—No son to be found! She would ask about him! "He ran away in Sydney, and had not been heard of since," would be the reply! I thought of the agony such uncertainty would occasion her! The long period that would pass before I could possibly relieve it! *The distress and sorrow of my dear MOTHER, brothers, and sisters!* All these reflections came down so powerfully on my spirit that, overcome by them, I solemnly resolved to incur no such responsibility, but deny myself—preserve my character—and return home in my ship! My clothes I left where I had placed them, and I feel more and more gratified continually that I was enabled to make and keep such a resolution!

Now, though our young friend has not so remembered his mother's prayers and early teaching as at once to yield up himself to God, yet may we not hope that a heart so susceptible of impression, and a will prepared for so much self-denial, may, at another period, fall beneath God's converting grace, and devote these pleasing, hopeful

dispositions of heart to the honour and praise of his Great Redeemer!

Christian Mothers! Pray without ceasing; thou knowest not which shall prosper; cast thy bread upon the waters, it shall be seen after many days. Care for the sons of other mothers who are around you, and hope on ever.

FORGIVENESS.

“WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns,
To see the blow and feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given,
One had it! but He came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and died!”

THE BIBLE, AND THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

WE must give our readers a word about the Jubilee of this noble Institution. The British and Foreign Bible Society has now existed seven times seven years. It has entered on its first Jubilee, and a glorious beginning it had on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of last month. An open Committee meeting was held in the room where the Society was formed, in 1804. A splendid meeting was held next

day in Exeter Hall, and on the day following* the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a commemoration sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral. Every meeting was crowded, and the best spirit pervaded them. It is hoped, that by means of this Jubilee very great things will be done towards filling the earth with Bibles. We intend to give some further account of this Society next month. Reader, have you a Bible? Do you read it? Understandest thou what thou readest?

THE YOUNG WIFE'S RECOLLECTION OF HER FATHER'S HOME.

A YOUNG lady, the child of pious parents, had arrived at years of maturity, apparently without having any salutary impressions made on her mind either by the instructions she had received, or the examples she had witnessed. In this state of mind she received the addresses of a gentleman destitute of religion, and who probably had not possessed her early advantages. He was moral, respectable, and honourable in social life, and had no idea that anything more was necessary. In due time they were married.

The worth of any blessing is often best taught by its loss. The very first day of her residence in the house of her husband the young lady was struck with horror and distress at the omission of "FAMILY PRAYERS;" and the family separated at night, and met in the morning, and no "BIBLE" was called for, no expressions of gratitude offered for protection and refreshment through the night, no supplication for provision, direction, and support through the day. She felt desolate and uncomfortable; and that which she had so long disregarded in the house of her father seemed now absolutely essential to her comfort. The deficiency was the means of awakening in her mind deep and serious convictions of her guilt in having failed to

improve the privileges with which she had so long been favoured. She was led to tremble at the awful state of guilt and danger as a sinner before God. She humbly and earnestly sought mercy through the blood of the cross, and found joy and peace in believing. Now, the instructions and admonitions of her pious parents, which had so long seemed to be like good seed rotting beneath the clod, began to spring up and yield fruit. She said, "THE GOD OF MY PARENTS SHALL BE MY GOD," and she gave herself up to Him in a covenant, never to be forgotten. She could not now be insensible to the best interests of her husband and family. These became matters of deep solicitude and fervent prayer. Her pious endeavours were blessed; her husband was awakened to discern the things that belonged to his everlasting peace, and was made a partaker of the grace of God in truth. Their household was soon numbered among those in whose tabernacles is heard the voice of rejoicing and salvation. They became eminently pious, exemplary, and useful characters, and trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Christian parents! it is sometimes your grief that you cannot give your children grace; but this you can do, and see that it is faithfully done: Let your daily practice and example lodge in their hearts a conviction that religion is a sacred, a needful, and a delightful thing; that it is the rule of your conduct and source of your happiness, and that it is a wretched and miserable thing to be without it. Then may you hope that, sooner or later, those divine influences which you can pray for, though you cannot command, will give vitality to your long-neglected instructions and examples, and that the children over whom you have long mourned as aliens from God shall become a seed to serve Him.

The happy impression produced on the mind of this young lady would not have occurred in the case of a young person brought up in a family where domestic worship was

made light of, irregularly engaged in, or caused to yield to the claims of worldly business, pleasure, or convenience. The responsibility of heads of families in this particular cannot be too often pressed on their attention.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. III.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It seems to be of the first importance to try early to make our children obedient. We should, I think, make but few rules, but these should be carried out. I will give you an example or two of what I have found effectual with my little boy.

In the summer he was very fond of playing in the front garden. It is cheerful to see the people pass—to watch the dogs and pigs, and horses and carriages; but almost everybody left the gate open, and Willie would run into the road. He was reprov'd once or twice, forbidden to do so, and assured that, if he did, he would be punished. Soon after he dropped his ball down the steps into the forbidden road, and ran after it. I fetch'd him ^{up}, and corrected him; but not long after I found him at the bottom of the steps again. Again I corrected him. Since then, he has had the run of the place, and if, by accident, he drops his ball into the road, he will come to me to pick it up for him rather than break bounds.

When winter set in, I felt fearful of the fires. I, of course, use every precaution; but still, children are apt to get to the fire if you watch them ever so much. So, the first day the fire was lighted, I said—“Now, Willie, you must never go on the rug.” His papa said—“I think he is too young to understand or remember such an injunction; you will always be punishing him for transgressing.” I replied, “At all events, I can but try.” Every morning, when I brought him down stairs, I repeated my rule, and, for a day or two, apparently without success. Before long, however, I found out the reason to be that he did not understand me. He said one day—“Mamma, is it naughty to go on a rug? What is a rug? Is it a carpet?” I explained the matter to him, and from that time I have never seen him put his foot on it. He will go round the table rather than attempt to cross it; and even when his papa forgets, and would draw him over to him, he cannot be induced to set his

foot on it. Pussy sometimes takes refuge there, and Willie uses every little artifice to tempt her away, but never goes on the forbidden ground to fetch her. .

While speaking of the fire, I would say, on no account should a child be allowed to take anything off the mantel-shelf, neither by means of a chair nor any other way. It is one of the faults for which correction should always be administered. Better this than have your child burned to death. I have heard of a boy scalded to death in a nursery, where two servants and his brothers and sisters were present, and where there was a high fender. The kettle was on the fire; the little fellow placed a chair on one side of the fireplace to reach something, lost his balance, fell within the guard, overturned the kettle, and was scalded to death!

There is one other precaution well worthy of attention. Discard the cotton pinafores for the winter, or, at least, let them only be used at meal times, and always taken off before leaving the table. Have you such a thing as an old black or dark stuff or merino gown? One breadth will make a pinafore for a child of two years old; three breadths will make two for an older child. Last winter I made two, which lasted my little boy through the cold season. I cut off one strip for the body, and divided the rest of the breadth into two, and made a round pinafore; a little coloured braid made it look very neat, and this will not easily take fire. Try it, young mother.

HANNAH.

A PARADISIACAL DAY.

THE air was fresh from heaven's own hand—the breeze blew gently, and came perfumed with the sweets of Eden's balmy bowers—the new sun shone mildly—the birds carolled merrily—the beasts gambled forth their happiness—the earth was glad, and all nature sang the praises of Him who had pronounced it good.

Down yonder shady glade passed two immortals, new from the plastic hand of their Creator—happy in each other's love, and enjoying to the full the love of Him who made them. Natural and spiritual life was theirs—they

were capable of enjoying the bliss which the contemplation of nature in all its freshness was calculated to give—they could admire and adore; but, above all, they could love and serve their Creator with all their heart. No wandering thoughts were known to them—their worship was pure, perfect—they moved with a happiness all unknown in after times.

All creation rose to do them homage—the majestic lion trotted by their side, while, from his large full eye, beamed forth his submission and his love. The tiger and the leopard bounded down the greensward, and then turning with delighted ecstacy, looking them full in the face, seemed to say, “We rejoice and participate in your happiness.” Then also might be seen the graceful little squirrel jumping from branch to branch, then bounding on the back of a colossal elephant, whilst the great sagacious animal seemed to feel the general joy; and then mingling with the multitude was the little lamb, frolicking with a heart which knew no fear, rushing heedlessly before the open mouth of the lion, manifesting no terror at his roar! The birds, too, were there, singing their perfect song, with the redbreast resting by the golden eagle! The trees—the shrubs—were green and lovely, beyond our present knowledge—the fruits rich and luscious, such as we have never looked upon—Nature was all herself, and the great Creator had pronounced all “very good.”

Suddenly a change took place, sorrowful and sad. The sky was black with clouds—the wind roared and shook the trees fearfully—and the solid earth seemed troubled, while the very nature of all the animal creation was instantly altered. Fear and terror were seen in some—in others, savageness and ferocity. The meekness and love which once swelled and beamed from the eye of the lion and tiger, now flashed despair and indigestion upon the immortal pair as they returned dejected and terrified. New and strange passions worked within, and as they passed between

the foliage they started with terror at the falling of a seared leaf, conscious of misery.

Then spiritual life was gone—they were spiritually dead—the sentence had gone forth, “the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die”—sin had entered our world, and death by sin. Dread forebodings took possession of their minds—in the awful moment a voice was heard, which opened up a ray of hope—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent, but he shall bruise his heel. Then, in anger, they were driven from the garden of Eden by their Maker and their God. Utterly helpless, they leave the bliss of Paradise, nor could they, by any effort of their own, recover their spiritual life. Their sons and daughters were born in their own image, destitute of spiritual life, and their natural life altered, and no longer obedient to the first law of its creation. Wild and ungovernable passions shook and deformed the noble structure, which threatened its total destruction. Power of self-healing there was none.

Now began the mighty warfare which was to wage through all time—the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. “These being contrary the one to the other, ye cannot do the things that ye would.” “Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

M. B.

* THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. III.

“The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future.”

We will now follow Judith's boy, and see how he behaves as he sails along towards his new home. When

the sailor presented him to Mrs. Dare, he had but very little clothing on, so that some of the ladies on board set to work to make him suitable dresses. The little fellow became a great favourite on board, and the rough sailors would often nurse him for hours, delightedly observing his merry gambols. At length, through the kind care of Him who commands the winds and the waves, they arrived safely in England. A nurse was provided for little Robert, as the black boy was called, and Mrs. Dare watched over him with all the tenderness of a mother. Before he could walk, she used to take him to her room every day, and place him in a chair, while she bowed in prayer for him and for herself; and, as soon as his tiny feet could trot along by her side, he would lead the way to the same chair and lisp his prayer to Him who blessed such, while a pilgrim in our world. Letters were often sent Judith and Sam, to tell them of their son, and the negro mother often wished that an opportunity would offer for her to visit the white man's home.

When Robert was four years of age, he was sent to school, and his lessons were as readily acquired as any of the white boys there. One day, when he came home from school, he ran into the parlour, and, taking Mrs. Dare's hand, looking sorrowfully into her face, he said, "Shall I be a black boy in heaven, ma'am? I hope I shan't!" "Well, my boy, you need have no fears on that point," replied his friend, "for the Bible says, we shall be as the angels of God if we go to heaven, and no doubt they are very beautiful." "Well, then, I hope white skin will grow on me there, and that I may have nice long hair, like yours!" "Why are you so anxious about this, my child?" asked Mrs. Dare, smiling. "Why, because I often see the boys touch one another, to look at me, and then they laugh, and say my hair is only wool, like a sheep's back, and then they call me 'Black Bob,' they do; and I wish my face could be made white like yours, that I do, for it

makes me cry sometimes. The master said, 'Don't cry, Robert, you are a good little fellow,' but I am not always good like you,—I am naughty, you know, often; but I should like to be always good, and go to heaven. I suppose, gentle Jesus will love me all the same for my black skin; won't He?" "Yes, my dear boy; He made you, and loves you, and those rude boys did not remember that they were reproaching Him when they found fault with the colour of your face; but you must try to follow the example of the Saviour, who never railed again, but prayed for those who treated him unkindly." "Well, that's odd, too! I like to pray for you and master, and father and mother, and Martha, down stairs, because she doesn't call me black; but I don't like to pray for James Brown, nor Henry White, nor Charles Adams, that I don't!" "I am very sorry to hear you talk so, my little Robert, because it tells me that you are very unlike the Redeemer. If he had acted thus towards us, when He lived in His glory in heaven, we should all have gone down

"To darkness, fire, and chains,"

as your little hymn says; for everybody who lived in the world,—all the white people and all the black people,—were his enemies, and very few cared for Him when He lived like a poor man among us; and when He was on the cross dying for them, they all ran away from Him; only His poor mother, and two or three others, stood by to look at Him." "Well, that was very unkind, then," said the child, as a tear trickled over his dark face. "I would have stood there all the time if I had been alive." "I do not think you would, my little man, if I may judge from what you have said to me, for I think if one of the tall Roman soldiers had called you a 'Galilean,' you would have been as angry as you were in the school to-day with the rude boys, and then you would have gone back to hide among the crowd, lest you should have had to bear reproach for the dying

Saviour's sake." "Well, then, I will try to pray for the boys who call me Black Bob,—that I will." "Do, my dear, but you must ask the Saviour to send His Holy Spirit to help you, or you will stop in the middle of your prayer, or say what you do not feel." "Ah, then, I will try; and will you pray too? I should like to be like the Saviour,—that I should."

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCHES CONTINUED.

Bordesley Street Branch.—The meetings have been kept up with interest and regularity, and it is hoped that most who attend find that an hour spared from their worldly concerns is not time lost. The voice of prayer ascends from the little community; and though it is still but the day of small things, the superintendent takes courage in the assurance that it will not be despised by God. Various efforts are made by the members who are tract distributors, to draw others to the Mothers' Meetings, saying, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

Number of members	25
Average attendance	14
Number of <i>Mothers' Friends</i> and Magazines sold	240

Garrison Lane Branch.—Fortnightly meetings have been regularly held. The objects of the Association are becoming better understood by the class of mothers who assemble at this station, and those who know the value of such means most cheerfully co-operate and assist the superintendent, by enlisting the attention of others, and procuring subscribers for *The Mothers' Friend* and Magazines.

Number of members at this Branch	60
Number of attendants, average	23
Number of <i>Mothers' Friends</i> and Magazines disposed of	600
"Lectures to Young Women" sold	98

Balsall Heath Branch.—Fortnightly meetings have been regularly held, and the hours spent in them have been marked by

earnest anxiety for mutual improvement in Christian intelligence upon maternal obligation and responsibility. A happy interchange of thought, with a view of inciting and encouraging each other in the work of training, has imparted an unusual degree of interest in the meetings.

Number of members now in the Association	65
Number of <i>The Mothers' Friend</i> and Magazines disposed of	1,800
Number of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Women"	422
Average attendance at the meetings	30
Total number of meetings held during the year	120
Total number of members in the Association . . .	282
Total number of <i>The Mothers' Friend</i> and Magazines disposed of	2,720
Total number of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Women" sold	2,002

P.S.—The departed one referred to at the commencement of this Report paid a visit to Tamworth, a few months before her death, where she inspired some Christian mothers with earnest desires for Mothers' Meetings, and helped them in the formation of an Association before her return home. This Association has continued, and I enclose a copy of their Report which they sent to be read at our Annual Meeting yesterday.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. IV.

"Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

WE will now tell you a little of the history of some of those for whom we plead, at least as far as may be profitable to mothers and daughters. May each read and ponder—resolve, and be aroused to action. The first tale is quickly told, for the young offender was soon held by the stern hand of justice until passed beyond the seas for crimes detected. She was only a young girl of fifteen, but old in the ways of sin and wickedness. The excellent

matron of the establishment where this young creature rested until the time of her departure from her country arrived, told us the sad tale. This kind Christian woman was anxious to ascertain the pathway of the youthful transgressor, and fearful was the revelation! On the matron asking her of her early history she replied:—

“You have been kind to me, ma’am, and I will tell you all the truth. It was my *mother*, ma’am,” continued the poor child, “it was my mother who led me into bad ways at first. She used to send me for a pennyworth of gin very often. She sent me for it in a TEA-POT, to make believe I was sent for hot water; but it was gin, ma’am. So after I had been fetching it for some long time, I used to *taste* it! Then I got to *like* it. Then I wanted some. So I used to get a penny where I could, and buy a pennyworth for myself. Then, ma’am, I stole to buy more, and at last I was caught for shop-lifting, and brought here. This is all true, ma’am.”

The good matron ascertained that this was indeed a faithful account given by this poor child. Mothers! avoid the first step in evil—the first false step in training your dear children. What a fearful account will the mother of this transported girl have to render to the Judge of the whole earth on the last great day! If you would avoid her doom, avoid her example. We shall next give you a more lengthened account of another.

MATER.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. III.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

Just then the prayer-bell rang, and in a few minutes the children and servants were all seated around their father, who waited with the Bible open before him while every one repeated a text of Scripture. Then Henry gave out that pretty hymn—

"My God who makes the sun to know,
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies."

The eldest boy began the tune, and all united in this song of praise. After this the father read a short portion of Scripture, and asked questions on it, which were answered by the children and servants in turn. Mrs. Mild then took the children to her own room, where she read and prayed with them. The Scripture that came in order that day was the nineteenth chapter of Job.

As the children were returning to the school-room little Minny lingered by her mother's side. "Well, Minny, run off to your studies, dear," said Mrs. Mild. "I just wanted first to ask you about the chapter we have been reading, ma; I don't understand it; the Saviour was not born, was He, when Job was alive?" "No, certainly not, dear." "Well, then, how could He make Job? and how could Job know Him?" "You must remember, dear, that the Saviour is God as well as man; and although He made everything in the world, yet He had not made a body for Himself at the time Job was alive; yet Job believed in Jesus, as did all the good people who lived before He came down as a little babe in Bethlehem. Do you understand it better now?" "Yes, ma, only Job had not seen Him, had he?" "No, dear; not have you, have you?" "No, ma, certainly not; but I should like to have seen Him; and I say to myself sometimes in the nursery—

'I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

That I do, ma." "I am not surprised, my love, that you feel thus; but although you were not living then to see Him and hear His kind words, yet you believe in Him, I hope." "Yes, ma, to be sure I do." "And yet you

"have never seen Him!" "No, mamma, but I believe He once lived on earth, long before I was born." "Very well, then, you see that Job and you were something alike, after all!" "How *can* you make that out, ma?—how oddly you talk!" "You see, my little girl, Job believed in a Saviour who *would come*—you believe in a Saviour who *has come*." "Oh, yes, yes, now I do, understand it far better—thank you, thank you, my dear ma." Saying this, little Minny ran off towards the door, but her mother took her hand, saying, "But, Minny, love, Job called the Saviour *his Redeemer*; now if you can call the dear Jesus *your Redeemer*, you have something more than a belief that He has come to our world to die for sinners. Do you understand me?" "Yes, ma, Jesus said, 'ye must be born again,' but I am often afraid that has not happened to me, because I so often feel naughty things in my heart." "Then, dear, you should pray that God would give you His Holy Spirit according to His promise, and He loves to listen while little children pray to Him to make them holy. Now, dear, shut the door, and let us pray together."

After this, little Minny ran off to her studies, but she often thought during the day about Job and the morning's conversation with her mother.

YOU CAN'T BEGIN TOO SOON. .

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—In proof of the above, and also to show at what an early age little ones have their ideas of things, I am induced to forward an account of what transpired in my little circle to-day.

The baby—a child between two and three years of age—with an earnest inquiring look, thus addressed me,—“Mamma, may me have me pretty sing?” (meaning a new toy which had been sent for a valentine.) “It not Sabbath-day at all?” I supposed her to mean that had it been the Sabbath she would not have thought of asking for it. Yours, &c.

Norwich, Feb. 18th, 1853.

A MOTHER.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHILDREN'S BALLS.

John Foster says—"Children's balls are a detestable vanity. Mamma for a long time busy, with the help of tasteful friends, for the sole purpose of equipping two or three children to appear in one of these miserable exhibitions. The whole business seems a contrivance expressly intended to concentrate to a focus of preternatural heat and stimulus every vanity and frivolity of the time, in order to blast for ever the simplicity of the little souls, and kindle their vain propensities into a thousand times the force that mere nature could ever have supplied."

GUARD THE TONGUE.

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes—
What thou speakest, and *how*, beware,
Of whom—to whom—when, and where.

SIN.

Man-like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein,
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pains, and unknown future harms,
And baby sleeps!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Warder. London: J. R. Shaw.

A cheap journal, exposing the social and political evils of Popery and Tractarianism.

Band of Hope Review. London: Partridge and Oakley.

A very attractive, useful and cheap periodical for our young friends who like interesting anecdotes on Peace and Temperance.

SONS FROM HOME.—No. III.

GOING OUT TO THE GOLD FIELDS.

How many thoughts arise as we look back to the joyous meetings of a beloved family group, with whom we enjoyed our last Christmas holidays! Oh, how our past pleasures live in our recollections, and we pause amidst the world's bustle to think of distant, loving hearts and other days!—Some of our dear ones have resumed their studies, and others are gone from beneath our roof for the first time.—Oh, how our thoughts and prayers follow them!

Mother! what did you feel as your only son bade you farewell, for the first time, to pursue his education from home? As he took this first step into the great, bustling, striving, go-a-head, wide, wide world, did you not ask yourself what influence will he carry among the sons of men?—What recollections of home piety, teachings, and example has he stored up in his active mind, to be brought forth again as he travels onwards towards the world of spirits?—Did you not go back, too, and look at your boy again as he lay a helpless infant on your arm, smiling up into your face with confidence and love?—Did you say, “it is true, that a mother's greatest enjoyment of her children is when they are infants?” And then does not the door of memory open, and you look at your own mother and father's hearth, and you say of those with whom you basked in love's sunshine in those by-gone days,

“Oh! some are hushed and some are chang'd,
And never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences
Triumphantly again.”

And then you bound away from earth right up to the spirit-land, and look at the glorious company gathering

there, and exclaim, "Oh may we all join you up there in your glory!"—Is it so? But we must proceed.—Let us never forget that the greatest blessing mothers always possess is to take their loved ones, whether present or absent, to the throne of grace—to that Redeemer who hath said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father."

In this day of enterprise and speculation how many families—how many sons—have left their native shores, full of bright visions of success for the future which those far-distant fields of gold promise. Many who will read our pages have sons gone forth, and are even now sailing over the trackless deep. Many a dim eye and anxious heart are looking and longing for "ship-letters," some to tell of success—some of bitter disappointment—some of sickness and death—and others to tell of hopes when the home-hearth shall again be gladdened by the voices and the smiles of the travelled sons! Mothers! Fathers! when you part with your beloved sons for unknown foreign shores, are you quite sure they carry with them remembrance of pious example and minds stored with Divine truth? If they retire at night without committing themselves to the care of Heaven, are they likely to think of the exercise as the all-important thing attended to *at home* in the evening hour? If they go forth in the morning without asking Divine guidance and protection, is it likely that some word or some circumstance of the day may cause a pang in the recollection, that the duties taught *at home* have been neglected that morning?

Then, when they leave the home of their childhood and their native land, do you endeavour to procure for them suitable serious yet cheerful reading? The youthful, ardent mind requires occupation, and during the many monotonous days of a long voyage there is ample time for improvement by reading; therefore, do provide such a collection of books as may have a tendency not only to raise

desires after intellectual pursuits, but to encourage and increase love and dependance on God. Many interesting accounts we have known of pious mothers presenting sons with small Bibles, with the name written within, (and sometimes with a little note of a mother's love between the folded leaves,) which same treasure has been the means of recalling the wandering son to the good path he had forsaken.

A young man, from giving way to improper company, so transgressed the laws of his country as to be sent abroad. A Missionary, some years after, visiting Van Dieman's Land, observed a young man sitting on a bank in a private road, absorbed in reading a book. On approaching, he recognized him to be this young man, who, though he had been carefully trained, had forfeited the freedom of his native land. It was his Bible, which he then said he found to be his greatest comfort and earthly treasure—the Bible given by his mother when he left the country of his birth—his fatherland!

Do all you can, Mothers, to direct and help your sons heavenward while they are around you; and when they are far away in the wide, wide world, cease not to take them to the foot of the cross; and do what you can for the sons from home living near you—they all have mothers somewhere—remembering, with “what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again?”

THE LAST BLOW.—No. V.

THREE days had passed since the accident, when at midnight Larry Carr was greatly alarmed by Margery “rambling,” as he called it; and as he could not get a rational word from her, he ran in his fright to Janet's cottage, entreating her to fly to his help. The kind woman dressed and was soon at Mrs. Carr's bed-side—she found her

evidently feverish, and altogether ill. "Ah, thin, what will I do?" asked Larry, imploringly—"the mother and childer ill together! Sure, ye're a teacher of wisdom, what will I do?"—"I think you had better call the doctor, Mr. Carr," said Janet, in her quiet way. "That I will, too,"—and he ran off to call the man of medicine, who was quickly at the cottage, to ply his healing art.

For many weeks Margery continued very ill, and Janet acted as nurse, mother, and housekeeper, indeed everything she could be, to the whole family. When Margery was well enough to understand how matters had been, and to see how nicely and carefully everything in her house had been managed, she was often seen to weep as Janet approached to do a kindness for her.

One day she took her hand saying, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." Janet bent forward to listen. "I am very much obliged to you," she said in a gentle voice, looking up into her face, "for all your great kindness to me and mine. My sickness has been sent to teach me a lesson, and I hope I shall learn it well. I always looked upon you with envy and jealousy, but you only returned good for evil, and kindness for insult. I have heard say that when people are near death in drowning, all their sins come back to their mind; and my affliction is something like it, for all the past seems to come before my face. Many a time have you knocked me down by your kind ways, but I would not believe you were guided by any better motive than I was; but I see it all now—and in all you have done for me and mine in this affliction, you have given the last blow to my wicked heart. You saved my boy's life, and in return, I tried to injure your character—you attended to him in his illness, and shared your money with us when I hated you—I wanted to make out something wrong, when your own brother brought you things from your kind cousin—and now I see plainly enough that the Bible must have been *your* guide. You have

killed the enmity of my heart—you have given the last blow to it in this affliction—and if you can only forgive the past, I hope, if spared to arise from this bed, I shall lead a new life, and be willing to be guided by you, and try to serve your God.”

Janet could only press Margery’s hand, while the tears fell upon it. She exclaimed—“Then the last blow will be a blessed blow to us both—and may it prove a blow to Satan’s kingdom, and may we be enabled to lead our families heavenward.” From the last blow Margery dates her “new life,” and her turning into the narrow road towards the better land.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

“Leave no room for the weeds.”

“How beautiful is your little garden, it is so very *full* of lovely flowers,” said Mrs. J. to a friend. “Yes,” replied Mrs. T., “my husband leaves no room for the weeds.” That is a good idea, thought Mrs. J., as she separated from her friend.

Mothers! Here is a hint for you! your children’s hearts may be compared to a garden—if not tended carefully, and FILLED with good seed, the weeds will spring up; therefore, take care that you drop in such seeds as you will like to see blooming in your home garden in days and years to come. Such as shall not only excite the commendation of passers-by, but such as shall send forth a fragrance to cheer all who come within the circle of its influence. Drop in the seed of the sunflower, that there may spring up a truthfulness which shall make your child’s word as good as his oath. Let fall the seeds of the lily, the vine, the honeysuckle, the mignonette, and the rose, that in after years you may find the flowers of purity, fruit-

fulness, love, unaffected sweetness, and thankfulness. The care of Mr. T.'s garden was often remarked—how he tied up hanging branches and watered the drooping plants. Mothers! you must not only sow the good seed, but you must tend your garden carefully, marking the weak part of your child's character, and support it by a caution or a word of encouragement. You must water it by your prayers, and let the sunshine of your bright smile and example fall upon it; fill it *full* of good seed. Leave no room for the weeds!

It may be well to state that the sunflower is the emblem of truthfulness, the lily of purity, the vine of fruitfulness, the honeysuckle of affection, the mignonette of unaffected sweetness, and the rose of thankfulness.

J. R.

HANNAH'S GARDEN.

I HAVE a little garden,
'Tis very full of weeds,
They grow so very quickly,
They almost choke the seeds.

'Twould be a *pretty* garden,
If all the plants would grow;
How very much I wonder why
They all spring up so slow.

Papa has long been trying
The best of seed to sow,
Mamma, I know, is watching—
Longing to see it grow.

There's the sweet plant of *Patience*,
Sometimes I see it shoot;
Then, all at once, I find it
Quite withered from the root.

Dear me! I wonder whether
The fault is in *the soil*;
Perhaps, if *that* were better,
Fruit would reward my toil.

Well, I've a Friend in Heaven,
 Whose help is ever nigh,
 He'll shine upon my garden,
 He always hears my cry.

He'll send sweet dews of morning,
 And gently falling showers,
 The parched ground to moisten,
 And cheer the springing flowers.

So, then, I'll look to Heaven,
 And pray for sun and rain,
 For well I know my Father
 I cannot ask in vain.

T. B. D.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. V.

“Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health.”

WE will now give an account of one of these banished ones, which we hope may encourage those who are making efforts for them, and induce mothers to act wisely in the discharge of their never-ending and important work. The facts are sent to us by an excellent “matron,” from whom we hope to hear again.

Mary C—— was the daughter of poor but strictly moral parents. She was one of a numerous family, and was accustomed to attend the house of God with her father, who was one of the choir-singers in the church. Mary possessed a sweet and yet powerful voice, which her father delighted to train to unite with him among the choir of singers. Very soon Mary's voice attracted public attention, and she became a paid chorister in a Roman Catholic chapel, and about the same time she was placed out to learn the business of straw-bonnet making.

• Mary's besetting sin now became *love of dress and dis-*

play, which her mother often tried to check, while she wept in secret over the follies of her daughter, the child of her old age. Alas! she became very soon the prey and the victim of a wealthy individual, who added to all his other crimes that of his being an infidel! He not only drew her away from the path of virtue, but sought by every means in his power to stifle the voice of conscience and the power of maternal counsel, which, despite the round of dissipation and folly by which she was now surrounded, would at times cast a fearful gloom over her mind. The *recollections of the faithful advice* and early instructions of her mother were far too vivid and painful for the tongue of flattery or the poison of infidelity to dissipate.

At this time, too, her father was thrown out of employ; and, stung with a sense of her sin and her ingratitude, she resolved to send them help under their accumulated trials. But, in consequence of her sinful pursuits, she dared not approach their dwelling, for they would never give the slightest countenance to vice. Mary therefore went to a butcher's, and purchased some meat, directing it to be taken to their house. The aged mother opened the door, and refused to take it, saying, "It is not for us." The man assured her that it had been paid for by a female, with orders that it should be forwarded to their address. The mother silently took the meat from the basket, and folding it in a cloth, she went to the house where her child was living, and said to the servant, "Take this to my child—your mistress, and tell her that her parents will starve before they will eat of the wages of iniquity." Then, with streaming eyes and tottering steps, she left the door.

The message was delivered,—and a mother's words, clothed with more than mortal power, fixed in Mary's conscience the dart of deep remorse and a determination to leave her sinful course of life. "But where shall I fly?"—

was her anxious question. She resolved to make her escape from the house in the night to some distant place where she was not known. She did so ; and hastened, in a far-off town, to seek employment in her own business.* Alas ! on making application a reference was required, and this, she knew, would lead to a detection of her character. She therefore took a small lodging in a low part of the town, and lived on the little money she had, as well as what she could get on some trinkets she had brought with her, hoping to get a little work on her own account. Alas ! her efforts failed, and her conscience and lack of food seemed fast wearing away her strength. Satan, ever a hard master, was tempting her to destroy herself by drowning.

Having had no food for some time, she put on her bonnet and resolved to commit the rash act. She reached the river. There, God, who is rich in mercy, met the child of a mother's prayers. A company of youths were fishing on the spot. Mary walked for a long time, watching for their departure ; but they remained until it came into her mind to ask them if they knew of a place called a Penitentiary in the town. One of the lads replied that he did, and then directed her steps to this asylum. Mary applied, and was admitted. On the usual question being asked, "Have you a mother?"—the heart which had been closed up by despair, was now softened and opened by the voice of kindness and the recollections of a mother. She was requested to give the name and address of her parents, that they might be informed where their child was. To this she sobbed out, "I have a father, and, I fear, an almost broken-hearted mother ! They know not what has become of me !"

Just at this moment a person applied at the door, to inquire if a young person had reached the Institution, of the dress and tall figure of Mary. She had been missed from her lodging ; and, having been observed to have had little

or no food for some time, and appearing exceedingly distressed in mind, they feared, she had drowned herself. That it had been suggested to them to apply there, previous to their having the river dragged. When informed of the inquiry after her, Mary wept profusely, and replied, "Tell them I'm safe."

More next month.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE ORPHAN.

"Tell them I die happy."

ANNIE — became the subject of religious impressions in early life, and evidences were shown which proved that the grace of God had touched her young heart. Tenderness of conscience, love to the Word and worship of God, a deep sense of her own sinfulness, and an earnest desire to become a sincere Christian, were observed with delight by her friends.

In April, 1851, she was seized with severe illness, which left her in a very delicate state of health. About this time she says, in a note to a member of the family, "I really think I shall soon return to ——. Oh! what a kind and tender Saviour have we! I might justly have been cut off, but my heavenly Father has seen fit, in His mercy, to spare my life, and I trust *that* life will be devoted to His service." Always affectionate and grateful, she seemed particularly so when she returned to her native place, after six months' absence. And general feeling of joy was expressed at seeing her again. She could exclaim, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and after this it was evident she was pressing forward in the good way. Again she writes:—"I feel an earnest desire to become a child of God. Oh! could I yield myself to my Saviour; could I say, 'My Saviour, I am thine!' Dear

Mrs. B—— says there would be some satisfaction in letting the world know that we had given ourselves up to Christ, and openly avow ourselves the children of God. But it must be a voluntary act. We shall never be happy till this is *really* and *truthfully* the case."

For some time before her last illness she was depressed with doubts and fears. She lamented that she could not realise her interest in the Saviour, and wanted that delight in prayer which she had sometimes felt. She thus again writes:—"I dare say you noticed I seemed miserable yesterday. I felt so much the great depth of my sins. We both have had great privileges, and we *know* the way. But how have we slighted them? Still, Christ invites us *onward*. He says to the vilest sinner, 'I will not cast thee out.'"

There is no doubt this was a season of great heart-searching and deep humiliation before God with young Annie. Some of her selections for the Saturday-morning exercise are indicative of her anxious state. We will only give two extracts:—

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

"Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal my smarting wound?

Oh yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,

My fevered mind to calm,
And bid me not despair!
Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee."

"I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine."

The flattering nature of her disease concealed from Annie's mind the danger which was too apparent to those around her. It was, gently asked, "Supposing it to be the will of God that you should not return to health, how do you feel in the prospect of dying?" She replied, "Sometimes I feel I can die, and sometimes I fear I am not prepared." Faith, however, triumphed. Grace completed the work begun; and, finally, the victory was given her over the last enemy.

On the 4th of December, she was carried up stairs for the last time. On the 10th, symptoms of increasing weakness seemed to render it most desirable to tell her of the impossibility of her recovery. She heard the solemn tidings with great calmness, and was encouraged to rest on those promises of God's Word, which could alone support her in such an hour of need. E. B.

We should have been glad to have given the whole of this interesting tale in one number of *The Mothers' Friend*; but as we write for busy mothers, as well as for reading daughters, we must wait till next month, to accompany Annie to the gate of the shadowy valley.—Ed.

A MOTHER'S FAITH TRIED.

"Ah! my son will one day walk over his mother's grave!"

"I KNEW a youth," said a gentleman at a public meeting, "some fourteen years ago, who had a pious mother, but who, from the age of sixteen to twenty, lived a most gay and reckless life, resisting all her earnest remonstrances. Regardless of her tears and prayers, determined to pursue his own sinful and depraved inclination, he frequented the card-table and dancing-room unknown to his parents. On one occasion he ordered a suit of clothes, had them placed to his mother's account, and, attired in them, he

spent the night in dancing and revelry. When, in the morning, his mother remarked on his wan and haggard appearance, he assured her he had taken a long walk, and was very much fatigued!

"Once, on entering the room where his pious mother was sitting, she said to him—'Ah! my son will one day walk over his mother's grave, and have to mourn that he hastened her departure thither, and will then wish he had given his heart to God while she was alive.' The son bit his lip to prevent the tears, which, in spite of himself, forced their way to his eyes, and hurried from her presence to seek a corner where he might weep unseen. Yet still he pursued the same sinful career. At the age of twenty he was to leave his home, and he rejoiced to think he should then be free from the watchful eye of his parents. Now, thought he, I shall have my own way; there will be no meddling friend to tell tales!

"He went—but his mother's prayers followed him. About six weeks afterwards, he received a letter from her, full of earnest entreaty and warning; it concluded thus:—'My boy will think I have sent him a long sermon, but how shall I meet him at the bar of God, and say I am clear of his blood, if I have not done all in my power to warn him of his danger?' These words went as an arrow to his heart—fixed there by the Spirit of God; he wept much. A pious young man in the establishment coming up, asked the cause of his tears. He replied, 'Read that!' and handed to him his mother's letter; he also wept—and said, 'Come with me to my room, let us pray together.'—They did so, but the self-condemned young man could find no peace.

"For three weeks he sought comfort, and then he despaired of ever finding it. He resolved to commit suicide. He went out, taking his pocket Bible with him—he came to the brink of the river—he resolved to cast himself into the dark waters, feeling sure he should soon perish, for he

could not swim. He thought—"I will pray once more." He knelt down on the river's brink and uttered a few words—the spell was broken—he resolved never to rest till he had found rest in the finished work and love of Jesus. Shortly afterwards he found peace, and began his journey heavenwards. Thus was an answer vouchsafed to a mother's prayers on behalf of her son. And permit me," continued the speaker, "to add—the subject of that pious mother's prayers is he who now addresses you!"

Mother, pray on!

Young man! "Pray once more!"

THE FALL OF THE GREAT TREE.

"FATHER," said a little boy, "I heard you say, 'twas a wonder you were not killed to-day, when the great tree fell pretty nearly upon you." "Yes, Sammy, that was true, my boy." "Well, father, then perhaps gentle Jesus helped it to fall away from you, for mother always prays for you when you are gone to work—all of us together pray up stairs before we go to school." "Do you, my boy? and do *you* pray?" "Yes, father, I try to, a little; but I can't pray like mother does—she prays for everything." "Does she, Sammy? Ah, you have a good mother, my boy; there are not many children so happy as you are, to be taught to pray, too!" "Yes, father, don't you ever pray for us, father? Teacher says, if we wish to sing in heaven, we must pray on earth;—is that true, father? Will you sing in heaven, father, with mother, and all of us?" "I hope so, Sammy; wouldn't you like I should?" "Oh yes, father, to be sure I should;—but do you pray, though? eh?" "I hope, Sammy, your mother will always ask God to take care of your father, for fear another great tree should fall near me when I am in the woods." "But, father, God will hear

you, as well as mother—won't He?" "Yes, Sammy, I hope so. Did you ever hear *me* pray, my boy?" "No, father, but I should like to, though,—that I should!"

The father prayed that night.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. V.

My dear children, I have quite a fresh subject for you this time. Are you fond of reading the lives of persons you have heard about? I dare say you all know the history of Uncle Tom and the little Eva. Now, I want you to read very attentively the life of some one who lived a long, long time ago—who saw Jesus when He was in this world, and talked with Him; yes, and held His hand to keep himself from drowning. Can you guess who this was? Ah, yes; it was Peter. If you want to read his life, you must take some pains, because it is not written straight on, but in little bits, here and there, in the New Testament. Get your Testament, then, and put a mark whenever you find anything about Peter. Begin with Matthew, and look all through the four Gospels and the Acts, only do not put a mark when the same thing is mentioned more than once. Make a list of the different passages, and then read them carefully through, asking God for His help and blessing.

I should like to talk over with you some of the pretty stories you will find, and hear you say which you like the best. However, by the time you have finished reading, I think you will quite like Peter, and wish you had seen and known him. It is said that he was crucified, and thus died a martyr for the sake of Jesus—that Jesus, to whom he said—"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. I cannot tell whether this was the case, but I know where Peter is *now*. He is "present with the Lord," waiting for what? Ah, dear children, he is waiting

for the bright and glorious things of which we have lately been talking. Yes; he will have a part in them *all*. He will rise from the dead, and enter in through the gates into the city. For him there will be a white robe; a golden harp; a palm and a crown, and his voice will be heard in the new song and the loud hallelujah.

Little children, I have one question to ask you. Do you wish, by-and-by, to see Peter, and to have a part in all his happiness? Then strive and pray to be *like Him now*. If you are brought to sorrow for sin, as Peter did, and if, from the bottom of your heart, you can say with him—"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee"—then Peter's Redeemer will be your Redeemer, and Peter's heavenly home your dwelling-place for ever.

Oxford.

MARY.

[Now, if you are interested in thus tracing out the life of Peter, you will like to read the life of *Paul* in the same way; and then you can turn to the Old Testament, and find the lives of Joseph, Samson, Daniel, and many more that will be very interesting.]

THE FOUR GATHERINGS.

TO MRS. C.

THEY are gathering! Where are they gathering?

Close by the river of death;

With the dark-winged angel waiting

For a maiden's passing breath!

Bright seraphs too are hovering,

To bear her to the sky:

Push! away to heaven's glory

Behold the victor fly!

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?

Within a darkened home;

Where the burning tears are falling,

Where ye hear the stifled moan.

(Gloved hands must do their bidding,)

They approach the maiden's bed,
And take away the beautiful
To the carriage of the dead.

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?

Around the open grave.

Look up, heart-stricken mother,
There's a "Mighty One" to save!

On earth's maternal bosom

That beauteous form must rest,

But the loved and loving spirit

Lives now among the blest!

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?

Up in a world so bright—

Where a mortal mother's vision

Could not behold the light.

An immortal crown of honour

Encircles Bessie's brow;

Where late ye saw death's shadows

Bright glories settle now.

March 26th, 1853.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IN one of our Transatlantic cities, it was my lot to become acquainted with one who, although of a fine and highly cultivated mind, was more noted for his strict morality and quiet unobtrusive piety, than even for his mental qualifications. One evening, speaking of a mother's influence, he remarked, "I may say that I never knew a mother's love; and yet, I may say, under Providence, I thank my mother for having preserved me from many temptations." I said, the remark seemed so singular, that it needed an explanation; to which he replied, "I will tell you what I mean. I was deprived of my mother when very young,—so young, that I retain but a very dim recollection of her personal appearance; but I never have forgotten how, every morning and evening, she called me to her side, and,

after hearing me repeat my prayers, knelt and prayed for me, in simple yet earnest language, such as I could easily comprehend. She explained to me every petition in the Lord's prayer; and, although I am more than thirty years old, every word of that explanation is as familiar to me as when I first heard it. I have been exposed to great temptation, much of which is known only to myself. Once I was led away by the eloquence of a popular speaker to the very verge of infidelity. Like most young men, my Bible had been neglected; and I was, from my natural temperament, rather sceptical. The doctrines he inculcated were such as well suited the fallen and depraved appetites of man, and I was well-nigh persuaded of their truth.

"After attending a lecture, where, with the most captivating eloquence, he had been attempting to prove, from the Bible itself, the many inconsistencies of its system of religion, I happened, in search of one of the passages he quoted, to see the Lord's prayer. Strange to say, my eye fell on the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;' and, in a moment, a tide of almost overwhelming recollections rushed upon me. I was in imagination again a little child; again kneeling by the side of my sainted mother, with my little hands clasped in hers, and her low sweet voice was endeavouring to impress on my mind, that whatever evil thoughts entered my mind, I was to recall that sentence, and, with full faith in my heavenly Father, to breathe that simple prayer. The effect was electrical. In a moment I felt that the specious arguments and well-turned sentences I had so long listened to with so much pleasure, were but dangerous sophistries. Nor was this all. From that time I was never on the eve of committing any sin, but that voice of melody would ring in my ears. And who would resist the appeal? I could not; and I soon sought, and I hope not without success, a deeper interest in His blood who died for all sinners: I often tremble,

when I think of what I might have been, had I not been blessed with a praying mother."

Mothers, teach your children to pray.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. IV.

"The miserable past ~~was~~ forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

In a few years Robert grew up a fine tall lad, and what was of still greater importance than a handsome face, whether white or black, his mind seemed to be under the influence of the love of God—he was evidently a pious youth. Everybody seemed to love him, and he loved everybody. Every market-day you might have seen young Robert, with a small basket on his arm, walking behind his master into the city. As he passed along, many a rude unfeeling boy would look at his sable face and laugh, addressing to him terms of reproach, such as—"Negro dog"—"Blacky"—"Why don't you wash the black off your face?" but he walked silently on, only drawing a little nearer to his good master; it was never known that he returned "railing for railing."

One day, as Robert and his master were walking in the market-place, a negro woman ran up, and suddenly caught hold of Mr. Dare's hand, exclaiming, "Massa! Massa! my dear Massa! me so glad me coming for see you." Then observing Robert, she flew towards him, asking, "Is this my boy?—my own boy?" It was, indeed, no other than Judith—Robert's mother! She hired herself as nurse to a lady visiting England, in order to see her only child. Judith held in her arms a beautiful infant, elegantly dressed, and she herself had assumed the respectable costume of an English nurse. Mr. Dare having conducted Judith to a friend's house near at hand, a great deal of conversation took place. Judith knew much more of her

son than he knew of his mother, for he had been in the habit of writing letters to his parents very often ; but as neither of them could write, and their kind Missionary had died, few letters reached Robert from his cabin home. There had been a sort of link, however, between Robert and his mother and father, which was firm and strong, for he had been taught, from his earliest days, to pray for them—yet all his fond recollections were of his adopted home, and Mr. and Mrs. Dare—and he loved them far better than any other friends.

Judith was to remain in England many months—so it was arranged that she should often walk to Mr. Dare's with her young charge; and many a nice walk did the negro-mother and her son take in the woods and by the river's side, and often did young Robert wish to ask his mother what she thought of eternal things, but had not the courage.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE BEGINNING OF STRIFE.

"One frosty morning," says a lady, "I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. They stood all very still and meek, till one of the red mothers, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour—when the neighbour kicked and hurt another! In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.' One cross word may set a whole family wrong, 'some frosty morning.'"

Let the first lesson be prompt obedience, unconditional submission to the will of the mother and father.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at."

How earnestly does the faithful Sabbath-school teacher counsel her departing pupil, just about to enter the home of a stranger as a young servant. How anxiously and solemnly does she warn her of the deceitfulness of sin, and the enemies to her everlasting peace that she will find within and around her! And when the parting token is presented, and the "farewell" is spoken amidst the tears of the teacher and child, how is the young adventurer on life's voyage warned to meet her teacher at the end of the way, prepared to enter into the city of the just made perfect!

And so with the laborious teacher of the boys' department. How does he add caution to caution, when he is about thus to lose one of his class! How fervently does he warn him of the snares laid for the young among the ranks of the sons of men!—(very often from his own painful experience). He tells him of the sophistry of the sceptic and the infidel,—urging him to study and hold on by the good word of life! For the encouragement of those self-denying labourers in the Lord's vineyard, we will give two extracts of letters from "Old Sabbath-school Children." One written to ourselves, and another we have just read:—

"MY DEAR TEACHER,—I hope you will pardon me for writing to you. Mine will be but a poor letter; but I think, if you would be so good as to write to me a line sometimes, it would help me to keep the resolutions I made when I left the Sabbath school. I find great temptations around me, to try and make me depart from the good things I learned in my class, particularly to break the Sabbath day; but when I go to bed, I often think what the END will be! O how glad I should be again to sit on

the form by you, even among little children. I feel, more than ever, that Sabbath-school teachers are our best friends—I mean, of the young. The remembrance of all you taught me and told me has kept me from many a snare. Pray for me, my dear teacher, that I may ‘live to God and for God,’ as you used to say, and meet you at last in Heaven.

“Your grateful old scholar,

“HANNAH.”

Another Sabbath scholar, who some months ago was engaged in a large warehouse in London, writes as follows regarding the companions into whose society he is thrown:—

“How few there are among them,” he says, “who read the Bible on Sabbath, much less during the week! There are one of two in the house who scoff at the name of religion, and absolutely deny the being of a God! But how happy am I to inform you that a few true Christians are among us. We assemble ourselves in a private room, to thank our God for all His goodness to us, undeserving and sinful as we are. Wednesday evenings are our nights for meeting thus, and we all try to attend. Last night, only six of us met; but our meetings are always very interesting, and I hope very beneficial to us. We commence by singing a hymn, then pray, then read a chapter, and conclude with prayer.”

“Old Scholars”—READ and ACT! One more interesting fact from the lips of one of the party:—Six Sabbath-school boys resolved to hold a “little prayer-meeting” in a wood near the town in which they resided. This they continued once a week, at six o’clock in the morning. All became Sabbath-school teachers in the various localities in which Providence placed them; *three* became MISSIONARIES to the heathen; *two* died happily; and one lives to preach of the unsearchable riches of Christ at home. Sabbath-school boys, get up EARLY, to pray for yourselves and your teachers. Teachers! work on, ye shall reap when the angels come at the command of the Eternal.

“As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow. The torrent that swept the valley may be led to turn a mill.”

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.—No. II.

THE ORPHAN.

“Tell them I die happy.”

ABOUT an hour after Annie had been told of her danger she said, “I do not fear death; I am rather distressed at the thoughts of leaving my dear brothers and sister.”

On the Sabbath afternoon she was much oppressed with bodily suffering, but assured us the fear of death was *gone*; and her soul was safe in the Saviour’s hands. “What a comfort, dear Annie,” said a friend, “that you have not mercy to seek.” “I could not have done it *now*,” was the reply. “And you would tell those with whom you have been associated not to delay this *all-important* work?” “Oh yes, I am sure I would.”

On that evening she took an affectionate leave of her sister and brothers, believing herself dying. After they had left the room an ecstasy of joy seemed to fill her mind, and she said, “They will meet me in heaven.” Those around her *heard* her speak and *saw* her look as it would be difficult to describe, for beams of glory lighted up her spirit. Absent friends were remembered, and particularly her minister. “Tell them,” she exclaimed, “tell them I die happy! My Saviour must be with me! How precious He is! Oh! how happy I feel—I could go *this moment*.” Presently she said, “I should like to live till the morning; I should then be able to speak to some of my companions—perhaps it might do them good.” The wish was granted.

On the Monday morning she was much revived, and requested her books, drawings, and other little things to be brought, as she wished to give them away. One after another of her companions came into the room. *What* words were spoken! *What* exhortations given! These will, we trust, be treasured up in their remembrance. All were entreated to love the Saviour, and charged to meet her

in Heaven. The following morning she said, "I began to feel a few doubts, but these lines came into my mind—

'Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy hopes on Him ;
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its war :
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there !'

—and they passed away." From that day to her closing one on earth, her mind appeared in a delightful state of *repose*. It was a privilege of no common order, during these intervening days, to receive her grateful smile, when short portions of God's word were read, and such hymns as that of Cowper—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;"

or of Toplady, "When languor and disease invade."

It was asked, "Dear Annie, your thoughts are often in Heaven?" "Yes," she replied, "I often think who I shall see there,—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ; but how sweet it will be to sit at His footstool !" Patience had its perfect work, and faith was now to be turned to sight. The mortal conflict was severe for a few hours, during which she frequently ejaculated, "Take me ! take me ! Jesus, take me ! Oh ! come quickly !" The prayer was heard. A short time before death, suffering seemed almost to cease ; then there were a few deep breathings, and all was still ; so happy, so easy. Of such believers it is true—

"One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say they're gone,—
Before the happy spirit takes
Its station near the throne !"

E. B.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.

INSTINCT is restricted to the earth, and is that impulse without reasoning which determines, in an invariable manner, the character, the habits, and the manners of animals. But how many a careless mother might learn a lesson of maternal love, and care and watchfulness from animals—yes, from birds, and the very insects about our path! How careful are they to provide a comfortable place for their posterity about to appear in the world! How careful—how watchful, when they arrive, is the mother to protect and to feed them; and when in danger she will shield them, even by risking her own life. We have one or two interesting anecdotes on this subject, which may help us in our maternal duties.

Some men were felling a tree, which proved to be hollow, and from which “a flying squirrel” came forth. When the men attempted to capture it, with its usual timidity it ascended the top of one tree, then sailed off to another; but it soon returned with boldness, and while the log was being cut off and split open, it loitered about the feet of the men, in evident distress, with an occasional piteous noise, disregarding all danger, and frequently passing into the log. When the log was opened, there were its bed and two young ones! The men lifted them out with care, and laid them down beside her. She gathered up one with her paws into a round ball, seized it with her mouth, ascended the same tree, sailed off as before to another, safely depositing the young one in its new home, and returned for the other. When both were safely housed, she seemed to lose the power of calculation, for she came back, examined the place carefully, but finding no more of her little ones, she bent her steps in the direction of her new home, and returned no more—finding, doubtless, too much occupation in the society of the little creatures she had risked her life to save, to be amused at a distance from them!

Another very curious anecdote has been sent us by a friend. A gentleman, it is said, walking in a wood, was attracted by a bird flying quickly between two trees, from the one to the other continually. Presently he observed the nest of the little bird in one tree, and that she flew to the other to pluck leaves from it, which she carefully laid round the edge of her nest. This made him curious to watch. The bird was so diligent, that until its nest was surrounded, she would not wait even to feed her young. Presently he observed a large snake approach the nest to seize the offspring of that anxious mother; but directly it touched the leaves round the nest, it drew back, and immediately left the nest and the tree! The leaves were said to be poisonous to the snake; and the instinct of the bird led her to surround her nest with them, to preserve her helpless progeny. Be this truth or fable, let us learn something from it.

See the mother's watchfulness. She saw the advances of the enemy, and provided against it. Are you sufficiently watchful that no subtle enemy can draw near your home-nest without meeting your gaze? Are you careful to secure the aid, too, of Zion's "Watchman?" Without this, your watching will be vain; for there are enemies lurking about your nest, so powerful and so crafty, that they will not only disturb your nest, and destroy the little inhabitants, but will also allure and deceive *you* if you stand *alone*. Much need have you of the exhortation,—*"Watch and pray."* You may have help if you seek it. If you refuse the offered aid, how will you feel when the day arrives in which you will find the door of mercy "shut" against you and your children? And hearing the judge say, "Ye would not come to me," you will surely exclaim, in bitterness and remorse, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved!"

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. IV.

GETTING INSIDE IN TIME.

THE first Sabbath we ever spent among Scotia's glens and lakes was a lovely one, and on the morning of the sacred day we felt as we had never felt before. The sun was chasing away the mist from the mountain side, and, as it rose higher and higher, revealed the mighty mass in all its noble outlines, dotted with light and shade; the very wind seemed hushed, and nature joined with man to proclaim it a day of rest!

When we entered our little parlour, our hostess came curtsying into the room to know if her daughters and son-in-law might be permitted to join in our family devotions; they had come over to be present at the morning service, which was to be held in our primitive church. Having signified our cheerful consent, they all came in—the old man and his wife, with the young couple, all neatly dressed. Having read a portion of Scripture, we spoke a few words upon the privileges of the Sabbath, and how it was the Lord's day and not ours; that it was not only our duty to abstain from all unlawful work, but to attempt the higher and more difficult part of bringing our thoughts and words into conformity with God's most holy commands; that acceptable worship did not consist in outward forms and ceremonies, but in the surrender of the heart to God—in the enjoyment of the witness of His Spirit with ours that we are born again; and after an exhortation to make the attempt *now*, we all knelt down and prayed.

Our breakfast was brought in—the young woman doing the duty for her mother, and, certainly, we never partook of a breakfast with greater delight—the new-laid eggs, the fresh butter, and the home-made bread were quite to our taste, and we were altogether so happy, that we exclaimed, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!”

We now took our Bible, and spent the interval before

public service in meditating on its inspired truths. What a blessing to man is a revelation from God! What could he have known without it, of the great things which belong to his everlasting peace? What of the present position of his race? What of its universal tendency to evil? What of its possibility or way of recovery? What of heaven or hell? Blessed be God, we have a sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed.

The time was now come to start for the assembling of the saints—we knew the road, and how long it would take us to walk; we held it to be a solemn duty, binding upon every man, to be found in his place some minutes before the service begins. It is a truth that God is there, and it is a sinful contempt of this unspeakable blessing to be found absent at the commencement, or hastening with hurry and confusion to your seats after the service is begun, to the great disturbance of the devout worshipper.

As we came near to our primitive church—and it was one of the most plain and simple buildings we had ever seen—we were delighted to observe the people coming from all quarters. There was a little gathering round the door—for porch there was none—to give and receive a Christian greeting, and then they turned quietly in. We followed the stream, and being recognised as strangers, were shown into the only pew. There was a great quietness and seriousness among the people; nor did we observe any of those bland smiles or familiar nods, so common in some congregations—no tittle-tattle, so loud as to be heard all over the place. It was evident they were about a serious work, that they felt they were in the presence of God, and that the great, solemn truth, “Thou, God, seest me,” had fast hold of their minds; we candidly own our whole soul was in sympathy with the delightful feeling. Many a warm and fervent prayer shot away to heaven, and doubtless there were many hearts anxious for a blessing upon the services of the day.

As soon as the tinkling of the little bell had ceased, the minister made his appearance, and the holy man went with a steady, sober pace—not a skip and jump!—to the pulpit, which he seemed to enter with a deep consciousness of the solemn responsibility resting upon him. It appeared as if the words of the prophet had got hold of his mind, “When I say unto the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands.”

Here we must stay our narrative, for the service which followed was far too important to be crowded at the heel of a paper already its full dimensions; we would just ask, —Are you ready for worshipping God in this heavenly temple? You may soon be called to meet Him. Will you meet Him as an enemy or a friend? ”

M. B.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S PAGE.

“Give him not all his desire; so shalt thou strengthen him in hope: Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears; so shall he fear thy firmness.”

MY DEAR MADAM,—My little boy was playing this morning in the garden, when he threw his ball beyond his reach on one of the beds. Knowing he must not go on the plants after it, he appealed to me for help. I found a stick, with which I thought I could reach it. He wished, however, to do it all himself, and as he was not allowed, he threw himself into a passion, which obliged me finally to take him up stairs, undress him, and put him to bed. When there, he continued crying, and, after leaving him awhile, I returned and exhorted him to be a good boy. He replied, “I don’t know how, mamma! I can’t be good; I don’t know how,” said he again, sobbing. I told him God would make him good, if he asked Him. But he still persisted that he did not know how to be good; by which I perceived that he meant he had not power to stop his tears. I therefore asked

him if he wished to be good ; and, on his saying " Yes," I told him, if he would try to leave off crying, I would read him a hymn. I then read one or two, during which he was very quiet, and asked sundry questions. Then I read the hymn beginning, " Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night." He heard it very attentively, requesting an explanation. I endeavoured, as well as I could, to give him some idea of the sufferings of Jesus, and of the Father's displeasure against those who inflicted them ;—of His having undergone and permitted all this in order that we might be saved ;—and how Jesus had been punished, in order that we might not be punished. I reminded him of his naughtiness in the garden, and showed him that naughty children could never go to heaven, if Jesus had not died to save men from punishment ; but that now every little child who goes to God, and asks to be forgiven, and is sorry for being naughty, may be forgiven—because Jesus has " borne the punishment instead."

Willie looked very thoughtful, and lay very quiet, his little cheeks still burning from the recent storm, and the tears still standing on his face. " But, mamma," he said, after a while, lifting himself up a little, and looking at me, " mamma, you do whip me *sometimes*!" I hardly knew, at first, how to answer this appeal. I had once before half fancied that some idea of the kind had crossed his mind, for he had said to me one morning in bed (in reference to a hymn I had repeated, containing these words, " So out of pity Jesus said, He would bear the punishment instead"), " Mamma, was Jesus punished that little boys might *not* be punished?" I had not then entered into the subject ; but now I felt I must attempt to do so. I therefore told him that it is not in this world that God punishes the wicked, but when people die, if they are naughty, they will be punished, but that Jesus died to bear this punishment for them ; and all who come to God and ask Him to forgive them because Jesus died, may be forgiven, and not punished when they die ; but God did not mean that they should not be punished if they are naughty, while they are alive ; and that God has commanded fathers and mothers to punish children who do wrong, in order to try to keep them from being naughty, and in order to help to make them good. I asked Willie if he thought he could understand what I had said, and he replied, " Yes." So I left him ; and, coming in a few minutes after, found him sleeping tranquilly.

E. G.

THE BIBLE.

MOTHER ! are you thankful for a cheap Bible ? And are you careful to procure one for your son and your daughter, when they leave your roof, to go forth into the wide, wide world ? Ah, many a mother has placed a Bible in her boy's chest, when packing his articles of clothing for him, ere he bade her a long farewell ; and this same blessed book has been valued and read, for her sake, when she has gone to her home in the "better land," and he has resolved, when reading its pages, to follow the example of his praying mother. There will be many a tale told in heaven of Bibles given to sons by good mothers ! Now, when you place this best of books in your boy's trunk, copy the following verses, and place between the leaves ; and, if you cannot write, put this number of *The Mothers' Friend* in it. You can spare just a penny for a matter of so much importance.

A MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

"Remember, love, who gave thee this,
 When other days shall come ;
 When she who had thy earliest kiss
 Sleeps in her narrow home :
 Remember, 'twas a mother gave
 The gift to one she'd die to save."
 "That mother sought a pledge of love,
 The holiest for her son ;
 And from the gifts of God above
 She chose a goodly one :
 She chose for her beloved boy
 The Source of light, and life, and joy.
 "She bade him keep the gift, that when
 The parting hour should come,
 They might have hope to meet again
 In an eternal home.
 She said his faith in that would be
 Sweet incense to her memory.

“And should the scoffer, in his pride,
 Laugh that pure faith to scorn,
 And bid him cast the pledge aside
 That he from youth had borne;
 She bade him pause, and ask his breast
 If he or she had loved him best?

“A mother's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing:
 The love that would retain the one,
 Must to the other cling.
 Remember! 'tis no idle toy;
 A MOTHER'S GIFT! REMEMBER, BOY!”

WALTER FURGESON.

LITTLE ROBBIE GOING HOME.

THE death-scene I am about to describe (says the gentleman who writes) is not of a ripe Christian, but of a little boy under four years old. It was such a scene of wonder and pleasure to me, that I would fain have all the Sunday-school children in the land acquainted with it.

A few nights ago, just as I was going to bed, a lady came in and asked me to go to a neighbour's house and see “Little Robbie,” who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just before I went in he had several times called, “Come, children, come!” and I found that all the little ones in the house, who had gone to bed, had been brought into his chamber by his parents to take a last farewell. He called *each one by name*—one by one he kissed them. O, it was a sight of great tenderness, and one of many tears. One of his brothers was absent at school, and him he did not call as he did the rest, but said, “Tell Willie come!” After the children retired to bed again, he repeated again and again the call—“Come, children, come! Come, children, come!” And when his parents would inquire “Where, Robbie?” he would answer, “To

HEAVEN!" Then he would say, as he lay on his back with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "Please God, take Robbie;" God, please take Robbie!" These expressions were continually interspersed with "Pa come, Ma come to Heaven; come, children, come to Heaven!"

For three or four hours he lay thus gazing intently upward as though he was looking into Heaven, and almost incessantly, during that time, uttering these expressions in an audible and almost ringing tone. Once he asked for a white rose—"Please, Ma, get Robbie a white rose." A red one was brought, being the most convenient. When it was brought he rejected it, saying, "No, Ma, Robbie don't want that." After awhile he asked again for a white rose. When it was brought he said, "Let me smell it. That will do, Ma; put it away now." There was but little intermission, during the last few hours of his life, of the above remarkable expressions; so he must have uttered them scores, perhaps hundreds of times. At one time, as I stood over him, gazing with wonder on him, I recited the hymn :—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

He ceased speaking and listened, showing that the subject agreed with and filled up his thoughts; but as soon as I had done he began again, "Please God, take Robbie to Heaven." Again he was silent during most of the time that prayer was offered by his bedside. The last words he spoke were almost inaudible, a mere whisper—"Come, children, come." He had not breath to utter the last word, and the fluttering spark of life went out.

Many may inquire, what was this child's character in life? Without being a very precocious child, he was thoughtful and observing. He seemed to have an intense love of flowers. He delighted greatly in music. He was

a pattern of neatness and cleanliness. For some weeks before he became sick, he showed a remarkably unselfish disposition. A spirit of meekness, gentleness, and kindness showed itself continually. Some one teased him just before his last sickness about his fondness for tin trumpets, of which he had several. "Never mind," said he, "God will give Robbie wings pretty soon, and me fly to Heaven and blow my music there." Perhaps we may infer from this that his heart was being prepared for what we saw and heard on his death-bed. It did seem to us as if the Spirit of God had somehow fitted him for Heaven, and opened his spiritual sight to behold the bliss and glory to which he was approaching.

The chamber where Robbie died seems now a hallowed spot. One of the children well expressed this awhile after death. "Ma," said she, "I was always afraid of a dead person, but there seemed to be a glory about him." The whole scene is indelibly impressed on the memory of all who were present—a scene that should startle the sinner—confound the infidel—and delight the Christian.

Mother! have you a Robbie, a Willie, a Mary, or a Lizzie, folded in the Great Shepherd's arms up yonder? Listen to the sweet voice speaking to you. What does it say? "Mother! Father! come to Heaven; come to Heaven!"

GOOD SEED SPRINGING UP AFTER MANY DAYS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MADAM,—The following extracts from a very interesting work, entitled "*Memoirs of Robert and Alexander Haldane*," may not be deemed unsuitable for the pages of *The Mothers' Friend*, as exhibiting the value of a pious mother's prayers and example.

"My mother's instructions," says her youngest son, in a memorandum found amongst his papers, "were so far useful, that even when she was not present I made a conscience

of prayer. What she said concerning sin and punishment, also produced a considerable impression on my mind. I was desirous of avoiding sin, yet frequently committed those sins to which children are particularly exposed. I well knew that this was wrong, and having been told that infants would go to heaven, I regretted that I had not died before I had sense to discern what was wrong."

He proceeds:—"My mother died when I was very young—I believe under six; yet I am convinced that the early impression made on my mind by her care was never entirely effaced; and to this, as an eminent means in the hand of God, I impute any serious thoughts, which in the midst of my folly would sometimes intrude upon my mind, as well as that still small voice, which afterwards led me to see that all below was vanity, without an interest in that inheritance which can never fade away." He adds:—"I mention this more particularly, because it may lead Christian parents to sow in hope the seed of Divine truth in the minds of their children, and may prevent their considering their efforts unavailing, even where the things which they have taught seem to have been uttered in vain. No means of grace is, I apprehend, more—perhaps, none is so much countenanced of God, as early religious instruction."

The instructions of this devoted mother were not weakened or counteracted, as often happens, by apparent inconsistency. Her life was a life of practical godliness, and of cheerful trust in the Saviour. Often, when she had seen her children in bed, and supposed that they were asleep, she was overheard by them on her knees by their bedside, earnestly praying that the Lord would be pleased to guide them through that world, which she felt that she was herself soon to leave; that their lives might be devoted to His service upon earth; and, finally, that they might be brought to His everlasting kingdom.

She died of an attack of illness commencing with a cold. Her medical attendant, Dr. Willison, although himself an avowed unbeliever, emphatically declared that such a death-bed was enough to make one in love with death. Shortly before she died, she was asked if she would like once more to see her children, but she declined, saying, that it would only agitate her; that she had been enabled implicitly to surrender them into the hands of God, and she would rather leave them there. Her faith was strong, not only for herself, but for them; and that faith was not disappointed.

For a long time after their mother's death, both the brothers were much solemnized by a sense of the importance of those things which she had so earnestly inculcated; but whatever appearances of seriousness continued for some years, they were not enduring, which is discovered by several extracts from the manuscript already quoted. "Till I was twelve years old," the writer says, "I continued to pray, go to church, and read my Bible on the Sabbath, but it was only from a principle of duty. I was well pleased if anything occurred which seemed a sufficient excuse to myself for staying at home on the Lord's day. Sometimes I had serious thoughts and pleasure in prayer: this always puffed me up.... but to show how much I considered prayer a task, if I had bowed my knee in such a frame as this before supper, I considered it unnecessary to pray again when I went to bed.... From about thirteen to sixteen I became more careless, often spending the Sabbath evenings in idle conversation, and I was pleased to find my conscience less and less scrupulous. I began also to swear; and except a form of prayer, which I still kept up, every serious idea seemed to have fled."

Are we then to suppose that the instructions of his sainted mother had not fallen like the good seed into good ground? Had her prayers been offered in vain? Had the confidence of that faith, which burned so bright in the hour of her departure, been, on behalf of her children, a vain trust in the promises of the Gospel? Had she miscalculated the meaning of those declarations made on behalf of the offspring of believing, prayerful, and persevering parents? It will be seen that the blossoms of early piety had nearly disappeared,—that they had proved like the early cloud and the morning dew. But yet the faithful labours of the trustful mother had not been in vain. Her prayers had ascended before the incense-seat, "perfumed with much incense," and were registered in heaven. The good seed was only buried, not lost; and, by-and-by, after a long winter, it was destined to spring up in "the power of an endless life," instinct with blessings for her children, and her children's children; nay, for thousands who were to receive the Gospel from their voice, or from their writings.

Believe me, dear Mother,

Sincerely yours,

May 3, 1853.

R. M. M.

THE TWO MISTAKES.

To the Editor of "*The Mothers' Friend*."

MY DEAR MADAM,—Finding your widely circulated little work knows no respect of persons, I venture to send you two little circumstances relative to my own history; but whether they will be found worthy to occupy a place in your valuable magazine must be left to your own judgment.

I am one of a numerous family, and when a little boy—just capable of minding cows and so on—returning home one night with my father and elder brother, we found my mother and sisters very busy preparing for baking. My mother had just discovered that she had not so much flour as she needed; my work not being considered so laborious as my elder brother's, I was selected to run to the mill, the distance of about three quarters of a mile. It being rather dark, and I a little timid, I requested the company of a younger brother; this was refused, and I was ordered off immediately. Passing through the gate, I stood making a noise in the hope that my young brother would be sent out to accompany me. The door soon opened, but, instead of my brother, I saw my mother with a stick, with which she beat me, and threatened to beat me more severely, if I did not soon return.

I now began to feel sorry I had given my mother so much trouble, and, losing all my fears, I ran as fast as I could, obtained the flour, and returned with all speed. Pride then took the place of fear, and I began to reason thus with myself—"Mother will be sure to call me a good boy for going so quick, and I shall be sure to have a cake from the oven!" But when I opened the door, the first glance of my mother's eye plainly told me she had not forgiven me, and her words soon confirmed her looks; for I had scarcely entered when I heard the heart-rending words—"Take off your shoes, Sir, and go to bed supperless."

I have not written this, dear madam, out of any disrespect to my mother, but to show that the best of mothers may sometimes make a mistake. My mother was a good, kind mother, but I often think if *The Mothers' Friend* had been in circulation then, we should have been a much happier family.—But old times are passed away, my mother has long been in heaven, I am become a father, and am liable to make mistakes too, as I will tell you.

One Sunday morning, a little time since, my eldest daughter was repeating to me a piece she had learned from her magazine,

"The Wind in a Frolic;"—coming to that part where the wind reached the cattle, she made use of the word "familiar" instead of "unusual." I corrected her;—she replied, "I just learned it from Eliza's book, father, and it was so there." I told her that could not be; she said,—"It was, indeed, father." I again told her she must be wrong; she was about to confirm what she had said, but I rather sternly bade her be silent, assuring her I knew better.

Going to school she called for her companion Eliza, and borrowed her book; and when I overtook them my little girl looked at me with a countenance of innocence and fear, and held up the book, saying—"Look here, father." I at once saw I was wrong—my conscience smote me, I confessed my fault, and asked my child's pardon, which was readily and cheerfully granted. Thus I have told my tale in as few words as I could, hoping some mother or father may be benefited thereby.

C. D., a Father.

[Fathers and mothers need wisdom. Ask it from heaven.—Ed.]

GOING HOME ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

THINKS I, how nice to have a house of my own! no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the wind blow—close the curtains—what if they are calico, or plain white, without tassel, or any such thing? Let the rains come down—heap up the fire—no matter if you have not a candle, for the light from beautiful glowing coals sheds a sunset through the room, just enough to talk by—not loud, as in the highways—not rapid, as in the hurrying world—but softly, slowly, whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up. Then wheel the sofa round before the fire—no matter if the sofa is a settee uncushioned, if so be it is just long enough for two, or say three. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then! How mournfully swells the chime of the days that are no more!

EFFECTS OF EARLY TEACHING ON A ROBBER.

DURING the absence of Mr. James Montgomery at public worship, one Lord's day, some robbers entered his house at Sheffield, and stole, among other articles, a silver inkstand, which had been presented to him by the ladies of that town. The loss, however, was but for a time—"And," remarked Mr. Montgomery, "proved the occasion of the greatest compliment I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me—I opened it, and lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand! and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house and taken it. The thief said, his mother had taught him some of my verses when he was a boy, and on seeing my name on the inkstand he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with remorse that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping God would forgive him."—Mother, teach on!

M. L. E.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FACE.

THE expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animal, on whom man too often exercises his cruelty—if the horse or the dog, when suffering from the violence of man—could turn upon him with a human look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of the mute expostulation? How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured! On this small surface are depicted such various traits, that among the millions of inhabitants on the earth, no two have the same lineaments of face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike! If parents did not recognise their children! the

friend his friend ! But now we can point to our beloved ones among the multitudes of the assembled universe ! How wise the great Maker of All ! How good ! God is love !

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PREPARING JEWELS FOR SETTING.

THE lapidary employs more than one instrument in preparing the gem for its final setting. They are kept in the work-house, and are continual neighbours to the instruments, often coming under them till made quite ready. The Church is God's jewelry—His work-house ; and the Christian passes from one process of refinement to another, polishing for His house and palace.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgive thy foes—nor that alone,—
 Their evil deeds with good repay ;
 Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
 So does the fragrant sandal bow
 In meek forgiveness to its doom ;
 And o'er the axe, at every blow,
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

BISHOP HORNE'S REMARK ON THE CONVERSION OF THE ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH.—(ACTS VIII. 27, 39.)

“How will this illustrious Ethiopian rise up in judgment against those Christians, who in hours of domestic ease and tranquillity never open a Bible, when he did not even travel in his chariot, without one. A nobleman thus employed was an object that engaged the attention of Heaven, and an Evangelist was sent to sow the seed of eternal life in a ground so well prepared.”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Home Thoughts. A Cheap Magazine for the Family. Kent, Paternoster Row.

As far as we have seen the numbers they bid fair to be useful.

DEAD LITTLE ONES.

MOTHER, when you had your sweet babe put into your arms, did you think it was given to you? Did you? Ah, you made a mistake; it was only LENT, not given. Has the bountiful Giver taken it back again, and placed it up among the shining multitude? Has He? Well, we have some there also; so we will step aside into a shady path, and together converse of our folded lambs.

They look very lovely up there, in their beauty, bounding over the celestial hills and down the golden streets by the river of life, do they not? "Yes; but they were lovely down here too!" To be sure they were; did ever mother take her first and last kiss of a babe a day old without thinking it beautiful?—NEVER.

Our path led us on where we could look upon dying and dead babies, at a season of great mortality among these little ones. Oh, how beautiful and unearthly they looked, laid down in their silence, with folded hands upon the quiet little breast! They looked like chiseled marble, only more perfect than mortal hands could form it. A friend remarked, "It is well with the babe." We thought of the lines by a mother who had suffered, and we said—

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well."

But I gazed on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear, as it sprang from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake.
And I marked that the bloom from her features had fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher, who bends o'er the dead,
Was gathering in pensiveness there!

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well!"

I remembered its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell
In affection's delighted embrace;

And through their long lash, as it rose from its sleep,
 Its eyes beamed a rapturous ray,
 And I wondered that silence should settle so deep
 O'er the home of a being so gay !

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well.

It has tasted of sickness and pain ;
 Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might tell,
 But it *never* shall suffer again !

In my dreams, as an angel it stands by my side,
 In the garments of glory and love ;
 And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,
 'Mid the choir of the blessed above !"

While standing amidst those scenes of sorrow we heard friends say—"Ah, it is well the dear babe is gone out of this troublesome world ; it is better off." To be sure it is "better off ;" altogether better ; and, by-and-by, when cares and sorrows press heavily upon us, we shall rejoice that at least *some* of our lambs are safely housed ; but we must feel for the weeping, bereaved mothers ! Grim Death comes sometimes in such a rude and rough way—*snatching* the little, gentle things with his cold, grasping hand, that the friend looking on must have a heart of flint, or none at all, who does not feel for the heart-stricken mother. We try to comfort her, and she smiles through her tears, while we remind her of the fact that her precious nursling is taken away in the purity of its infancy, before sin had marred the symmetry of its moral nature, and she tries to say, "It is well," as we tell her of all the every-day sorrows and cares, and snares and tears, her cherished little one has now for ever escaped.

And when the first wild throb is felt
 Of anguish and despair,
 She lifts her eye of faith to heaven,
 And thinks, "My child is there !"
 This beam can dry the gushing tears,
 This give the heart relief,
 Until the Christian's pious hope
 O'ercomes the mother's grief.

Maternal affection must weep, and Jesus will not frown upon her tears. No, no; we know from His character that He feels for bereaved mothers. He felt for the widowed mother, carrying out her only son from the gates of the walled city, and called him back to present him to his mother. He felt for the mother and the father of the dead maiden, and allowed them to stand by His side while He commanded her to return to their embrace; and He feels for you now, weeping mother. He will not, indeed, stand by your side at the grave, as He did by Mary and Martha, and call forth your precious one to live and die again in this lower world; but the day shall come when you shall behold it, clad in the habiliments of immortality, among the lambs of the flock. Amidst the hallelujahs of all heaven, you shall hear the sweet soft voices of the little ones, pouring out joy and gladness, and love and gratitude to Him who has loved and washed them in His blood. The hosannas of the infant choir in the Eternal Temple shall echo and re-echo amidst its arches, sweetly and harmoniously; and *you—yes, you, mother, shall hear it!* Will you be *there* to join them? •

We, one day, observed a shepherd trying to induce one of his flock to follow him with her lamb. He put his crook round her leg very gently, and called to her, and his dog came barking around at his master's command; but no, she *would go on nibble, nibble* at the green grass, heedless of the wishes of the shepherd. At length, after some patient waiting, *he took up her lamb* and walked up the field, clasping the tender creature in his arms against his breast. Ah, *then* the mother followed! No more green grass for her! She bounded away after the shepherd who carried her lamb—away, towards the fold, needing neither crook nor dog to quicken her speed! •

Mother! The great and good Shepherd has taken up your lamb. Perhaps you did not heed His call or His crook while your lamb was near you. You bowed your

head towards the earth; but now you are looking up! The sky has more charms than the green earth now! Is it so? Pious mother! your beautiful flower could not live in this cold, chilly atmosphere—it was blighted down here; but it is unfolding in fragrance now, beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

May, 1853.

CALL OF THE KNELL!

ANOTHER knell! “Come—come—come.”
 What anguish will that sound impart
 To the sad mother’s riven heart!
 It calls her forth, to bring her dead
 To its last dark and grassy bed.
 In accents wild the mother cried,
 “My babe, for thee I would have died!”
 No mother, no, this may not be,
 There’s mercy in the sound for thee—
 “Come—come—come.”

Oh, dismal knell! “Come—come—come.”
 The Shepherd folds thy lamb on high,
 To tempt thy footsteps to the sky.
 “No, no, I cannot spare my child,”
 Was uttered still in accents wild.
 The stricken mother bent to press
 The babe who now felt no caress—
 “My child, my child, oh! may I rest,
 Ere long, down in thy grassy nest.”
 “Come—come—come.”

Mother, list! “Come—come—come.”
 When I sojourned a babe below,
 Nought could I then of Jesus know!
 But I live still—enthroned above,
 And much I learn of heavenly love.
 Mother, did you behold me die?
 Did you hear my last, my plaintive cry?
 Your earth-bound eyes could not behold
 Angels, with my bright crown of gold,
 Saying, ‘Come—come—come.’

"Stop the knell's 'Come—come—come.'

Saw you my young spirit fly

To my home above the sky?

I no more your care require,

I can sweep a seraph's lyre.

Dearest mother! now I rest

On my Shepherd's loving breast.

Your infant boy

Now sings with joy,

With voice and lyre, •

And spirit's fire, •

Of Him who died—

The crucified! •

Mother! I am for ever blest;

Come! oh, come with me to rest.

'Come—come—come.' "

May, 1853.

A PAGE FOR FATHERS.

THE TWO EVENINGS.

A THIN, pale, sorrowful-looking woman was sitting by a dim candle and a few embers, in a neat but very scantily furnished cottage. Beside her sat a little girl, about eight years of age, who, like the mother, looked half-fed, half-clothed, and very anxious. Mrs. Waymark cast a loving but despairing glance towards the child, saying, "Polly, dear, you had better go to bed; you will feel very tired for your long walk to school to-morrow, if you do not, for it is getting very late." "I do not feel tired, mother," replied the gentle child, "and you will be so melancholy here all alone, if I go to bed; and I am afraid you will cry too, like you did last Saturday, when I left you all by yourself. I saw your eyes red, when you came to put my Sunday clothes all ready for me on the chair; but you did not know I saw you. I could not go to sleep for thinking of father; and I know, if I went to bed now, I should not go to sleep, but

only listen for him. Oh, how I do wish he would stay at home on evenings, like Jane May's father. Don't you think he will come soon, mother?" "I hope so, dear, for I am very tired by ironing so long, and the walk with the clothes to the great house." "Hark, mother! I do think I hear father's voice out in the lane; shall I open the door?" "No, dear, we will wait a bit; father don't like any one to see our door open at night, nor our pale faces either, he says." "Don't he, mother? Oh dear, how my heart beats up to my chin; teacher says, the doctor ought to listen to it, mother."

Just then, a heavy shoe kicked the door, and Polly ran behind her mother, sadly frightened. "Can't you open the door quicker?" said the rough voice of a stout man; "sleeping sound enough, I'll be bound." "No, father," said the gentle, delicate child, "we were talking." "What business have you up this time of night, I should like to know. Be out of my way at once, or I'll make you fly."

The child walked towards the stairs, looking more dead than alive; and as she passed her father, she glanced round at his bloated face, saying, "Oh, father, my heart beats so." "I'll make it beat more," said the excited man, and stretching forward to give the little creature a blow, he overbalanced himself, and fell upon her just as she reached the sharp edge of an iron box in which she kept her little books.

The bewildered mother flew to the spot, exclaiming, "Oh, Thomas, you have killed our dear child!" The intoxicated man struggled to rise, and as he did so, the death-like face of poor little Polly appeared to the agonised mother, covered with blood. Gently and tenderly she raised the child to her lap, as she sat on the floor, but no sign of life appeared—she had fainted.

Thomas looked horror-stricken, and certainly more sober than he had been for many hours. "Shall I fetch the doctor, Mary?" he asked, in a tone of some anxiety.

"Wait a very little," replied the thoughtful woman, "she is, I think, coming to, and I should not like the doctor to see us just as we are now. I have seen her faint before; poor dear child, and I am afraid there is something wrong at her heart; but where the blood comes from, I cannot tell." "Ah! I understand, Mary," said Waymark, "you don't like the doctor to see me just as I am; and, sure enough, he would say, there's something wrong about my heart, and I am afraid I shall never get right any more. But there, Mary, 'tis no fault of yours for certain; 'tis all my own foolhardiness to be led along by bad company, and never caring for you nor for my own character." "Well, well, Thomas, there is no use in going over the past, at this hour of deep trouble; let us set things straight, and then call the doctor." "I'll go now, Mary," rejoined the husband, in a faltering voice; "I am afraid the poor little thing is dreadfully hurt. Oh! what a fool I have been, to throw away downright happiness for a drunkard's song! and now, maybe, the punishment is coming in this life as well as the next. What shall I say to the doctor, wife? I can walk well enough now—I have had enough to sober me." "Just say, Thomas, that we want him to look at our little Polly; I know he has some fears about her; I will manage all the rest when he comes."

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS—DOING GOOD.

Extract from a Letter to the Editor.

MY DEAR MADAM,—We regularly meet, as formerly, once a fortnight. . . . It has been noticed that many who used, when first they attended, to be very irregular, and looked dirty and untidy, are now never absent but from illness, either in their own persons or in their families, and are very neat and clean in their persons, and their countenances have a more pleasing and intelligent expression; and from the visitors of the Christian Instruction Society I hear that the Maternal Meetings

are much prized, and the mothers state that they have derived great spiritual good from attending them.

[Let our friends who conduct these interesting meetings be encouraged ; it is not a little matter to help mothers to be "clean and tidy ;", but we know of greater things than these—many a poor ignorant mother has been made wise unto salvation through the instrumentality of Maternal Associations.—ED.]

* THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. V.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

ONE day, when Judith and her boy were enjoying one of their pleasant walks, the negro mother remarked :—"I so glad, Robert, to find you just what Massa Missionary said everybody might be, and everybody ought to be." "No, no, mother!" quickly rejoined the lad. "I am not, indeed, as good as you imagine. I feel that I am a great sinner ; and I am very often afraid that I shall never reach heaven, where all the inhabitants, and the very place, are all pure : but the only hope I have is, that I shall be washed clean in the precious blood of Jesus Christ, who came to die for sinners : for you know, mother, only those who believe will be saved, and I am afraid that I may make a mistake about the kind of belief I have, because the Bible says that devils believe and tremble : but then I know they do not love ; and then I take courage ; for I do think I love the dear Saviour."

Saying this, Robert turned away to wipe the tears, so he did not see the surprise manifested in his mother's countenance, at hearing these words from her son. At length she replied :—"Why for you feel 'fraid ? You pray—you read—you obey massa and missus—you go church—you no steal—you no tell stories—you no wicked—why den you cry ?" "No, no ! my dear mother," rejoined Robert, very earnestly ; "good works will not do without faith in Christ. You must have a better hope than this,

or you will be lost! We read of many in the Bible, who thought they were very good; but the Saviour said they were far from the kingdom of heaven; and He told a ruler that we must be born again, before we can go to heaven. Only think, dear mother, how dreadful it would be if you should die, expecting to go to live with the Saviour, and after death to find you had made a mistake. Oh, I hope the Judge will never say to either of us, 'Depart, ye cursed!'"

"No, no! me hope not, Bobby; me try to lub the Saviour like you! Me no lib in white man's house since me piccaninny, and hear teach—teach ebery day—me glad me gib you to good massa—me no understand God's buk like you—me come to you for teach."

Just then they arrived at Mr. Dare's house, and this interesting conversation between the negro mother and her son ended.

THE DARK CLOSET.

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

It was a wet day, and the wind blew cold; little Edmund could not go out; he had no playfellows, and he could not read, so that he found it difficult to amuse himself. His papa also was kept in by the rain, and was writing, while the mother hardly knew what to do to keep her little boy happy. At length she went for a book to the closet, and observing that there was a large empty space under the lower shelf, which extended to the right and left, wider than the door, she said:—"I wonder if you could get into the cupboard; poke your head into one corner, and your feet into the other, and let me shut you in: it will be such fun!" But Edmund did not think it funny at all. He said, "No, no; I can't, I'm afraid."

By this time the father got interested in the adventure, and tried to persuade him; but all Edmund said was, "No, no, I can't." At last mamma said, "I am sure

papa would get in if he could, and if I asked him." "Yes, I would," said papa. "I shall try myself," said his mother; and she managed to push herself in, and Edmund had no objection to help papa try to shut the door. "A very poor attempt," said papa, laughing; "now get up, and let us shut the door." "No! no! now *I* must get in!" said Edmund, and poked in his little head and body with ease. "Now shall I shut the door?" asked his father: "I will open it when you ask me." "Yes, papa, do."

The door was shut and opened, the little boy came out, and went in again, till his parents were tired, and then he contrived to get in and close the door for himself. "Here is a lesson for us," said the father; "example is better than precept."

Yes, it was a "lesson," useful to ponder over. We say to our children, "Do not be passionate, and selfish, and greedy; do not speak evil of others. My dear, do this," or that; "acquire this habit;" and it is needful to give commands and counsel, and to see them obeyed too. But our stronghold is **EXAMPLE**. Mother, your child will forget what you command, but he will not forget what he sees you *do*. It is no use saying ever, "My child, you must be holy, truthful, loving, honest," and so on: let the child see that you are yourself all this; that you love Jesus; that you try to love your neighbour as yourself; that you do not place too high a value upon earthly things, and that your great concern is for eternity: then talk to your children of these things, and doubt not that a blessing will follow your words. Your children are God's property; therefore we may apply to you what is said in Scripture:—"Neither as lords over God's heritage, but as being ensamples to the flock." Mother! pray, and strive to be what you wish your child to be, and do what you wish him to do. Thus did Jesus, leaving us an example that we should tread in His steps.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VI.

“Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health.” .

A LETTER was sent to inform Mary's parents of her present abode, and never could there be more grateful expressions of thanks forwarded to the Institution. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, all expressed deep gratitude and united wishes that she should be restored to them, or remain in the refuge she had found, at her own discretion. After due consideration, and from the best motives, she wished to remain in the Institution. She hoped time might obliterate many painful scenes from her own and her parents' minds, and that at the appointed time she might be placed among strangers, where she hoped to have an opportunity of proving to her friends that her reformation was sincere.

“Unless I do this,” she remarked, “they may look on me with distrust; this would be uncomfortable for us all. I too well know, indeed, I richly deserve it, for my dear mother and friends have loved me, and warned me, and endeavoured to keep me in the path of virtue. I have none to blame for my folly but myself.”

After this, Mary seemed to suffer much in mind and body, and a severe illness followed, in which the poison of infidelity seemed to choke up the good seed of the word, which Christian sympathy would administer to her wounded spirit. “If you should die, Mary,” she was asked, “what hope have you respecting the safety of your soul?” Her reply was very distressing. “I have no hope!” It was asked, “Do you pray?” Her answer was “No.” When affectionately urged to seek forgiveness through Jesus, she said, “How can I pray when I do not know really whether I believe in a God!” She was pointed to the glorious sun, which just then shone upon her wasted and faded face, and asked, “Who made and upholds it in its daily course, so

that we know when it will rise and set?" This seemed to arrest her mind with conviction, and on the day following she said to the same friend, "I feel there is a God,—do pray for me." This wish was of course complied with. At the same time she was told, religion was a personal thing, and affectionately led to the cross. A blessing accompanied the means used for her restoration to partial health, and she was enabled to attend the Bible class, in which she took great delight, though often, as great truths were presented to her mind, she had many struggles with the enemy of her peace. She said one day, "If I hear a more interesting address or sermon than usual, my mind is filled with those dreadful sceptical notions and infidel doubts." Her spare time was devoted to the study of the Bible, and improving others in reading and useful knowledge, and she became the nurse of the sick and the general peace-maker; and one, who died in the faith, called her "Mother!" Thus passed the time appointed for her to remain in the Institution; and when the period arrived for her to go forth into the world again, with what new views and feelings did she enter upon her new duties!

Mary was placed as a domestic in a minister's family; and now the effects of her mother's faithful dealing and many prayers were seen in her daily walk. Although occupying a more humble situation than she had ever done before, and not earning half as much money as she might have done in her business of straw-bonnet-making, yet she said, "It is the path of safety, and I prefer it." On the receipt of her quarter's wages, she sent her mother some money to buy coals for the winter, saying, "This will do my mother good, because she will know I have earned it honestly, and she will think, as she renews her fire, of her lost and found one! And even poor Tom, my cat, will get a stroke for my sake, and be invited to his place in the chimney corner, to get a warm from my coals!"

Those who have tasted the pleasure of doing what is right under difficult circumstances, can understand something of the feeling of this reclaimed wanderer, and how precious to the mother was this little offering! More precious than thousands of gold and silver brought to her feet as the price of guilt. Thus felt Mary's mother while she blessed and praised Him who had restored the lost sheep to His fold.

Mothers! instil uprightness and love of virtue early in the minds of your children, and let them see strict integrity of conduct in yourselves. They are much closer copyists than you imagine, and if they see you eat, drink, wear, or use that which you obtain in an improper way, depend upon it they will follow your example. Think of the judgment which will come ere long, and, like Mary's mother, say you will "starve," rather than take the wages of sin. Better be meanly clad and scantily fed than receive anything improperly procured.

We have yet a little more of Mary.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. IV.

AN EARNEST PASTOR.

We last month made our readers somewhat acquainted with the minister and people assembled for Divine worship, on the morning of the Lord's day, in our primitive church; we now propose to enlarge that acquaintance. As to the minister, he was of middle age, with a sedate, anxious-looking countenance, and appeared to rise in the pulpit with a vivid sense of the solemn responsibility resting upon him; and, without any stretch of imagination, you might easily conceive him breathing forth the prayer—"Lord, help me, for who is sufficient for this great work?" His voice was musical; he spoke clearly and distinctly. The

opening prayer was short, but full of deep and holy feeling ; the conviction of the mind concerning him was, that he came from the closet of communion with God to the people ; and when he stood up to make known the counsel and will of God, he opened the sacred volume as if conscious he was handling a precious treasure.

A profound silence reigned in the congregation, which was divided by the aisle—the men being on one side, the women on the other. It was evident that great and solemn things were revolving in the good man's mind ; his eye was pensive ; he turned first to one side, then to the other, without speaking ; then, leaning his right arm upon the Bible, his full eye kindling with the effort, and looking steadily at the people seated on his left, he said, in a voice of the deepest pathos and tenderness—"Are you converted?" and remained motionless, steadily looking at them. The appeal was unexpected ; there were deep searchings of heart, and, like the trembling in the host of Midian, it seemed to communicate from one to another. He then turned to the other side, and, with the same expression of countenance, asked the same question. We certainly felt it to be a deeply thrilling moment. Then rising, but bending gently forward, he said—"This is a solemn question ; what say you?—no answer? Did I hear the reply—'you hope so?' Then you have not the full assurance of hope ; you are in doubt and uncertainty ; not quite sure whether you are a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus—is it so?"

Again he asked—"Did I hear another whisper—'you do not know?' What! not know whether you are among those who love and serve the Lord Christ, or among those who hate him? Not know whether you are going to heaven or hell? How can I proceed? My whole soul is moved for you!" Then looking earnestly at them, he exclaimed (and his eyes were more penetrating than his words), "Why, whilst I am speaking, for aught I know,

some one may fall lifeless on the floor, and the next moment the precious soul be in the hands of infuriated devils, who will drag you away to the throne of the Almighty, there to hear the dreadful sentence, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' How can you bear the thought! to go from a world where there is mercy to be found, to one of utter and everlasting despair! O, I beseech you, decide the doubtful point; let it be no longer a matter of uncertainty." Then standing erect, his full sympathising eye in perfect accordance with the tenderness of his voice, he said—"My beloved people, I feel unable to proceed; the important subject before us is all-absorbing—are you saved, or are you not? Let us pause a few moments—let us look within." An awful silence ensued, broken only by the hard breathings and the sobbings of hearts deeply touched. Most certainly we had never seen or felt anything like it; our inmost soul was moved, and our tears flowed plentifully.

After a pause of several minutes (but the note of time seemed lost), the holy man arose, with heavenly sweetness in his countenance, and said—"May the Lord prepare our hearts to receive His Word with meekness and godly fear. We now request your prayerful attention to that portion of God's Word which you will find in the 16th chapter of Mark's Gospel, the first clause of the 16th verse—'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'" After a short, but pointed exordium, he divided his subject into three parts. "First—Before all time; for before time was the salvation of believers determined. Secondly—In the fulness of time; for at the appointed time it was accomplished. Thirdly—When time shall be no more, for it shall be consummated in eternity." Our reminiscence of the sermon must be reserved for another paper; but we would leave the solemn question for your consideration—"ARE YOU CONVERTED?"

M. B.

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. I.

EVE.

“And God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.”

WHAT a glorious picture of holiness and happiness is here presented to our view! The happiness was a consequence of the holiness; the more man resembles God in the latter, the greater will be his measure of the former. In the second chapter of Genesis, we have a more particular account of the creation of our first parents. How humbling to man's pride is the thought—“I sprang from the dust!” How elevating to man's spiritual nature is the reflection—“I sprang from the breath of God!” And yet, by far the greater part of mankind care more for the body, the earthen vessel, than for the immortal spirit tabernacled within it.

We wish to consider, more especially, the origin and character of our first mother, with a wish to draw from both some useful lessons. The passage in Gen. ii. 21–24, gives us the origin of Eve. Here we see that woman's position, as inferior to man, and dependent on him, is clearly implied. What a rebuke is here for those who would take her from the sweet and holy sphere of duties, in which God intended her to bless and be blessed, and place her amidst the jar and turmoil of politics and debating societies! We find no warrant for her thus stepping beyond the natural shelter provided for her, in the strong right arm, and the stronger love of man.

Why was Eve created? To be a help-meet: not a ruler, not a guide; but a stay, a ready source of comfort under all circumstances. How beautifully does Adam describe the perfect union, the *oneness* of mind which should exist in the married state! Why cannot we say

that *does* exist? Why are we startled by hearing occasionally of a division of interests arising in the working classes, from the wife having means of earning money independently of her husband. How bitter the pang of being deceived! Yes; and wives are too often called to *suffer* also in *this way*, and, by one little deception, they perhaps lose their confidence for ever! Is this right? is this being one?

Thus far have we seen Eve, adorned with grace and holiness, dwelling in perfect happiness with her gifted and godlike spouse. Her life passed in those easy duties which God had ordained for her to perform, and surrounded by the blissful bowers of Eden. Would that this fair picture had not been spoiled by sin and sorrow! The third chapter finds Eve engaged in her usual employments, but separated from Adam, and close to the forbidden tree! May we not learn a lesson here? It is not safe, it is not seemly, for a wife to act independently of her husband in forming engagements, in seeking friends, in entering society. To do this, is to cast aside the protecting arm, the sheltering care, which is the wife's best human safeguard against temptation.

Eve looked at, desired, ate the forbidden fruit! She fell, as thousands of her daughters have done, *step by step*; the eye being the first sense which let in the evil! "Oh, it is a mere trifle," we hear sometimes; "it cannot do me harm this once, only this once." Ah, who shall say that the once will not bring the *twice* in the train! Wives and mothers, keep your own eyes—keep the eyes of your daughters—from what may lead you or them into temptation. Give the tempter one inch in your heart, and he will soon claim the whole possession. Eve fell, and threw down, in her fall, the noblest work of God! Adam weakly yielded to his love for her, and forsook the Creator for the creature.

Is any wife who reads this conscious of leading a hus-

band into breaking the laws of God? or, by example, neglect, or a foolish desire for supremacy over his heart, of making him draw back from early paths of holiness, and walking with God? or, it may be, of having thrown obstacles in his path of duty? Ah, this is indeed following Eve in her guilt! It is an awful perversion of woman's original destiny, when she becomes the *betray*er, instead of the helper of man.

As we follow Eve in her downward path of sin, the heart is appalled with the increase of the power of evil, over this once fair portion of God's perfect works! Instead of confessing her sin with a contrite heart, she throws the blame upon the tempter, forgetting that she had the power to resist, and flee from him. God swept away her refuge of lies, as He does that of sinners now, and pronounced upon her the curse under which her daughters will suffer, until the earth shall once more be purged from sin, and man, restored to holiness and happiness, shall walk with God. That curse, which comes home to the heart of every mother, was—so great is the mercy of God—mixed with blessings! Fallen though she was—degraded—driven from Eden—to the sorrow-stricken heart of Eve that voice of love whispered that as by woman came sin and death, so by woman should come salvation and life everlasting! It bade the guilty mother of mankind look forward in faith to the Son of Mary, according to the flesh, as the atoning sacrifice for her sins.

Is there among our readers one who is bowed down under a sense of sin—yea, it may be, of aggravated sin—look to Jesus! He who spoke pardon to the sinner washing His feet with her tears—He who rewarded the love of Magdalene with the first glimpse of His risen body—He will pardon, heal, and save you, and bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

L. S. T.

GOOD HINTS FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Is the following hint worth insertion in your little publication? I have found it a good plan amongst my little ones to require them to bring each morning to the breakfast table a text of Scripture,—the elder ones having a chapter selected for them, which they go through verse by verse. The younger children repeat the same verse for a few mornings till it is perfected, when a fresh text is given them; and on Sundays the verses of the preceding week are looked over and repeated by those who are old enough for the exercise. The children thus acquire a habit of referring to their Bibles or text-books daily, and the verses and chapters thus treasured up may serve to refresh and strengthen the mind in after-days.

The parents join their little ones in this pleasant exercise, and have thus often given them a motto for their guidance and encouragement through the day.

The texts selected are simple and comprehensive, such as—
 "Children, obey your parents," &c. "Even a child may be known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." "For God so loved the world," &c. "Believe in the Lord," &c. "The wages of sin is death," &c. "If God so loved us, we ought also," &c. "Let us love one another," &c. "God is love." "Be ye kind one to another," &c. "Blessed are the peacemakers," &c. "A soft answer," &c. "Thou, God, seest me." "The eyes of the Lord," &c. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower," &c. And "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great riches and trouble therewith."

Yours, dear Madam,

A CONSTANT READER OF "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CRUISE.

Try to produce a right state of feeling as well as outward obedience.

Never give a command you do not intend should be obeyed.

Be distinct and firm, but never allow your child to parley with you.

“Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

“Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

“Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.”

A poor woman was asked if she was brought up in the fear of God? She replied, “No, I was brought up in the LOVE of God!” Turn this “crumb” over, mother, and look at it!

The past—where is it? It has fled!
The future?—It may never come.
Our friends departed?—With the dead.
Ourselves?—Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth’s joys?—The dews of morn.
Its hours?—Ocean’s wreathing foam.
Where’s peace?—In trials meekly borne.
And joys?—In heaven, the Christian’s home.

Christian Treasury.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Decision: Memoir of Mrs. P. E. Richards. London: Ward & Co.

An instructive and delightful little volume. It has one fault—it is too short.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” London: Ward & Co.

A German tale of faith and its reward. Our young friends will like it.

Goshen. London: Ward & Co.

A cheap little manual for mothers and children.

Thoughts. May number. London: Kent, Paternoster Row.

A family magazine, cheap and amusing.

A PAGE FOR FATHERS.

THE TWO EVENINGS.—No. II.

IN Thomas Waymark's neat cottage sat a young lady by a bed, on which lay a dying child. The sun was setting gloriously, just opposite the little casement window, and as she gazed on the parting rays she repeated that pretty hymn of the good Doctor,

"How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

"Just such is the Christian—his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.

But when he gets nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

"Oh, teacher!" said a faint voice, "are you there again? How glad I am! You will talk to me about heaven, won't you? and you will comfort mother again, won't you? She will feel lonely at evenings, I know, when I am gone; and I think I shall soon be up in that beautiful place. He is gone to prepare, like we sing about in school. I can't put up my head now, teacher, and my heart does beat so, and then it stops; I can't breathe hardly; but if it was not for leaving dear mother, I should be glad to go to Jesus. Oh, I wish she could go with me at the same time,—I don't mean for my sake, but because she would be away from

trouble. Oh, my cough is coming! what shall I do?" "Look up, my dear little Polly, to the kind Saviour; He will help you to bear it, and carry you through the dark valley to His shining home above." "Yes, ma'am; oh, yes; I know He will. You told me, long ago, He is more ready to wash away our sins than we are to have them washed, and I am not afraid to go now, only for poor mother, you know, she will cry so, and have nobody to comfort her—I mean nobody in this world; but I think He has washed her and me too." "Yes, dear, and I believe He has washed you, and that you are one of the lambs of His fold; but you must not talk just now, Polly dear, for your little face is getting flushed, and I fear the cough will come again." "But, teacher," continued the child, "please let me say something to you before mother comes up. I'm afraid, if I don't make haste, I shall never tell you. I want you to do something for me when I am dead." "Speak on, then, my dear child, I will do it if I can." "Mother has got three shillings of mine, teacher, that she said, maybe, I might put into the savings' bank some day; but I shall not want it now—no, never—so will you please, ma'am, ask mother for it when I am gone to heaven, and buy a Bible with it for father, to have as his very own; and please write inside it that 'tis the gift of his little Polly, to help him to get to heaven, to live with me up there. Will you do it, ma'am?"

Just then, a fit of coughing came on, and for an hour after the little maiden lay with blanched cheek and closed eyes, scarcely breathing. Polly's mother was now at her post of observation, at the foot of the bed, while the kind teacher kept her finger on the fluttering pulse. The door opened gently, and a rough man with clouded brow entered, and took a seat by the bed, anxiously looking at the little marble-like face. A tear rolled over the sun-burnt cheek as he asked timidly, "Won't she be able to speak to me any more?" Then, bending over the little form, he said

passionately, "Polly, oh, my dear little Polly, can't you speak once more to your father?"

Waymark then covered his face with his hands, and the big drops fell through his fingers on the bed—other eyes were streaming too! Presently there seemed a movement about the little placid face and eyes, and, in a very gentle whisper, the dying child said, "Father! father!" The eyes opened, and an unearthly smile lighted up the little countenance—"Father!" again whispered the departing Polly—(the strong man bent down to listen)—"will you, father—will you—come—to—heaven? Mother—will be there—but will—you come—father?" "Bless thee, my Polly!" exclaimed the rough man, "I will, if I can, and I wish I could go with you now, my darling. I shall never be happy again." "Father!" again whispered the failing voice, "go to—Jesus—He—can—make you happy—pray—to—Him." "Oh, Polly, you pray for me once more—pray for your wicked, heart-broken father."

The brilliant eye grew dim—a convulsive motion of the pale lips became evident, and the whole of the little face assumed a loveliness seen only near the gate of the shadowy valley. All bent to listen to the last whisper, all distinctly heard the words, "Gentle Jesus—bless—my—father." The eyes were fixed, as if looking on a beautiful vision. The angels had gone back to the golden city with a new companion, to join in the new song with the ransomed children of men. The kind teacher attended to all the dying requests of her Sunday-school child; and now the strong man sits clothed and in his right mind, like a little child, reading the last gift of Polly, at the feet of Jesus. Mother! Teacher! be encouraged!

TRUE LIGHT.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark;—no ~~reason~~ *Reason*, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth, shed from heaven.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VII.

“Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health.”

EACH subsequent quarter drew forth some new proof of Mary's gratitude to her mother, and to those who had faithfully reproved her, trying to lead her into the “narrow road.” Clothes and money she often sent to her parents—nor did she forget the home of refuge, where the first ray of Divine light glanced into her dark mind. She possessed naturally a good understanding, a fine generous spirit, and a strictly truthful conscience; so much so, that her enemies have often been confounded by her impartial statements—yet all was hidden under the soul-darkening influence of infidelity, which, on her going into the Penitentiary, she did not scruple openly to avow. Now, how changed! How anxious to do good!

On one occasion, Mary asked her mistress's permission to go out for two hours? This request was readily granted; and her willing feet were soon at the door of the Penitentiary, which was opened by the matron with a cheerful welcome to Mary. “I am come, ma'am,” said she, “to ask a favour.” “This will be readily granted, Mary, if consistent.” “May I be permitted to take my tea with the inmates? It is the anniversary of my being taken into the institution, which I call *my birthday*!—and it will greatly oblige me if the committee will accept so small a subscription, as five shillings—I could wish it were five pounds—I should rejoice in having it in my power to give it.” She was assured that it would be received as a pleasing testimony of her gratitude.

Mary was allowed to do as she had requested; and during the meal—which she begged she might share in the same way she was wont to do—viz., two thick slices of bread and butter, and two cups of tea—she spoke many

kind words of encouragement to the reclaimed wanderers, entreating them, with purpose of heart, to cleave unto the Lord, that they might be enabled to continue steadfast in their purpose of reformation—reminding them, that when they went into the world again, that they would not find it altered, but that they must show that they were altered, by a holy life and conversation. She then asked if they might be allowed to sing a hymn together, as they had often done, before the females left the table? This was readily granted, and the Cottage Hymn Book being handed round, Mary selected the hymn,—

“O’er the gloomy hills of darkness,”

which she commenced singing in such a sweet and softened melody, that told the deep feelings working within, and tearful gratitude beamed from her countenance. When the words were sung—

“Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!”

every heart seemed melted before her, and every head bowed with weeping. When they attempted to commence the second verse, all utterance was choked. The matron, who had been a deeply interested spectator of this scene, now stepped forward, and said,—“As your feelings will not permit you to sing, we will spend a few moments in prayer before you take leave of one who has endeared herself to many of you by her repeated acts of disinterested kindness. After commending each other to the blessing of heaven, and giving a word of advice to each, Mary shook hands affectionately with all, and took her leave.

Mothers! woman! are you not willing to care for the outcast, after such a scene as this just described?

A little more to come.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"How she will be missed, mamma!"

Who would like to die, and not be missed? This question we asked, after recounting the useful life of an active, faithful, and beloved young Sabbath-school teacher, just gone to heaven.

"Oh, how she will be missed!" said a loving young spirit. "Yes," rejoined another, "and in that pretty little Society for the Missionaries among the children, that she conducted—how *they* will miss her! Who *can* do it now?" "God, my child, can always find plenty of agents to carry on His work without any of us; but who would like to die, and not be missed?"

Dear young friends, are you living such a life that if Death should soon stretch out his icy hand, to conduct you through his shadowy pathway, the circle all around would miss you and weep for you, and feel a blank where your footsteps had lately been heard on life's platform? Ah, *you* may be called, before you expect, to render up your account to the great Judge of all the earth. This year has already seen many a youthful, blooming face covered by the shroud, and many active feet stretched out in the cold grave. *You* may be the next summoned;—are you ready? Very many letters have reached us lately, telling us of change and death. The following is an extract from one of them:—

"* * * * * Our family have been constant readers of *The Mother's Friend* from the first number. But one who has lately been taken from us liked its pages best of all. In the bloom of health, she was suddenly seized with a malady which cut her off in a few days. We removed lately to the vicinity of a large public garden, hoping to improve the health of our children by recreation in it. Alas! the last time Catherine B— was out with her brothers and sisters, she caught a cold by heating herself with sunning, and then sitting on the grass, when the chill spring wind pierced her frame, and she lay down on

her return home to die. I add a few particulars of the closing scene, of which you may make use in your valuable publication, if you deem it proper.

"The excessive pain to which she was subjected caused her moans to be heard in a distant apartment, where her mamma was just confined, and, of course, was unable to comfort her dear, dying child. 'Oh, what shall I do? this pain is terrible!' she exclaimed. She was told to cry to her heavenly Father. She did so; and when her sorrowing earthly father prayed that his child might be restored, using the words of Scripture, 'If it be possible,' the dear girl pronounced the concluding words, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

"On another occasion, when suffering greatly, she was reminded that her Saviour could help her. She answered, with great emphasis, 'HE WILL.' Her sufferings having somewhat subsided, she observed, 'Papa, I am now twelve years of age.' The account of the daughter of Jairus was read, and it was remarked to her, 'Now the same Lord Jesus who raised the girl twelve years of age from the dead, can heal you if he please; but perhaps He may resolve to take you away to himself;—are you willing to live or die?' She replied, 'Whatever He pleases will be the best.'"

"On asking for a drink, on the day of her death, her father said, 'My dear daughter, you will soon get a draught of the water of life; you will soon see the Saviour.' She answered, 'I hope I shall go to glory.' When all hope was gone, and death was very near, she asked, 'Shall I not see mamma before I die?'—*Touching question!* When assured that this was quite impossible, she sent this message, 'Give my love to mamma, and tell her I will meet her in heaven.' Her father asked, 'Have you anything to say to me?' She replied, 'I give you my love; I will meet you in heaven.' She then kissed her brothers and sisters, saying the same words to them all. Her dying eye then glanced upward; and she was asked, 'Do you see anything, Catherine?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I think I see heaven.' 'What do you see, dear?' She exclaimed, 'Oh, papa!' and expired.

"A. B. P."

Dear young friends,—*"Be ye also ready;"* and while the dark-winged angel is constantly alighting on the dwellings of loving families, taking the sisters and the brothers away in haste, be ye watchful; ask yourselves two ques-

tions,—“If I am called away from my circle, shall I be missed?” and “Am I ready?” Father, are you ready to comfort and pray with a dying daughter,—leading her for comfort and help to the Cross, like the father of the dear young Catherine?—Are you?

THE DEPARTED.

THEY pass me in the twilight; and their wings
Are spread upon the evening cloud full oft,
Where the white mist its robe of silver flings,
And cherished tones are echoing low and soft—
They pass me there!

I hear them when the shining day is past,
And the soft dew doth weigh down leaf and flower;
When murmured melodies are falling fast
In woodland grove, or cherished garden bower—
I hear them there!

They're with me when the solemn stars look down,
All pale and tearful, from the azure sphere;
When mystic lights gleam o'er the frozen north,
And people heaven with sights and forms of fear—
They're with me there!

I see them when the shadows gather fast,
When the wild storm goes forth on tempest wings;
When the loud thunder echoing hastens past,
And lightning banners to the darkness flings—
I see them there!

Yet are they beautiful, though seen 'mid storms;
Radiant, though shrouded in mist with viewless wings;
Lovely, though clothed in dim and shadowy forms;
Present, although immortal, viewless things—
They're beautiful!

They're with us still—the beautiful, the bright,
The early called—in all their glory now;
Heaven in their glance, and the pure holy light
Of immortality upon each brow—
They're with us still!

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. VI.

“The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future.”

ONE day, not long after the conversation mentioned last month, as Robert was standing on the brink of the river, gazing earnestly on some negro sailors who were busy on board one of the vessels, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water. A brave seaman jumped in to save him, and succeeded in taking him up, but almost lifeless. He was carried home, wrapped in warm blankets, and the doctor called; but the shock was too great for Robert's constitution, and a fever followed. During many days he did not recognise any of his friends, who were weeping around him. At times he would sing his hymns with a faint voice, and then pray earnestly for himself, his friends, and his parents “far away;” but he did not know that his mother was listening. Every thing was done for the interesting youth that could be thought of; but the doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Poor Judith was deeply grieved, often exclaiming—“Me no did tink me come to white men's country to see my boy die!” But so it was: the angel of death received his commission to take this sable son of Africa up to that better country, for which he had been prepared by the Spirit of God.

A few hours before he died reason returned, and the scene around his dying bed was most impressive. Taking Mrs. Dare's hand, he said:—“My beloved friend, I am going to dwell with Jesus, where I shall be as the angels of light. I will welcome you, and thank you before the great multitude, for all your care of the poor black boy.—Farewell!” Turning to Mr. Dare, who was holding his hand, he said:—“Thank you, dear sir, for all your great kindness to me; but, most of all, for helping me in the way to heaven. I long to go—I long to see my Jesus. I love Him, and He has loved me.—Farewell.” Robert's eyes

were now beaming with joy ; but his voice grew so faint, that it was feared he had spoken the last farewell. After a few moments he looked earnestly upon his mother, and grasping her hand, he said in a louder voice :—" My dear mother, remember our conversation in the wood. Oh ! rest on nothing but 'Jesus Christ for your salvation. He is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' I am going to dwell with Him for ever—meet me there. I know—yes, I know—He has washed me in His precious—precious—" Young Robert could say no more—the next moment he was among the spirits of the just made perfect, before the throne of God.

Mother ! did you ever stand by the death-bed of a beloved son ? Did he leave you a good hope that when he had looked his last on you, and spoken his parting " Farewell," that he went up to look upon Jesus " face to face," and to unite his voice in singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb ?—and are you in the road leading to your son's glorious home ?—do you expect soon to join him among the spirits of the just made perfect ?

Young friends ! the same kind Saviour is willing to love and care for you ; are you willing to seek Him ? Well, if you are, *now* is the time ; to-morrow, some fever may take you away from earth ; and then, if you are not washed in the blood of Jesus, ~~your~~ *your* portion will be among wicked spirits, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Mr. Dare, Robert's good master, is gone up to join him ; Mrs. Dare still lives among us, but is looking forward to the time when she also shall *join the blest assembly*.

Young Robert was born in a heathen clime,
 With skin of a sable dye ;
 But now he has done with earth and time,
 And is gone to live on high.
 He sought the Lord in his early youth,
 And found that God is a God of truth.

The Saviour saw the black boy's tears,
 And heard the black boy pray;
 Then He whispered—"Robert, do not fear,
 Thy sins are washed away!"
 And then He commissioned an angel band
 To bring him up to the tearless land.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY. — No. IV.

"Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good."

OUR rich and clever and experienced mothers may not need this letter, but we know many a young, inexperienced poor mother, who will thank the writer for the hints:—

"It is," says our correspondent, "a great comfort for a young mother, if she is handy with her needle. Some mothers unfortunately are not, and such may be glad of a hint or two from one who was very ignorant about baby clothes when her little one began to grow out of his first suit. By the time my little boy was six months old, I could hardly squeeze his little arms into the pretty white gowns which had been given him by a kind friend of his mother's. His flannels also were getting tight—what was to be done? I had no pieces like the bed-gowns, except the long bands that tied behind; these I took, and opening the dresses under the arms, also the sleeves, put a strip through the one and a gusset in the other, which made the little gowns large enough for a long time. The same plan I adopted with the flannels, stays, and little coloured frocks. It is well in buying children's clothes to get a piece over, for new sleeves or a new body. The plainer a mother makes little frocks the better, for they are more easily altered and washed. Hems top and bottom are better than cording, and they should be made easy, long waisted, with good turnings; this is a great saving."

"I know a lady who never learned needle-work till she married—her husband is poor, and she has a large family, but her children always look nice. I asked her once how she managed; she said, 'Every now and then, I buy a dress ready made up, of very cheap materials; this I pull to pieces and take the pattern, and then I make my children a set like it, and put the pattern together again.' This soon made her very handy, and by

choosing neat patterns, she clothed her children tastefully and neatly, at a small expense.

"Always make little children's clothes larger than they need at the time, for if you do not need to transfer them to another, they will not so quickly have to be laid aside. It makes a great difference in the appearance of prints and woollen plaids, whether they are mended and joined according to the pattern. I have seen a very pretty woollen plaid pelisse belonging to a child which, when turned inside out, was seen to be composed of thirty or forty small pieces. But the joins could not be perceived, because the pattern was made everywhere to match.

"Some mothers have time for needlework while their children play around them, and by this plan they contrive to mend *evenly* and *neatly* all that require it as soon as torn; thus are the children always neat and respectable, costing at the same time *less* than many families who often appear in rags. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' says the old proverb; and although we do not like all old proverbs, this is one mothers will do well to repeat and children to learn.

"A YOUNG MOTHER."

DEAD LITTLE ONES.—No. II.

WHAT mother can read the beautiful incident recorded in the Gospel, where the kind Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," without having her best affections drawn out to Him who thus spake? Can you not imagine the Son of God sitting in the midst of the interesting group—putting His hands upon them, caressing and blessing them? How glad the mothers look!—how happy the little ones! The Saviour gave a reason for thus allowing them to be brought to Him—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven;"—not only teaching us that the kingdom of heaven is composed of such as resemble little children, but also, ye must think, that in part the kingdom of heaven is literally composed of little children:—

"The harp of heaven

Had lacked its least but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it."

Bereaved mother! take comfort in the thought that your little ones are safe in the heavenly home. A father once said, "I have had six children, and I bless God that they are all either *with* Christ or *in* Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should have served Christ on earth, but if God will choose to have them rather serve Him in heaven, *I have nothing to object to it.*"

My lamb! Oh, how I watched thee,
Where'er thy footsteps roved;
Mine ear that heard thee, blessed thee—
Mine eye that saw thee, loved.

Yet life hath snares and sorrows,
From which no friend can save;
And evils *might* have thronged thy path,
Which thou wert weak to brave!

There is a heavenly Shepherd,
And ere thine infant charms
Had caught the tinge of care or woe,
He called thee to His arms.

And though the shadowy valley
With death's dark frown was dim,
Light cheered the dreary passage,
And thou art safe with Him!

Lamb! in a clime of verdure,
Thy favoured lot is cast!
No serpent 'mid thy flowery food—
Upon thy fold no blast.

Thine are the crystal fountains,
And thine a cloudless sky;
Thou'rt basking in love's sunshine,
Beneath thy Shepherd's eye.

Mother! listen! Two dear children were one day seen very ill in the same room; the eldest of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word "Hallelujah!" but without success—the dear

little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death, he was silent for a moment, and then looking up at his mother said, "Johnny can say 'Hallelujah' now, 'mother!'" In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing "Hallelujah!" together. Mothers! many of your little ones could not sing the praises of their Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the upper temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart—

My child, I loved thee dearly;

And though we only met to part,

How sweetly! how severely!

Nor life nor death can sever

My soul from thine for ever!

Thy days, my little one, were few—

An angel's morning visit;

That came and vanished with the dew—

'Twas here—'tis gone—where is it?—

Yet didst thou leave behind thee,

A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow—

The hands stretched forth in gladness;

All life, joy, rapture, beauty now—

Then dashed with infant sadness;

Till, brightening by transition,

Returned the fairy vision.

Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,

Thy mother's darling treasure?

She sees them still, and still she hears

Thy tones of pain or pleasure—

To her quick pulse revealing

Unutterable feeling.

Hushed in a moment on her breast,
 Life at the well-spring drinking—
 Then cradled on her lap to rest,
 In rosy slumber sinking :
 Thy dreams—no thought can guess them ;
 And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
 In many a vain vagary,
 The things that never were to be,
 Imaginations airy ;
 Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
 Like things of earth to perish.

Mine perished on thy early bier !
 No!—changed to forms more glorious,
 They flourish in a higher sphere,
 O'er time and death victorious—
 Yet would these arms have chained thee
 And long from heaven detained thee.

My child! my last, my youngest love !
 The crown of every other—
 Though thou art born in heaven above,
 I am thine only mother.
 Nor will affection let me
 Believe thou canst forget me !

Then—thou in heaven and I on earth—
 May this one hope delight us,
 That thou wilt hail my second birth,
 When death shall re-unite us—
 Where worlds no more can sever
 Mother and child for ever !

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

BY A TEACHER'S PENCIL.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—It has long been my desire to address a few lines to you, that I might, as many others have done, express my thanks for that most valuable little work, *The Mothers' Friend*. Though I am not a mother, yet I have received much

good from it; for it has carried me back to the days of my youth, and made me feel truly sorry for many sins which, without it, I should never have thought of. I assure you, when I receive it, I sit down and devour its contents the first spare moment, and seldom leave it till I have read it through. I am about to relate a circumstance which took place a short time since, which I thought would encourage pious mothers to go on in training their dear ones in the love and fear of God. Should you think it worthy a place in your work, I shall esteem it a favour, and be assured, dear Madam, of my earnest prayers that *The Mothers' Friend* may still prove a great blessing.

A TEACHER OF BABES.

THE PIOUS MOTHER ENCOURAGED.

It was my privilege, a short time since, to have a sweet little boy, about four years of age, placed under my instruction. From the first day of teaching him, I found him well acquainted with much of Scripture history, and a great lover of it. When I asked him who taught him so much about God's Word, he replied—"My mamma." I would here remark, that this mother is one whose time is fully occupied with many duties.

The first week, my little pupil and I seemed to get on pretty well, considering he had never left home before; but, the second week, a little girl, older than himself, was added to us. I know not if I had paid him too much attention the first week, and that he felt himself a little slighted when I attended to her, leaving him to amuse himself, but he did not like to come in the afternoon; but his mother was not one to yield to the whims of her child without good reasons, neither would she be angry, thus showing the unfulness of our nature—but, much against the child's will, this good mother brought her boy to school.

When she was about to leave him he cried, and clung to her, saying, "I cannot stay." I asked the reason; he said he did not feel quite well. "Only stay, then, a short time," I replied, with the promise that the servant should

fetch him early. Again his mother rose to leave—again he cried, and held her. We then asked the reason of those tears and desire to have his own way, a most extraordinary thing with him. After a few moments, he whispered, “If you will go into the next room, from the little girl, I will tell you.” We did so. He then told us he did not like the little girl at all! We then told him such thoughts would not please God, who commands us to love one another, and that He always saw us, and knew our thoughts, and that such a spirit was contrary to His will. Hearing this, the dear child looked up into his good mother’s face, with the most heavenly expression of countenance; he then fell upon his knees, placing his little hands together, in the attitude of prayer! The pious mother knelt by his side, and prayed with him, that God would strengthen him to be good and to act rightly. Oh, what a glorious picture was here! What a lesson to many who never bend the knee in prayer and praise to the God of their mercies and of their being! But this is not all; the power of prayer, and the faith of this dear child, were overpowering! He rose with a calm and heavenly smile, saying, “I shall be good now, God will help me.” Surely God was there, and that was the gate of heaven. I have never entered the room since but I have looked at the spot, saying—“Happy child, to have such a mother.”

I could tell you much more, dear Madam, of this sweet child, but I fear my paper is already too long for *The Mothers’ Friend*. Yet I cannot close without showing you the feelings and thoughts of this child towards his mother. When giving him a lesson last week on the fall of man, I told him that all born since that time were sinners, and constantly sin against God in thought, word, or action; he looked up into my face with a sort of holy indignation, and said—“BUT NOT MY MAMMA!” What could I say? I could not say “Yes,” so I told him of the change of heart, of the new creature, and so on. He quickly rejoined—

“Yes; I know my mamma is holy!” Oh, may mothers who read this follow her example.

E. L. S.

[Would that every child had such a mother!—Ed.]

THE CHARWOMAN.

“I FEEL so much obliged to you for mentioning to me the cleanliness and usefulness of Alice Chambers,” said Mrs. B., during a morning call on one of her female friends. “We have had her several times,” she continued, “to help when we were busy; and so I believe has Mrs. E.” “I am glad she suited you,” was the reply; “but, to speak sincerely, I hope her out-door engagements will not increase so as to prevent her doing her duty at home to her family.” “You fear it?—well, we will think of this.”

Alice Chambers was the wife of a very poor man—they had struggled hard for many years; neither of them were strong in bodily health, and they had often known the want of daily food; few noticed them, or knew how much suffering was hid under their uncomplaining, quiet manners. John Chambers was a rich man in spiritual blessings. His firm, unwavering faith in a promise-keeping God—his close walk with his beloved Saviour—his fervent prayers, were a source of great support and comfort to the feeble heart of his wife. Poor though they were, in the cottage of John and Alice Chambers the Sabbath was truly a day of rest. Unlike many of their ungodly neighbours, the necessary cleansing of house and children was all done early on the *Saturday*, and the Sabbath dawned upon parents and children neat and clean, and ready to devote the day to its purposes.

There are seasons in all large families when additional aid is wanted, and an honest charwoman is eagerly sought. In one of these seasons, a lady in

the village, who had seen the home-tidiness of Alice Chambers, engaged her services; and finding her active and industrious, from motives of charity recommended her to others similarly circumstanced. From this time she met with frequent employment. The lady who had first known Alice soon perceived a change in the appearance of the cottage and its inmates, and was puzzled to account for it, not knowing how often Alice was from home. On Saturday afternoon, all was confusion, dirt, and untidiness. On the Sabbath, the house looked still in disorder. Alice was in week-day dress, and her baby groping in the dirt, unwashed and neglected. John's usual, calm, quiet look of happiness was missing. Alice apologised with a deep blush for the state of her household by saying, "I have been out for several days this week—even up to yesterday afternoon, ma'am." Her visitor turned away with a sigh, resolved to set the matter before her *privately*, as soon as possible. The next week saw all restored to order and peace in this humble dwelling—never, we trust, to be broken by any out-door employments, however well paid for.

Wives and mothers, may we ask you to learn from this short sketch how easily you may be led, by your anxiety to oblige your wealthier neighbours, or by the love of gain, to break good Sabbath-keeping habits. Never, we entreat you, form any engagement from home on the Saturday particularly, which may lead to this sin. Begin your cleaning early on the last day of the week, and let your house in the evening, on your husband's return from work, wear a look of neatness and cleanliness, in anticipation of the morrow's Sabbath. There may be difficulties in the way of doing this, but *try it in faith and prayer*, and doubt not that a blessing will follow.

L. S. T.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MOTHER'S POWER.

God has given to mothers the power—the high and holy power—of forming in their children habits of intelligent, loving obedience, which, with His blessing, leads them to surrender their hearts to them as their Heavenly Father.

INFANTS' TEMPER.

By the improper treatment of infants *before* they are supposed to *think*, or *speak*, or *act*, their tempers are often spoiled; and, instead of a peaceful, loving, happy disposition, a peevish, impatient, selfish one is cultivated.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

All about Little Topsy. All about Little Eva. London: Partridge and Oakey.

Every child must feel delighted with these two sweet little books.

True Tales. London: Partridge and Oakey.

That they are *true* and short will secure the admiration of children.

The Power of Religion Exemplified. London: Simpkin and Co.; Birmingham: Matthison.

A beautiful, touching death-bed scene, reflecting honour on a mother, and glory to God. Mother! buy it for your son from home.

The Ocean of Redeeming Love. By Rev. E. CORNWALL. London: Partridge and Oakey.

An excellent book for comfort and instruction.

Home Thoughts. June number. London: Kent, Paternoster Row.
This miscellany increases in interest and value.

The Sanctity of Home. By Rev. T. BURNS. London: Hamilton and Co.

A very useful book for fathers and mothers. Buy it—read it—lend it to your neighbour.

The Last Shilling. By Rev. P. B. POWER. London: Haselden.

An impressive and instructive tale for selfish young people.

The Poetry of Labour. By WM. DREW. London: Horsell.

A cheap little book of prose and poetry for working men, by one of themselves.

HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH, MOTHER? •

“Ye are taught of the soul’s great price ;
They that believe will prize it.”.

“WILLIAM, you make me quite unhappy,” said a mother one day. “You used to be gay, and full of fun and nonsense, but now you are dull and thoughtful; what are you ever thinking of?” “I am thinking just now, mother, how much a soul is worth; can you tell me, mother?” “A *soul*, child—nonsense; you are getting demented!” “Am I, mother? Well, I begin to fear I am, for I have never thought about where I am to live after this short life is ended. What is a soul worth, mother?” “Do, my son, go and ask your cousin Charles to play a game of chess with you, to drive these dull thoughts out of your head.” “I will, mother, if you will allow me to read this story to you, which I have just read; that is, if you wish me to do so after you have heard it.” “A story! yes, read me a story—anything—to put these dull subjects out of your mind.” “Please, listen, then, mother:—

‘A few years ago there was living in a large city a young lady, who was the only child of worldly and rich parents. She was very fond of pleasure, and plunged into it with all the enthusiasm of youth. Her gaiety, youth, and wealth were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world. While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening, by a female friend, to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church in the city. There she became convinced of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of

pleasure for the service of God. They besought and commanded her to return to the gay world ; they surrounded her with her fashionable friends ; but she was still stricken in heart. At last, these parents actually *bribed* her to attend a large party of pleasure by the gift of the *richest dress* that could be purchased in the city. Love of dress had been her besetting weakness. Caught in the snare of Satan, she consented ; went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions. *She had put out the light of grace.* But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the physicians they summoned in their alarm could only tell them there was no hope. When this was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence ; her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the future ; then, rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring that dress, and hang it upon the bed. She next sent for her father and mother ; in a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then, lifting up her hand and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the calmness of despair—*Father, mother, there is the price of my soul !*

“ Oh, mother, was it not dreadful,” said William, as he laid down the book, “ to drive her down to the gate of the grave like that ? How will they meet her in the judgment ? Was not her soul worth more, mother ? You would not like to see me die so, mother, would you ? ” “ Do not talk so, child ; it is terrible ; you make me quite nervous. ” “ But, mother, the Bible asks, ‘ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? ’ and the soul must be worth a good deal, mother, as the Saviour died to save it. Do you not think so, mother ? ” “ Perhaps so, William. ” “ I do not think I can play chess this evening, mother ; I would rather read another story to you. ” Saying this, the young man pulled from his pocket

a small, thin book. Mrs. Hammond glanced towards it, and replied, "Why, William; that is your Testament!" "Yes, mother, but there are stories here, for all that; only listen while I read the story of the ten virgins in the 25th of Matthew." "Oh, mother," said William earnestly, after he had read it; "I hope the door will not be shut against us!" "I hope not, my son," replied Mrs. Hammond, affectionately taking his hand, while a tear glistened in her eye. "You have become a good teacher to me; where did you get your knowledge?" "I have been thinking about these things, mother, ever since our clergyman preached from the text—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and I begin to think eternity is of more importance than this world. How much do you think the soul is worth, mother?"

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VIII.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence
• and health."

On another occasion Mary had been sent on some business to the Institution, and was asked by the matron if she had heard the sermon preached for the benefit of the Home of Refuge, to which she replied—"Oh, yes, ma'am; and when the good minister was showing how many evils such poor creatures were snatched from, I wished that I could have got up and told all present what I had been saved from. My heart was so full of the goodness of God to me, in plucking me as a brand from the burning, that I could not touch my dinner. I should have liked many there to have gone to the humble cottage of my parents, to have living testimony of their gratitude for the recovery of a lost child."

Ten years have now passed since Mary left the Institution,

and they have passed in one uniform, consistent walk and conduct; for four years she has been respectably married, and is herself a mother. She is still the comfort and solace of her aged mother, who yet survives, and whose mind has been enlarged by many precious truths brought from the Bible by the child she failed not to admonish as far as her own light and knowledge of evil extended, which appears to have been in Mary's early days very limited; but one important trait in this mother's character was, that she never encouraged or winked at sin, but always condemned it not only by words but actions.

Mothers, remember your children read your actions—your words—your looks. Watch them constantly, and think not when they can in some measure care for their bodily wants that your work is done, and that they can now take their own course;—this is the very period of their lives the most perilous—when they need most watchfulness, that the self-will and false independence arising from their inexperience may be checked by a mother's love and firmness. Oh, keep near the hearts of your children; let them see the deep tone of your feeling for them—it may be as a hedge about their path when the eye of maternal love cannot reach them. And, mother! if your own children are all safe, can you not reach forth a hand to save the child of some mother passed into the skies? Is there not encouragement to care for the outcast?

A FATHER'S PAGE.

To the Editor of "The Mother's Friend."

It is long since I last wrote to you, and since then I have become a father. I find it a pleasing occupation to witness the expansion of my dear child's intellect; at the same time I endeavour to draw it forth and strengthen it at every opportunity. As much for this as for exercise, I endeavour once during the day to take it through the fields and lanes with

which our island abounds, and get it to notice the streams, the cattle, the birds, &c., and thus to exercise its young faculties, noticing day after day the same object, and thus strengthening its memory and aiding its recollections. You may well imagine that this is an exceedingly pleasing occupation.

Let no one think that this is wasting time; no, more than the time which would suffice for this is almost daily lost in something else. Twenty minutes, or less, I find quite sufficient; and more than this, I find work sweeter afterwards on account of the refreshing walk I have enjoyed; and thus father and child are benefited.

It was on the occasion of one of these walks that my dear child was overcome by sleep, and having a little leisure just then, I retired to a stile near, under the spreading branches of a beautiful elm, and surrounded with beautiful rustic scenery, and there, laying the little thing in as easy a posture as I could, I let her sleep on. The linnet sung her lullaby, the arms of her fond father was her cradle, and the branches of the stately tree was its covering. Could I help reflections. I could not. I thought upon the lines—

“Here every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

But, ah! it almost occasioned a struggle to apply this to my dear, sweet child. But let God be true, and (if need be) every man a liar. “*Born in sin*”—“*shapen in iniquity*.” Yes; *affection* cannot alter this. Paternal love *must* bow to it. And why not? God in His own grace has provided a remedy, and now, blessed be His name! we can afford to avow the disease. He wounds to heal—He strikes to bless!

Still sitting, I endeavoured to embody my thoughts in verse. Should they be of any service to you or your numerous *parent* readers, I present them to you and them with the hope of a blessing attending them.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER SLEEPING.

“Born in sin.”—*Psalms*.

Calm thy countenance, my infant,
Placid as the crystal stream
Gently through its water-courses
Gliding, lit by Cynthia's beam.

Tranquil as the summer's evening,
 When the zephyr gently blows ;
 Such is *now* thine infant slumber—
 Such is *now* thy sweet repose.

Shall it last? Ah! will those eye-lids
 E'er be wet with briny tears?
 Will that countenance, o'erclouded,
 Tell of anger, grief, or fears?
 Will that bosom heave with sadness,
 For thine own or other's woe?
 Yes, alas! a sad experience
 Tells it must be even so!

'Tis a fallen world, my precious,
 Into which thou hast been born ;
 Selfish, cold—a place of mourning—
 ' Rest from thee will soon be torn ;
 ' Tainted by the first transgression,
 Innocent thou canst not be ;
 Sin—the curse of all creation,
 Finds a lurking-place in thee;

Sad that such a sweet external
 Should conceal such passions vile ;
 Sad that one so young—so lovely,
 Should be fast in Satan's wile :
Bound, unless the chain be broken,
Helpless, if by heaven unarmed,
Lost, if not sought out by mercy,
Hating God, if not transformed.

But, sweet thought! there is a fountain
 Opened for the most unclean ;
 Jesus' blood is efficacious
 For the guiltiest sinner e'en ;
There mayst thou be washed, my infant,
 Then shall God's supporting rod
 ' Help thee, till sweet rest thou findest
 ' In the bosom of thy God!

A. M.

THE ACCIDENT.

"You have heard of the accident, Mrs. Carr, I suppose—how very solemn!" "No, indeed I have not, Mrs. Sims; what is it?" "Why, Mr. Pool was engaged to preach at Thorney, last Sunday, and as the distance was too far to walk, he hired a horse and gig, and coming home the horse shied, ran the gig up the bank and threw him out, and he was so much injured by the fall that he died soon after they brought him home."

"Dear me, it is indeed very solemn, as you say, and how true it is, that in the midst of life we are in death—and poor Mrs. Pool is now a widow, and those dear children fatherless; how precious under such circumstances is that promise in the prophecies of Jeremiah, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' I believe there is no trial into which the people of God may be brought, but there is some sweet promise adapted to their state, and in general it is brought to their recollection; indeed, it must be so, for God has said, 'I will never leave you, never forsake you,' and in afflictions like these, the mind is so bewildered as to be entirely unable to realise the nature and extent of the trial; it requires a long time for the poor mind to recover its tone; it wakens gradually to the extent of its wretchedness. You remember the time, Mrs. Sims, when I lost my dear Sally so suddenly. I then thought I never should get over it, the shock seemed to fell me to the ground, I was like one in a trance. I did not call in question the goodness of God, I was sure He was dealing in mercy with me, the precious promises of His word I felt to be all true, yet I was unable to take any comfort; I seemed to lie at the foot of the cross, and saw the Redeemer bleeding, suffering, dying for me, and all I could do was just to lift a supplicating eye and inwardly cry, 'Do not leave me.'" "Ah, indeed it is so, Mrs. Carr; nobody

knows what such trials are but those who have passed through them; we may think that we understand, but when they really come upon us we find them altogether different from what we imagined."

"In the case of poor Mr. Pool," said Mrs. Carr, "it is a great relief to believe he was quite prepared to go; to him, sudden death was sudden glory indeed. But too many say this when it is untrue; no transmigrations for thousands of years; no purgatorial fires; the immortal soul once escaped from the body, stands at the bar of God, and becomes conscious of its eternal state; and so subtle, so ethereal is the change, that the tenderest sympathy, the most awakened love, cannot track its course. You may, in the deep agony of grief, be wiping the cold, pale forehead, and the same instant the emancipated spirit be standing before the throne; you may be moistening the parched lips, while the happy spirit shall be drinking full draughts of bliss from the river of life. Oh, the blessedness of being together and for ever with the Lord! Really, we ought to check our grief for those who are entered into rest, and reserve it for ourselves; we are still in a world of trial, living by faith, and know not what a day may bring forth."

"Is your clock right, Mrs. Carr? bless me, I had no idea it was so late; I have felt the subject to be interesting and solemn. May we always be ready—good morning."

"Good day, Mrs. Sims,"

M. B.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. IV.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING:

LITTLE Minny was a very inquisitive little girl, and liked to know "the why and the wherefore" of everything that came in her way; indeed, a very good name for her would have been "Little Miss Why-why?" For not a day

passed but her mother had to solve some problem that puzzled her little head. But Minny made some use of her knowledge sometimes; and one day she attempted to write a memoir of a young friend of hers, who had died a very happy death, and she finished it with a little bit of poetry, which was rather funny, but very well for a tiny wee girl. But when she presented it to her mother one day, with the request that it might be "sent to the press to make a half-penny book," her mother could not help laughing, and this made poor little Minny weep; and taking back the manuscript it was placed in a drawer, never to see the light any more!—Minny's mother was very sorry she had smiled, but there were some things so very odd mentioned in the memoir that it was impossible to keep a grave countenance.

One day, Minny came running into the parlour with a little bit of white bone in her hand, and with a very anxious look she placed it in her mother's lap and hid her face weeping.—"What is the matter, my little girl?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Oh dear, ma, my tooth is come out, and I am afraid I shall never get another!"—"You may dry your tears, love," said her mother, taking her hand, "you will soon have another. I have long wished to talk to you about this wonderful little body of yours. Open your mouth, dear, and let me see if there is not another little tooth peeping up. Ah, yes, there it is!" "Oh, do let me see, ma!" "Well, here is a little glass in my work-box—look, do you see the tiny white speck pushing up there?" "Yes, ma, how very odd! when did it begin to grow?" "It was there, dear, before the one you hold in your hand was seen above the gum—when you were a baby, like your little brother." "How could it be there, mamma?"

"It was really there, dear," said her mother, "only, instead of being hard bits of bone, like that in your hand, they were like little pieces of jelly; and what will surprise

you still more, you had two sets of teeth in the gum at the same time!" "Well, ma, 'it is odd! but of course it must be true, as you tell me so!" "Yes, dear, it is true—one set is near the edge of the jawbone for early use, and the other a little deeper within it; and the little new one of yours now peeping up is one of the second row—your baby-brother's tooth which is now coming is one of the first set." "Dear little fellow!—and 'has he lots more coming, ma?" "Yes, dear, they are turning from jelly to bone by degrees; first, a small hard speck commences in the centre of the tooth, which is placed there by the blood-vessels, and those vessels nourish it as it grows, till all the jelly becomes bone." "Oh dear, how funny!—how many little bits of jelly has baby in his mouth, then, ma?" "There are forty-eight, dear, altogether; twenty come up first, and twenty-eight to come afterwards." "And are my first twenty going away now, ma?" "Yes, dear, and your little new ones are coming up in their stead, and I hope you will take care of them."

"How very nice," exclaimed Minny, "to know everything! Manma, how many teeth have you got?" "I have thirty-two, dear, altogether; those who are grown up to men and women have sixteen in each jaw, if none have been lost." "Is there any of the old tooth left in my mouth, ma?" "No, dear, it has, you see, a very short root, but those which are now coming will have larger roots; and if they are taken care of, may last you for forty or fifty years if you live so long." "How strong the bone must be then." "Yes, dear, we may see the wisdom and kindness of our Heavenly Father in every little tooth, as well as in every other part of your body; but although the teeth are very strong, yet if our wise Creator had not placed something stronger than bone over them they would soon wear out." "I do not see anything over them, manma!" "There is something white and shining over them, dear, called enamel." "How wonderful, ma,

that God could make us all, and everything in the world, without a pattern!" "Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Meek, "and wisdom of every kind comes from Him.—You would not imagine, perhaps, Minny, that these little teeth of yours have blood and feeling in them?" "Have they? do let me see it." "Though you may not be able to see it, dear, it is really true.—You cannot see the sap in the tree, can you?" "No, ma, unless I cut it." "Well, but sap is there all the time—so it is with the blood; you may not be able to see it there, but it is there. You must go to nurse, who is calling you now, Minny. I will talk to you again, before long, about teeth."

THE DYING SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—After reading some of the very interesting tales and anecdotes in your nice little work, *The Mothers' Friend*, I felt induced to offer you a short account of a dear child—a niece of mine; and as she was a Sabbath-school teacher, I hope it may be acceptable, and that you will excuse the liberty I take. This dear girl was an orphan, and was committed to my sister and myself to train—but we had to deliver up our charge in her early life.

As she had no companions of her own age, we placed her, at her request, at a Sabbath school, as an assistant teacher, till old enough to have a class of her own; and, through the kind providence of God, she was very useful, and greatly beloved among the children of her class. She was eleven years of age when she first entered the school, and continued till she had attained her twenty-first year, when it pleased her Heavenly Father to take her from the church below to the church above. Her death was most happy—often speaking of the precious truths of the Bible on her dying bed. Her disease was consumption. After taking leave of her aunts, she most willingly yielded herself up to that Saviour whom she had loved. She pressed religion upon the attention of all her young friends, saying, "Youth is the time to serve the Lord, and to study the

Bible." When the last hour drew near, she was heard saying, "Come, Lord Jesus!" The evening she was taken ill, she wrote the following letter to her class:—

"My dear Girls,—It is with great regret I am obliged to be absent from you to-day, especially as it is just one year this very day since I became your teacher. I had promised myself much pleasure in reviewing the past time, and trying to ascertain what is our position. You know, my dear girls, it is very important we should examine ourselves. *I*, to know whether I have been faithful as a teacher—and *you*, whether you have listened prayerfully to the instructions I have tried to impart; for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of all we have taught and heard. Do, my dear girls, before this day is past, put the solemn question, each one to herself, 'Where am I going?' And may God the Holy Spirit enable you to give faithful answers, is the prayer of

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE TEACHER.

"P.S.—If it is the Lord's will to restore me to health again, I hope to see you next Sunday. In the meantime, I hope you will be exceedingly attentive to those who may have the care of you."

Several very interesting papers were found in this young teacher's desk after her death, showing her devotional spirit, and anxiety to do the will of God. One of them will speak to many a young Sabbath-school teacher's conscience, we trust:—

"June 11th, 18—. My pastor has appointed me to a class. Oh, may I feel the *deep responsibility* of the charge of each dear child's soul, and labour as unto the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that to the Lord I must give an account of all I teach."

Allow me, Madam, to recommend mothers sending their children early to the Sabbath school, either as scholars or teachers. There they receive those impressions which prove blessings to parents and children. There they hear the Scriptures explained, and are taught the importance of prayer. Of this dear child who was placed under our charge, I can say, **IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL she learned the truth as it is in Jesus.** May teachers and children learn something from this brief account of a young disciple.

L. H. S.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. V.

“Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou knowest.”

To the Editor of “The Mothers’ Friend.”

MY DEAR MADAM,—As little children are sometimes kept awake at night by cold feet, it may be useful to some mothers to know what a comfort a flannel bag is; make it of coarse flannel or serge, long and wide enough to pull up to the throat, and allow of the little feet being moved about. This is particularly useful for poor people, who find it difficult to procure blankets sufficient to keep their children warm—it also helps to keep the child still. If you speak of the “nice warm bag,” he will get in laughing, and cuddle himself up in it with pleasure, and he will not be so restless and unwilling to stay in bed. I am not speaking of those mothers who rock their great boys to sleep.

One day, I was out with my little boy, and on my return I found a gentleman in the sitting room. After the first salutation, I took away my child, undressed and put him to bed, and came back. “Your little boy is soon asleep,” said he. “He is not asleep,” I replied; “I should have enough to do if I stayed till then.” “You are more fortunate than we are,” he rejoined; “our little girl (a child of four or five) will never go to bed without a servant to sit up with her the whole evening till we go to bed.” “When do you mean to break her of that habit?” I asked; “she will not cure herself.”

I once heard of a lady, who agreed with her husband that he should manage all their children except the eldest; this boy was thoroughly indulged in all his whims—among the rest, in having some one to sit with him when in bed. It seems almost an incredible thing, but I have been told that when he was a young man of one-and-twenty (at the time I heard the fact from a friend), he was afraid to go to bed without a servant to sit in the room till he was asleep. E. G.

[We have heard the praises of the “flannel bag,” from a missionary, who told us his good wife found it a great comfort to their children on their return to England from a tropical climate.—ED.]

ALICE RAYMOND'S SECURITY.

BY MRS. E. JUDSON.

LONG sat the young mother musingly ; and thus her passing thoughts were fashioned :—

“ Yes, I have a little greenhouse, it is true,—a dear, precious depository of exquisite blossoms, whose sunshine is my smile, whose refreshing dew my love, and over whose present beauty and future development a soiled finger, nay even the breath that parts my lips as I bend above them, has strange power. The blossoms are not really mine ; they are lent me by a Friend dearer to me than my very life ; to whom, indeed, I owe that life, and a million other benefits. They are lent me ; and in a few years will be reclaimed. In the meantime, what shall I do for my blossoms, and to please my Benefactor ? Shall I follow the example of my cousin Esther, and labour day and night to add conservatory to conservatory for their sakes, or to accumulate mountains of rich mould in which to crush and smother them ? Oh, no ; while bustling at these vain things, my tender little blossoms would miss my eye, and droop for lack of their accustomed sunshine.

“ I have seen some sister florists, by way of gratifying a glad, strong feeling at the heart, besmear the simple little plants with gaudy colours ; and really the pretty things so painted made a beautiful, brave show. But I am very cowardly about my blossoms. I have a thousand flutterings and doubts, and inexplicable misgivings, and it has been somewhere whispered to me that there is a poison in these fine colours which the delicate plant cannot fail to imbibe !

“ Then there is Annie Deans, with her three graceful rose-trees. Nothing will satisfy her lively fancy but to trick out the boughs with gay ribands and threads of silver, and bits of gilded stuffs, all arranged in bows and

loops, and stars and streamers, and then calling on every passer-by to admire her handiwork. This may do for Annie Dean's roses, though I think even they would be more beautiful without; but my blossoms are less queenly, and their slender stems would scarcely bear such decorations. Besides, when the Owner comes, I well know He will strip the whole away; and then, if He should find a stem distorted, or a leaf mildewed, or a worm hidden under my tawdry adornments, what matter of sorrow will it be to me! And what, if by some such poor contrivances I should ruin one of these fair blossoms, so that it must be 'cast out as a branch that is withered?'

"Then, what am I to do? I am ignorant, and weak, and foolish. Turn I this way, I err from neglect; that way, from over-culture. Scarcely two florists are of the same opinion; and if they were, each of my tender, priceless blossoms has some peculiarity for which there can be no rule. It is a solemn, sacred thing, this charge of mine, and my very soul grows tremulous with awe as I think upon it. How watchful should be my eye! How gentle my touch! How faithful my pruning! I will not grasp at vanities, and so soil my hands; I will not mingle my voice with the loud tones of the world, and so bear the seeds of its scorching fever in my breath; I will never cheat my blossoms of the sunshine and the balmy dew, while I have lip to smile or heart to love; but what SECURITY have I against some fatal mistake that may mar their loveliness for ever, and shut them out of the celestial gardens?"

And so Alice Raymond mused on and on, till at length the cloud was lifted, and a look of serene, elevated confidence irradiated her face. Then softly she glided to her knees, and raised her white forehead with a new-born trust to the Owner of her blossoms. She had found the SECURITY! . . .

[Begin early to train your plants.—Ed.]

PLAY-THINGS AND NEATNESS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—The following circumstances came under my observation a short time back, which if you deem worth notice, I shall be happy in having forwarded them to you.

A short time ago, the mother of a small family, who is a laundress, had occasion to call at my house, and seeing the nurse of my little boy picking up the play-things which he had been happily amusing himself with, exclaimed, "There, Master Willie, that's how you make litters for the servant to clear away." At the same time remarking, she could not bear to see her children's things upon the floor, and it always worried her to see their little things scattered hither and thither. It is customary for my little fellow to clear his play-things himself, but a domestic circumstance at that time prevented it. It is certainly much better for children to be taught to wait upon themselves. It inculcates habits of usefulness, and prevents much unnecessary trouble.

The mother to whom I have referred (and I dare say there are many such) is one who bestows many affectionate caresses, calling them her little darlings and pretty dears, but is unmindful to put those love-tokens into practical power. Many prefer seeing their children's toys placed upon the shelf, to be gazed upon as ornaments, rather than to amuse and delight the minds of their little ones. To you, dear mothers, I would say, cultivate by all means those habits of tidiness which make you dislike to see unnecessary articles scattered about your room; you will be teaching your children something right by so doing.

At the same time, strive not to think their play-things litters; they are by no means so, but on the contrary, necessary helps for their physical health, happiness, and improvement. They are so constituted that they must and will be in action. If you employ them not, they will themselves, by reaching something you do not like them to have off your table, getting up on your nice clean chair, moving things out of their places, and many other gambols, which might vex and be far more trouble to you than any innocent amusement with which you might furnish them, making manifest the truth of those lines—

"That Satan finds some mischief still,

For idle hands to do."

Respectfully yours,

M. L. H.

[We have always found it a good plan to allow the dear little children to have one place where they can play without being disturbed, or disturbing any of the home circle; but before they leave, we always like to accustom these little ones to return all the play-things to the *box*, or *cupboard*, given them for this purpose. Thus they early acquire habits of neatness which are very important in after life.—ED.]

FOR THE READERS OF "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

THE WAY TO GET GOOD AND DO GOOD.

If any one would tell us, an easy way to become rich, and have sufficient to impart to our children and relations, we should grudge neither time nor trouble in the attainment of such knowledge; but if we want something that will make us more happy than money, that is, wisdom and knowledge—if we want to know the best way to make our children obedient, kind, and affectionate, to secure our husband's love and company, and to make our homes happy, spend one penny a month, and take *The Mothers' Friend*, and when you have well treasured its contents in your memory, and acted in accordance with the advice there given (for it is in accordance with the Word of God), and so reaping a rich harvest yourselves, put some covers on them, and distribute them weekly in the locality in which you live; and if it should be a mile or two out of town, beyond the reach of tract distributors, and where religious advantages are few, how gladly will *The Mothers' Friend* be welcomed!

Then, when they have been their round, gather them all in, fresh cover them, give them to the town tract-distributors, or the town missionaries, and so will you sow seed beside all waters, and reap an abundant harvest in the production of much good, and the prevention of crime and misery. I have tried this plan; Christian friends, will not you? Be persuaded to answer the question agreeably with the dictates of your own conscience.

CLEMATIS.

A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.

"Thou art in an evil case, it were cruel to deny to thee compassion ;
Thou dost labour for the gay and the unthinking,
Year after year, unto death — yea, what a weariness is it."

"CHARLOTTE," said Miss Mary Clifford, entering the room where her sister was quietly conversing with a friend, to whom she gave a hurried morning salute, "Charlotte, do pity me ; it is of no use asking Miss Stanley, but do *you* pity me. You know I am to go to the dinner party at D——, in a fortnight, and Mrs. Sutton was to have made my dress." "Well, Mary, has she refused to do so?" "Oh, no ; she had begun it, and I believe sat up late last night to work at it, because she knew that I would not have it done by any of her workwomen—and this morning she is confined ; so there is an end of my poor dress, for she will have her baby to nurse now." "I hope she is doing well," said Miss Clifford, calmly. "Oh, yes, I dare say she is ; but I never asked : I thought only of my own trouble. But," she continued, "you do not pity me ; and there is Miss Stanley positively looking pleased !" "I am pleased, my dear young friend ; and you must not be angry with me for it." Miss Stanley paused, and looking sorrowful ; continued,—"I am pleased that poor Mrs. Sutton has at length a respite from the incessant toil which is carrying her to an early grave. I hope it does not come too late !"

Mary Clifford was one of those fashionable, thoughtless girls who, looking at every one and every thing with a reference to self, was exceedingly annoyed and irritated when those who ministered to her luxuries and comforts experienced such a degree of personal infirmity, whether of body or mind, as interfered with her pursuing the round of dissipation and folly in which she delighted. Yet a pang of self-reproach shot through her as Miss Stanley closed the door. It was speedily lost in the strains of a new piece of music.

Anna Stanley meanwhile pursued her way thoughtfully to the narrow street in which was situated the dwelling of the young dress-maker, whose exquisite natural taste and skill had raised her to the rank of the most fashionable *artiste* in the town of D——. Knocking gently at the door, it was opened by a neat old woman, whose face wore a look of deep anxiety. “How is Emma, Mrs. Sutton?” “Very ill, Miss—very ill; you see she sat up last night very late, working at Miss Mary Clifford’s dress; for she had been forbidden to leave it to any one else, and she has been scarcely fit for work for some time. She nearly fainted as Edward helped her up stairs; and now, the doctor says, she is in a high fever.” “And the baby?” “Oh, it will die, I fear,”—and tears poured down the mother’s cheeks. “Oh, if the ladies knew,” resumed the mother, “how they over-work her!” Miss Stanley bade her send to her for anything that was needed, and left the house with painful and mingled feelings.

ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

LOSSES.

It is a great gain to suffer the loss of all things, that we may learn to depend on Christ alone.—*Paley*.

DEATH.

Death pays respect neither to youth nor usefulness, but mows down together the tender herb, the fragrant flower, and the noxious weed.—*J. A. James*.

THE LORD’S DAY.

The streams of religion run deeper or shallower as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott*.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Youth is not like a new garment, which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have

it, we *must* wear daily, and it *will* fast wear away. The retrospect on youth is too often like looking back on what was a fair and promising country, but is now desolate by an overwhelming torrent, from which we have just escaped. Or it is like visiting the grave of a friend whom we had injured, and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making him an atonement. Time is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on towards age, he *taxes* our health—our limbs—our faculties—our strength, and our features.

COMFORT.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire or enslaved a world.

FAULTS.

To hide one fault by another is both unwise and wicked. Sin is overcome only when by God's grace we repent of it, abhor it, and forsake it.

A MISTAKE.

To seek relief from doubt in doubt,
From woe in woe, from sin in sin,
Is but to drive a tiger out,
And let a hungry lion in.

ANALOGY.

An old stump of an oak, with a few young shoots on its almost bare top. Analogy :—Youthful follies growing on old age!

ADVERSITY.

Adversity, thou thistle of life! thou too art crowned ;
first with a flower, then with down.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Scripture Teacher's Assistant. By HENRY ALTHANS. London : Butt.

We strongly recommend this very excellent help to teachers and mothers.

Home Thoughts. July. London : Kent.

This miscellany continues to be a favourite.

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I was quite young when my mother died—a mere child, but I loved her dearly, and felt, when I saw her laid in the grave, that I had lost a friend whose place in my little heart no one else could fill. I had many kind relatives, but for a long time I could not be comforted, but cried for the return of her who lay in the silent grave. I missed the touch of her soft hand upon my head—for oh! whose touch is like a mother's?—and the sweet sound of her voice as she pronounced my name. It was the mother I missed, and the whole world could have given me nothing like her, nor equal to her.

But childhood is too happy and buoyant a season to be always sad. The dark clouds of grief cleared away at last from my sky, and the sunshine came back to dry my tears, and waken again my spirit to life and joy. The mother was not forgotten, but the boy who had lost her had ceased to pine for her presence. Three years rolled away, and the third from the period of my mother's death brought my tenth birth-day. I returned from school one afternoon weary, and in a fretful humour, for I had not recited my lesson well; as I entered the yard, behold! there stood my little cousin Alfred, with my new and beautiful kite nearly torn to pieces—his hands were full of fragments of it, which he was scattering upon the grass. Enraged at the sight, and blinded by anger and passion, I flung down my books and struck the little fellow a blow, which sent him reeling from me. He screamed violently, for the blow hurt him, but I was too angry to care. I ran into the parlour, and throwing myself upon the carpet, gave way to the tide of wrathful sorrow that flooded my soul.

By degrees I became a little calm—the parlour was cool and dark, for the shutters were nearly closed, to exclude the heat and light. After the hurricane of passion comes

the still, but no less powerful, season of remorse; ungovernable fury always recoils upon itself, producing shame and regret. I raised my eyes, and looked around me. It was an old-fashioned house that I lived in, and the shutters had been made whole, with the exception of a little aperture cut in the shape of a heart in each one,—through these came a few straggling rays of light, falling upon me, upon the floor, and the furniture of the room.

Directly opposite the shutters, in the line of the setting sun, hung a portrait—the portrait of my mother; as my tearful glance fell upon it, the face seemed illuminated, and the large soft eyes looked lovingly down upon me, as they had done often—oh, how often, in years gone by; and I thought, as I gazed earnestly up at her, that there was a reproachful sorrow in the tenderness of her glance, such as I had seen before when I had given way to the violence of passion while she was alive. The words which she uttered at such times echoed in my ears with such distinctness that I seemed to hear her repeat them again—“Remember, my dear boy, never, never let the sun go down upon your wrath.” The right chord had been touched in my soul, and I melted into penitence and tears. The memory of my mother’s words—brought back with power at the sight of her countenance—subdued me, and my anger vanished away. She was dead, but she still had power over me,—for the memory of the words she had uttered, the counsel she gave me, the prayers she offered in my behalf, had been written on my heart in characters which would never fade. The sight of that dear face brought them all back, and the lion was transformed into the lamb. In obedience to her own advice I fell upon my knees, and prayed that God would forgive my passionate, wicked heart, and help me to control it in days to come. I did not like to leave that sweet face, so full of love, and to me so beautiful,—but when I did, it was to seek little Alfred, and try to atone for my unjust violence.

My mother's portrait!—how often afterwards I sought the room where it hung, to gaze upon it, not only when a sense of wrong roused the slumbering passions of my soul, but when my boyish trials and griefs seemed a heavy burden, and I missed the encouraging smile and voice of her who would have helped me to bear them well, or shown me how they might have been cast aside! Even after I arrived at the period of manhood, the portrait was still as dear to me as ever, and from those loving, earnest eyes came forth the same mysterious power to soothe my waywardness, and cheer the sorrows of my heart. It existed not truly in the painting—there was no spirit or soul in the silent canvas; but the life I saw there was the reflection of that which existed in my soul, where her image was graven, and from whence it beamed forth in acts of love and self-control, the fruits of the seed she scattered before she passed from earth for ever. The good mother never dies—she will live in the sons and daughters she leaves behind her, and in those who come after them, till the end of time. Precious is the memory of such—more precious than a legacy of the finest gold.

A. M. E.

A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.

“And pain is stamped upon her face,
While she wrestles unequally with toil.
The last hurried struggle has broken the silken cord!”

A BRIEF but sharp struggle for life followed poor Emma Sutton's confinement; her baby died. Could quiet have been secured to the young mother, her recovery would have been hastened; but from her bed-room she could hear the repeated visits of her customers; the sharp, disappointed tones of voice, and the peremptory orders given to her civil, clever “first hand,” who tried in vain to supply her mistress's place.

"Mother,"—said the sufferer, on the thirteenth day after her illness began—"mother, I must sit up and work." She had done so, in her bed, several times. "I have just remembered Miss Mary's dress, and to-morrow she will want it." She rose, and, with the help of her mother, entered her work-room a short time before Miss Stanley called. "How is Mrs. Sutton to-day?" she asked. "Better, ma'am; but go in." "Surely she is not at work?" The mother shook her head, and pointed forwards.

The lady entered the room, and there, seated on the sofa, and deadly pale, save a deep crimson spot on each cheek, and half hidden by piles of gay dresses, whose bright colours contrasted painfully with her wasted figure, was poor Mrs. Sutton. "Emma, why are you here?" said Miss Stanley. "I cannot help it, my dear young lady; four or five ladies have been here, and want their dresses for to-morrow, and say they must go elsewhere if they cannot be served; and there is Miss Mary's dress, but it is nearly done." "But, Emma, think of your husband and your children." "That is one thing, ma'am, that makes me more anxious. Edward gains very little, and what should we do if I lost my business; there is your dress, ma'am—" "Don't touch it; your first hand will do for ~~me, but~~ I can wait a week, or longer, if necessary." "Thank you, my dear lady; would that all were as considerate as you are."

Miss Mary Clifford's dress was sent home that night, and Edward Sutton carried his wife to the bed, whence she never rose again. Too surely had fashion and selfishness pursued their victim, and in another week, with scarcely five-and-twenty summers over her head, the gifted young milliner sank into an early grave.

"Oh, ma'am," said and sobbed poor Edward, as he drew closer to him his motherless little ones, "they did not mean it, ma'am—the ladies, I would say; *they did not*

think what they were doing ; but, sure as possible, the selfishness of these ladies has cost my dear wife her life, and taken from me my best treasure on earth, and from my babes a loving mother."

Dear countrywomen, married and single, we have placed before you no highly-wrought tale of fiction ; we are not conscious of the slightest exaggeration, either of incident or language, in our simple narrative. We have given you a plain fact, from personal experience, and we ask you, when you order your next dress, to give a sufficient length of time to prevent your incurring similar guilt to that we have depicted.

Work-women ! let no inducements or threats lead you to neglect your duty to God, to your husbands and children, or others dependant on you ; above all, whilst clothing the poor frail bodies of others, seek to have your souls dressed in the glorious robe of Christ's righteousness, in which alone a sinner can stand before a holy God.

ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

A WORD FOR THE FATHERS.

THE father is the representative of society at home ; the mother only represents the interior of the house. The father brings home the cares of public life, the other prepares the pleasures of the domestic hearth. It is the father who should provide for the daily sustenance of the household ; it is the mother who should elevate the hearts of her children to the love of God and man. Thus all the functions of the father, be he rich or poor, a tradesman, a mechanic, or a field-labourer, are exterior and public ; while those of the wife and mother, be she a "great woman," or a working man's wife, are interior or private. Nature has so ordered it, for the morality of the children and the happiness of the father.

If the sweet voice of the mother—if the grace of her gestures and the sweetness of her look penetrate into the heart of the child, the manly voice of the father, the seriousness of his manner, and his look, are better adapted, under difficult circumstances, for imposing respect and compelling obedience; they prevent the child from becoming enervated in the cradle of caresses, lavished in the arms and the lap of the mother. The part of the father, in the education of his children, can then neither be a lesson nor a labour. Let him improve his condition by his avocations; let him place his delight in fulfilling his duties as a man and as a citizen; let his actions be always in accordance with his speech, always expressive of generous thoughts, and he will have done more for his children than could the teachers of all the universities in the world. Society has established the education of youth in schools, nature has placed the morality of a people in the family circle. God has committed the training of the children in the right direction—in the road to a blissful immortality, to the parents.

Every day, on returning home, the father relates what he has seen or heard in the world; his relations with his work-people, if he be a master; with the State, if he be a public man; with his studies, if he be an artist or a literary man; with his work, if he be a mechanic, a shepherd, or a field-labourer. Then an affectionate exchange of thoughts and sentiments takes place between the father, mother, and children, in which questions of polity, morality, and piety are talked over. It is thus that the destinies of a country are influenced; thus are formed, by a sweet intimacy in the effusions of the heart, the opinions of a whole life. What an admirable means of enlightening the conscience of the child; of making him an honest man, a patriot, a God-fearing member of society; of raising his soul to the two passions which most strongly move youth—the love of the beautiful, and truth. This is an easy education, which in no wise alters the habits of life; which exacts no sacrifice,

which requires no care, and the vivifying action of which will be exerted over the father as well as the children; and, indeed, what father will dare to praise vice, or even to boast of a bad action, when he knows that each of his words, being received into the young minds of the family circle, may become an opinion, and tend to form the character of his children.

In the home circle must our youth derive those principles which will isolate them from the forbidden practices and passions of the age. The father's and the mother's task will not be fulfilled, till they send forth from their home circles honest men, good citizens — God-fearing, Bible-loving men and women.

THE ACCIDENT.—No. II.

THE FUNERAL.

“WELL, Mrs. Carr, I thought the funeral services this afternoon very solemn, did not you?” “Indeed I did, Mrs. Sims, and I think the feeling was general; and I thought the words of St. Paul so suitable—‘We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.’ How true were the remarks of the minister, that in all animated nature there is observable a fond clinging to life—from the ant to the elephant, from the child to the man of hoary hairs—it is manifest in all circumstances, and seems part of our very nature; it is the Gospel, and the Gospel only, which will enable a man to say, he is willing to be absent from the body; and this arises from a conviction of the truth, that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. How sweetly did he speak of this. Here is a great truth, said he, clearly set forth, and it is evidently no new doctrine to the Apostle's mind; it had long taken possession of his heart, and he was anxious that the Corinthian

Christians should be comforted with the same consolation—to him it was a revelation from Heaven, and what a glorious truth it is! Just see—there lies the poor emaciated body, struggling with pain and suffering, torn almost asunder, yet the mind calm and composed, justifying the ways of God to man, cheered by the precious promises, and animated even to rejoicing by the thought that ‘to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.’ And this glory, too, all but within sight—the steps of mortal pilgrimage nearly finished—the eye, accustomed only to earthly things, is soon to open upon those which are eternal. Heaven itself is to be the abode of the liberated spirit, those wonders on which the earnest mind has long dwelt shall be realised, and earth indeed exchanged for heaven. Concerning the nature of the existence of separate spirits, the Scriptures are silent, nor would we pry between the folded leaves; it is enough for us that we shall be there conscious immortals, perfectly sure that we are safe—safe forever—accepted in the Beloved; and our chief and supreme delight will arise from the fact, that we shall be together, and for ever with Jesus Christ, who loved us, who died for us, and who led us safely through earth’s dangerous pilgrimage to the glory of His heavenly throne. How shall we then trace with delight the mysteries of His providence, and rejoice in the fulfilment of the promise, ‘What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter;’ and how strong and bright will that promise burst forth—‘For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’”

“Really, Mrs. Carr, what a memory you have!” “Well, the words were weighty, and made a deep impression on my mind, Mrs. Sims, and I think they did on many others, for I saw many a weeping eye. Poor Mrs. Pool and the dear children, their hearts seemed ready to break; but I must go. I expect we shall have a very crowded place, to hear the funeral sermon. Good afternoon.” M. B.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. VI.

“Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.”

To the Editor of “The Mother’s Friend.”

MY DEAR MADAM,—I suppose most mothers know how dangerous it is to warm children’s feet by the fire when they are chilled. A lady, whom I knew when a girl, had been intimate from childhood with a gentleman who had scarcely any toes on his feet, and when a little boy he never liked any one to see them. The history of the matter was this:—

His mother was a young wife, suddenly introduced to the world, and very much taken up with visiting. She had, at that time, only one child; and when she thought how much she neglected him, she consoled herself with the reflection, that she had an excellent nurse, who was fond of him, and would take better care of him than she herself could. One night she awoke, and began to think of her child; she had been so very much engaged for some days that she had quite forgotten to send for him. She grew uneasy, she could not tell why, and at length got up, and resolved she would go to the nursery. “What, at this hour?” said her husband. “I have not seen him these two or three days,” she replied. “The more shame for you,” said the father; “but as you have waited so long, you can wait a little longer.”

The mother lay down again but could not rest, so she crept very softly into the nursery. Nurse was not in bed, and seemed frightened to see her mistress. “Let me see my child, nurse.” “He is asleep, ma’am.” The mother looked at her baby, and would have taken him up, but nurse remonstrated. “I must look at him,” said the lady, stripping off the clothes and taking up her child. She examined him all over, and found his little toes were black!

Nurse, at first, said she knew nothing about it—but afterwards, with tears, she acknowledged that she had taken him into the park on a frosty morning, where he seemed very cold, so she brought him in and held his feet to the fire, when they were frost-bitten. She had done all she could, but they got worse instead of better. A doctor was called, who immediately cut off several of the toes; he said, if assistance had been delayed till morning, the child must have died.—Yours, &c. E.G.

MY MOTHER'S GENTLE WORD.

My precious mother died when I was six years of age, and though long and weary years have gone by, and I have seen changes long and many, yet a little incident of my childhood, some two years previous to her death, will never be blotted from the tablet of my memory.

I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken to church by an elderly lady who resided with us, my mother being too ill to go out. I remember that it was the season of Christmas, and the little church of D—— was gaily decorated with wreaths of evergreens. To my childish eye it was beautiful, and I began playing with the sprig of myrtle which hung near the pew, and, despite the angry looks of my friend, I kept on plucking the leaves, and throwing them about the place, until at last I put some of the dried leaves into the stove to make a smoke.

Service being ended, my friend pulled me along, saying, "Now, you wicked boy, I shall take you to your mamma, and she must whip you." I made no reply. We reached home, and I was taken to my mother's chamber. She was seated in her easy chair, supported by pillows. The sweet smile with which she greeted my entrance faded from her lips as she heard the recital of my misdeeds.

After a moment's pause, being left alone with me, she sweetly said, "You have grieved your poor sick mamma." I felt her tears upon my cheek. There was no need to say more. I clung to her arms, and sobbed as though my heart would break. Her gentle words had done what punishment in my case could not have effected.

THE OUTCASTS.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE COMPASSIONATE.

To the Editor of "*The Mothers' Friend*."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am very glad to see you are taking up the cause of "*The Outcasts*." Mr. P. has been on the committee

of an institution for reclaiming them for forty years, and has often heard of instances of great usefulness. The following letter is from one who has been benefited by such efforts, and is addressed to the matron under whose care she was for two years:—

“Honoured Madam,—Not only feeling it a duty, but also an unspeakable pleasure, I once more return to the Ladies’ Committee my most grateful thanks for their kindness and for their very kind reward,” (a guinea, for being twelve months in a situation as servant.) “I know not how to express my gratitude. It is, indeed, with great astonishment that I look at myself, when I think that such a sinner as I have been am thus favoured. Oh! it is of the Lord’s mercy; who has indeed dealt graciously with me; who has preserved and led me by the kind hand of my gracious Saviour, and has, I trust, enabled me, through His divine mercy, to cast that burden of sin which I have so long borne at the foot of the cross. Oh, what a friend is Christ! I should, indeed, after all He has done for my soul, be worse than those who never heard His name, if I did not give Him my heart. Had I a thousand hearts, I find, by happy experience, that time, and health, and all are so delightfully spent in His service, that I could cheerfully give them all to such a Friend. My only sorrow now is, that I have been such a wicked and unprofitable servant, and that I do not now love Him more. My privileges are great indeed, and have been ever since I first entered your blessed Asylum, where the impressions I received will, I trust, be a blessing to me through eternity. May my kind benefactors have the happiness, at the last great day, to see a poor unworthy sinner like me presented with a crown of glory—and not only me, but hundreds who have been under their care. Dear Madam, you will excuse my troubling you with a long letter, but I could tell you a great deal more, if I were permitted, of the love of Christ. May I live near to Him, and be found in Him at last, and join the redeemed of the Lord throughout the countless ages of eternity. Permit me to present my duty to the Ladies’ Committee, and allow me to subscribe myself,

“Your humble Servant,

The following is from a sister of an unfortunate girl:—

“My dear Madam,—Permit me to return you our sincere thanks for the extreme kindness and heartfelt interest you have

evinced towards our unfortunate sister. We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Heaven, for raising up such kind friends in her behalf. That she may be endued with grace and strength from on high to fulfil her duties, that the Giver of all good may return tenfold the mercy shown her in the hour of her distress, are the united prayers of myself and sisters."

May these letters, which prove that the vilest may be forgiven and restored to society, encourage others to seek their recovery, by directing and assisting them to gain admittance to such houses of mercy.

I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

A. P.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

FROM my own native clime I took my way
Across the foaming deep; my husband slept
In his new grave, and poverty had stripped
Our lonely cottage. Letters o'er the wave,
From brother and poor sister, bade me come
To the new world, where there is bread for all.
So with my heavy, widowed heart I went,
My only babe and I.

Coarse curious eyes
Looked searchingly upon me as I sat
In the thronged steerage, with my sick, sick soul.
But at each jeering word I bowed my head
Down o'er my helpless child and was content,
For he was all my world.

Storms rocked the bark,
And haggard fear sprang up with oaths and cries;
Yet vondrous courage nerved me—for to die,
With that fair loving creature in my arms,
Seemed more than life without him. If a shade
Of weariness or trouble marked my brow,
He looked upon me with his father's eyes,
And I was comforted.

But sickness came,
Close air and scanty food. Darkly they pressed
On feeble infancy, and oft I heard,
As mournful twilight settled o'er the sea,

The frequent plunge, and the wild mother's shriek
 When her lost darling to the depths went down.
 Then came the terror. To my heaving breast
 I closer clasped my child, and all my strength
 Went forth in one continual sigh to God.
 Scarcely I slept, lest the dire pestilence
 Should smite him unawares—e'en when he lay
 In peaceful dreams, the smile upon his cheek,
 I trembled lest the dark-winged angel breathed
 Insidious whispers luring him away.
 It came at last! that dreadful sickness came,
 The fever—short and mortal! Midnight's pall
 Spread o'er the waters when his last faint breath
 Moistened my cheek—deep in my breaking heart
 I shut the mother's cry.

• One mighty fear
 Absorbed me, lest his cherished form should feed
 The dire sea-monsters, nor beneath the sods
 Of the green, quiet, blessed earth await
 The resurrection.

So I shuddering pressed
 The body closer, though its deadly cold
 Froze through my soul.

To those around I said,
 "Disturb him not—he sleepeth." Then I sang,
 And rocked him tenderly as though he woke
 In fretfulness, or felt the sting of pain.
 My poor dead baby! Terrible to me
 Such falsehood seemed. But yet the appalling dread,
 Lest the fierce scaly monsters of the sea
 Should wind around him with their gorging jaws
 O'ermastered me.

Nights fled and mornings dawned,
 And still my chill arms clasped immovably
 The shrivelling form. They told me he was dead,
 And bade me give my beautiful to them,
 For burial in the deep. With outstretched hands
 They stood demanding him until the light
 Fled from my swimming eyes.

But when I woke
 From the long trance, that icy burden lay
 No longer on my bosom. Pitying words

The Captain spoke,—“Look at yon little boat
Lashed to our stern. There in his coffin rests
The body of thy son. If in three days
We reach the land, he shall be buried there
As thou desirest.”

Then from breaking morn
My eyes were fixed, and when the darkness came,
By the red binnacle's uncertain light
I watched that floating speck amid the waves,
And prayed for land.

As thus I kept my watch,
Like desolate Rizpah, mournful visions came
Of my forsaken cottage; while the spring
Of gushing crystal, where 'neath bowing trees
We drew our water, gurgled in my ear,
To mock me with its memories of joy.
My throat was dry with anguish, and when voice
Failed me to pray for land, I lifted up
That silent naked thought which finds the throne
Sooner than pomp of words.

With fiery face
And eager foot the third dread morning rose
Out of the misty deep, and coldly rang
The death-knell of my hope.

As o'er the stern
I gazed with dim eye on the flashing brine,
Methought its depths were opened and I saw
Creatures most vile that o'er the bottom crept:
Lizards and slimy serpents; hideous forms
And shapes, for which man's language has no name;
While to the surface rose the monster shark,
Intent to seize his prey.

Convulsive shrieks,
Long pent within my bleeding heart, burst forth;
But from the watcher at the mast there came
A shout of “LAND!” and from the horizon's edge
Gleaned a faint streak, like the white seraph's wing.
Oh! blessed land! We neared it, and my breath
Was one continued gasp. Oh! blessed land!
A boat was launched; with flashing oar it reached
A lovely isle. Bent o'er the vessel's side
I saw them dig a narrow grave, and lay

In the cold bosom of the quiet earth
 The little body that was mine no more.
 Nor wept I : for an angel said to me,
 ‘ God’s will ! God’s will ! and thy requited prayer, remember !’

To my hand a scroll they brought,
 Bearing the name of that deserted strand,
 And record of the day in which they laid
 My treasure there. They might have spared that toil—
 A mother’s unforgetful love needs not
 Record or date.

The ship held on her course
 To greener shores. Then came an exile’s pain
 Beneath a foreign sky.

Yet ’twere a sin
 To mourn with bitterness the boy whose smile
 Cheers me no more, since the sea had him not,
 Nor the sea-monsters.

Endless praise to Him,
 Who did not scorn the poor weak woman’s sigh
 Of desolate woe.

No monument is thine,
 O babe ! that ’neath you sterile sands doth sleep,
 Save the strong sculpture in a mother’s heart ;
 And by those traces will she know thee well,
 When the graves open, and before God’s throne
 Both small and great are gathered.

L. H. S.

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. IV.

“ Oh, mother ! Polly Wildfire has been so dreadfully shaking and slapping the poor little baby, that I went up to her and spoke about it : she told me to mind my own business, but sure it is everybody’s business, when they see poor little children treated badly, to take their part—is it not, mother ? ” “ Certainly, my child ; and if you should ever go out, as you wish to do, as a young servant, one part of your duty will be to be kind to all ; avoid quarrels with everybody in the house, and always have a kind word, even for those who may not speak very kindly to you. There are

always some cross kind of spirits to be found in every house, but if left to themselves they will soon spend their vengeance, particularly if they get a kind word for a cross one. Let us read the Bible again; find the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs and the fifth verse. ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.’”

“Why, mother! I never did see anybody like you, for you always seem to be able to open the Bible and find a bit just suited to all we are saying!” “Well, dear! this is just what I should like you to be able to do—go to the Word of God as to a wise and true, and valued and tried friend, and you may always find direction there in every difficulty. But then, Carry, if you mean to be a good little servant, there is the one thing needful you must have, or you will never feel right nor act right?” “Ah! I know what you mean, mother. ‘I must be *pious*!’” “Yes, just so; this will include all the rest. You will then be clean, neat—doing all things in order—kind, obedient, careful, truthful, honest; indeed, this one word *PIETY* will include all that a mother wishes to see, or a mistress require.” “Now, mother, for Mr. Sabine’s ‘Little Kitchen-maid,’ you said you would read.”

“THE LITTLE KITCHEN-MAID.

“And so to be a kitchen-maid
Our little Hannah wishes;
She says she’s not of work afraid,
Of washing plates and dishes.
Come, then, my child, I’ll tell thee how
With grace to fill thy station,
No matter whether high or low
Thy lot or situation.

“To set the Lord before thine eyes,
Be this thy first endeavour;
His favour seek, that matchless prize
Hold fast, and hold for ever.

Be faithful, honest, just and true,
 In this thy humble calling,
 And trust the Lord, in all you do,
 To keep you, dear, from falling.

“A little maid should careful be,
 Of circumspect behaviour,
 So act and speak that all may see
 She loves her God and Saviour.
 No matter what her service is,
 Her duties, or her station ;
 So that her service all be His,
 ’Twill be a sweet oblation.

“He’ll take it all as done for Him,
 Although the work be lowly,
 He loves the praise of seraphim—
 The blazing sun—the glow-worm dim—
 All precious, if all holy.”

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. V.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

“MAMMA, you said you would talk to me again about my teeth, and you know you always keep your word.”
 “Well, dear, I am quite at leisure now, and will gladly attend to you ; and while thinking on the subject, I have met with a page on the teeth, which I will read to you ; though I do not think you will call it very agreeable information, it may serve to help you in remembering to wash those little teeth of yours.” “Oh, thank you, ma ; please read—I like to hear you read.”

“The gentleman who writes, Minny, has given directions for taking care of the teeth, and then goes on to say o those who will not take the trouble to clean them, that such persons have animalcules abounding in the matter which accumulates about the teeth—that their accumulating skeletons form what is called ‘the crust of the teeth.’ They are incredibly numerous, and, when examined under

the microscope, are so full of motion that the whole mass appears alive." "Oh, ma, please don't read any more, it is so dreadful; I feel sure I shall remember it till I am as big as you; but, ma, what did you call the white, shining part?" "The enamel, Minny; now try to remember that word. If this gets broken, the air penetrates the tooth, and it becomes hollow, or decays." "Dear me, mamma, then I must not crack nuts, I suppose, like Hetty does?" "No, dear, certainly not; you should never bite any substance with your teeth harder than the crust of dry bread." "Oh, ma, do let me run and tell Hetty not to crack nuts." "Wait a moment, dear, I have something else to say to you. I want you to think, my little girl, about that glorious Being who is so kind to us and who surrounds us by His mighty works; what a wonderful body He has made for man, and what a beautiful world He has given us to live in. There are, indeed, marks of sin all around us, yet it is still beautiful. How pretty the fields, with their green carpet, and the bright flowers growing on their brown bed, and the woods, and the hills, and the restless blue sea, and the sky with all its glories. I remember, when you were a little lisping child, you used to call the stars 'God's bright eyes.'" "Did I, ma? tell me some more."

"I was going to say, dear, that when man disobeyed God, and became a sinner, He might have caused everything around us to give us pain when we gazed upon it; He might have made everything disagreeable to our taste; He might have caused us to feel pain every time we moved these bodies of ours; but, instead of this, He has made everything agreeable around us, and all would add to our happiness but for these wicked hearts of ours within. Now I will read a very pretty piece to you, which is a great favourite of mine, and then you may run off to tell Hetty about your teeth." "Oh, ma, I like that pretty text at the top of the poetry." "Do you mean the words—'He hath made everything beautiful?' Listen, Minny—

"Call not earth a barren spot,
 Pass it not ungrateful by;
 'Tis to man a lovely lot,
 Though a lovelier rests on high.

"Were the woods, and hills, and streams,
 Earth's soft green, and heaven's pure blue,
 All the radiance of its beams,
 Formed by God in vain for you?

"True, indeed, the stain of sin
 We perceive upon it all;
 And the best around, within,
 Bear the tokens of the fall.

"We may wish for purer skies,
 Fields celestial, springs of bliss;
 Yet with grateful ardour prize
 Such a lovely world as this.

"We may wish for souls as chaste
 As the morn or mountain snow;
 Yet each hallowed pleasure taste,
 God has given to man below.

"Call not earth a barren spot,
 Pass it not ungrateful by;
 'Tis to man a lovely lot,
 Though a lovelier rests on high."

"Oh, mamma, I do like that pretty poetry; may I learn it?" "Yes, certainly, if you like; but run away, and have a game of play now, dear Minny."

THE REPENTING BOY.

A LITTLE boy, about six years of age, one day manifested a disobedient and refractory spirit. His mother led him up stairs, and talked long and kindly to him; told him of the awful and sad effects of such conduct, and of God's great displeasure at disobedience.

This conversation had a most salutary effect on the mind of the child. The next morning, he was in bed longer than usual. His mother asked the reason; he replied, "Mo-

ther, I have been talking to God." "What about, dear?" "I have been telling Him I am very sorry for being so naughty, and I asked Him to forgive me, and to help me, that I may not be so wicked again." "And do you think, dear, that God heard you?" With joy beaming in his countenance he replied, "Yes, mother, and I believe He has forgiven me."

A Christian mother can easily imagine how these words fell upon the heart of this little boy's mother. Was there not prayer, repentance, and faith in his language? Prayer, "talking to God," pouring out our sorrows into the ear of a sympathising Redeemer; repentance, "sorry for being so naughty;" confession and contrition, accompanied with a desire not to offend again. Mother, teach your little boy this verse:—

"Repentance is to leave
The things we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

Then there was faith: "I believe He has forgiven me;" a simple trust in the pardoning love of God, through Jesus Christ. True it is, that the plan of salvation is so simple, that a little child may understand it, and though refused by the learned, it is often revealed unto babes. Let us teach our beloved ones the importance of confessing their wrong doings to God, instead of allowing their sins to remain as a heavy burden on their conscience; and let us encourage them to tell us of all their little troubles, that we may go with them to the foot of the cross to receive pardons and blessings.

CLEMATIS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I've been Thinking.* By Mrs. ROE. London: Clarke and Co.
An exceedingly interesting and instructive book for the young.
Ned the Tiptler. By WILLIAM DREW. London: Horsell.
A temperance tale of interest, and pleasingly told.
Home Thoughts. August Number. London: Kent.
A pleasant companion for the family.

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. VI.

“Remember the weakness of his thought, and that wisdom for him must be diluted.”

“COME here, dear, and feel pussy’s nice fur; stroke him gently, he likes kindness—pussy can feel as well as Willie. See how he likes to sleep near the fender—he looks happy. Willie must try to make everything that has life feel happy. Gentle Jesus is kind to every creature He has made, and He is always looking upon my little boy. He sees all he does, and hears all my little son says. Can Willie tell mother what the bright fender is made of?” “No, mother.” “It is made of hard metal, Willie, and men dig it out of the earth. What is the cover of my little boy’s book made of?”

There would be no end to our paper, if we imagined all the various things that the young mother can talk to her little boy about. If we can only help her to think while she nurses or sits by him, we shall have gained our point. A very clever physician asserts that the words, looks, and actions which infants see and hear in the first two or three years of their lives, do actually form the grand essential outlines of their future characters, and so indelibly are they impressed that it will be difficult to new-model them in future years. How careful, then, should the mother be, as to the kind of words her babe hears, and the kind of actions he sees! How wise should she herself be! How perfect, too!

That was a judicious mother who was heard to remark that she herself always took the chief care of her infants till they were two or three years old. Instead of a nurse she hired a housekeeper, saying, “If anything is wasted or broken it can be supplied, but if the dispositions of my children are injured there is no remedy.” “Ah, but,” say some, “mothers too often spoil them, and not nurses.”

Yes, we admit this too, but then we are pleading for *wise* mothers. We would warn them of the danger of ruining these little immortals in the early morning of life. The mother must herself learn at the fountain of wisdom, and from her store draw forth all good things—and good ways—and good thoughts and words for the careful training of the helpless creature committed to her trust; it may be, indeed, but for a few brief summers, but that training stretches forth into the far-off future—even to eternity.

If thy boy is spared, young mother, to see thee laid in thy grave, he shall speak thy words, do thy actions, and quote thy maxims, till the flower of the grave blossoms on his head; and then in thy children's children you will yet live again, and prove a blessing or a curse to generations yet to come. Ponder these thoughts, as you teach that smiling boy now nestling at your side, young mother. You are working not only for time—even this is momentous! but *eternity* will tell of your present training.*

THE WIFE.—No. VI. . .

"The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour that fadeth quickly.

"If ye will be happy in marriage, confide, love, and be patient; be faithful, firm, and holy."

LIFE, and particularly the married life, is generally made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and little attentions, are the things that win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. Little attentions are the heralds of affection—units they are which lead to mighty products. They are often laid aside after marriage; but when this is the case there is some danger of the decline and fall of love's empire. And then, if we reflect for a moment how short the time may be ere the tenderest ties of earth may be broken, how

anxious should we feel to make those dear to us as happy as we can while they remain with us, that we may have no regret on this point when we weep over the remembrance of their love. How little things are remembered, sometimes with anguish, after the time has passed away when we might have made reparation!

"I went one day," says a lady, "while quite a child, to take tea with the mother of my nurse, who accompanied me. This poor woman was a widow, and often through life has the conversation of that evening recurred to me. She was very glad to see us, and brought out her best tea-things to give us a cup of tea. After tea she took up her knitting, while my nursemaid read a tract to us. Scarcely had she finished reading, when up starts the old lady from her arm-chair to take hold of the snuffers in a great bustle, for while she had been looking at her knitting, and her daughter at her little book, there had been a thief in the candle! 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'that thief in the candle takes me back again many years of my life. It happened that one winter's night,' continued the poor old widow, 'when I had more than common to do with my needle, there was but one candle in the candle-box; and when I lighted it, thinks I to myself, if I am not in a bit of a bustle, as sure as I am alive my candle will be burnt out before I have finished my work. In about half an hour I left the table, intending to return in a few minutes; but, very foolishly, I began to do some trifling jobs in the chimney-corner, which might just as well have been done at another time. How long I was away from the table I cannot tell, but when I went back to it again I found there was a thief in the candle! It must have been burning there for some time in that manner, for one side of the candle, more than half way down, was melted. What made it worse was, that the wick had given way, and the candle would not stand upright.' I tried all manner of contrivances, but all this time the candle was burning, and

so much of it had been wasted, that before I had half done my work it began to flicker in the socket of the candlestick. I was sadly vexed at myself, and while I sat fretting and stewing, in comes my good man, as good-tempered as I ever saw him in my life. "Wife," says he, hanging up his hat on a peg by the stair-foot door, "wife, thee hadst better light another candle, or stir up the fire; let us look a little cheerful on this side the door, for it's gloomy enough on the other." While he said this in his joking way, the walls of the cottage were one moment lighted up, and the next covered with shadow, for the flickering flame threatened to go out every moment; but when I told him about the thief in the candle, and that the candle-box was empty, he shook his head, and sitting himself down in the chimney-corner, began to talk to me. "Wife," says he, and while he spoke he took up the poker and made the fire flame up afresh, "wife," says he again, with a smile on his face, "I am afraid 'tis no uncommon thing in most houses to have a thief in the candle." I felt the colour flush in my face, being more vexed at what he said than I had been before. "You need not say that to me," says I, "for we have not had a thief in the candle I don't know the time when before." I began to clear the round deal table, that I might set his supper before him, but all the while I was as snappish as the tongs. "Ah, wife," continued my husband, and a better never lived, "I have heard say, life is but a candle that flares away for a little while, and then sinks into the socket and goes out. Now, I take it, that if our lives are to be looked upon as candles, we have had a pretty many thieves in them in our time." "I was too cross to say anything, so he went on talking just in the same way for some time. What he said began to mollify me, for it went to my very heart, but I did not interrupt him. At last, says he, "Wife, I can see that you are a little bit twisted at what I said about the thief in the candle; but I did not

mean to apply it to you half so much as to myself; our candles will soon enough be burning in the socket, and if we busy ourselves about trifles, and neglect doing what ought to be done, we shall find, when we little think it, that there has been a thief in the candle." Since that night I have known a deal of sorrow, for my husband has been taken away, and I have been left a poor lonely widow; but the bitter cup has been sweetened with mercy. I have been graciously led to seek and to know more of Him whom to know is eternal life. My prayer is, that my day may not be wasted—that my life may be devoted to the glory of the Redeemer—that no thief may be found in the candle! Ah, so it often is; when our dear ones are gone for ever from our world, we regret many things which happened when they were yet with us. This poor widow remembered, when her kind husband was laid beneath the clods of the valley, that she was as 'snappish as the tongs' on the evening when there was a thief in the candle!"

Wife! mother! soon the time will come when the last word will have been spoken, and the tenderest and happiest unions broken. Let, then, the law of love guide us till we reach that blissful shore where all we loved on earth, if united by faith to Christ, shall live and love again in the light and joy of an eternal day. There infirmities shall cease—blessings be perfected—and the High and Holy One shall declare our reunion to be for ever and for ever.

SUNDAY EVENING OCCUPATIONS.

"And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel." —LEV. xvi.

MY dear children, the subject which I have chosen for this evening is about two goats. I suppose you have all seen a live goat—perhaps very often. When you have time

I should like you to try and find some texts in the Bible about goats. You have read in it about the Tabernacle in the wilderness, and the priests who used to offer sacrifices for the Jews. Did you ever see a picture of the Tabernacle? It was divided into two parts: into the first, or holy place, any of the priests were allowed to go; but only the High Priest might enter the other part, which was called the *most holy place*—this, however, was only to be done once a year, and then the High Priest (whose name was Aaron) must take blood in with him, or else even he dared not go in. Can you tell why this was? To show us that if Jesus had not shed His blood, neither you nor I—no, nor the best and holiest man—could ever have entered heaven.

But we will go back again to the goats. Aaron the High Priest was commanded to take two goats, and draw lots for them; one was to be slain, and its blood carried into the most holy place—but what was to be done with the other? Aaron was to stand at the door of the Tabernacle by its side, put his hands upon its head, and confess over it all the sins of the Jewish people, and then send the goat away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

Now, my dear children, this is a short story of what *really* happened long, long ago. Aaron is dead. The Jews who stood watching while he did all this are dead also. Why has God left the account of it for us to read and think about? There is a verse in the New Testament (in the Epistle to the Hebrews) which tells us that the *blood of bulls and goats* could never take away sin, neither could the goat when alive really bear away sin. No, dear children, this was all intended to teach us about One who suffered and died for us on earth, and who now pleads in heaven the merits of His own blood for all those who love him. Yes, He is gone, like Aaron, into the most holy place. By-and-by He will come out, as Aaron did, to bless His people. Shall you be among those to whom He

will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father?" If so, you will go and confess your sins to Him now, that they may be forgiven. None but Jesus could ever have borne the weight, the dreadful weight, of the sin of the whole world—none but Jesus could now appear in heaven to plead with His Father for all those who love Him.

Oxford.

MARY.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

WE have received many encouraging letters since we dared to touch this delicate subject, and have also before us an account of an interesting case, with several letters, which we hope may prove a stimulus to the self-denying efforts of those who care for the poor erring wanderer. We will give a short extract from the letter of one friend, and then proceed to the case sent to us by another.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I am glad you have taken up the subject of the Outcast, and I sympathise with the necessity of dealing with it carefully; yet, now that you are fairly started, do not, my dear madam, fail to pursue it thoroughly. It is, indeed, a melancholy subject, revealing, perhaps, more real misery, mental and physical, than any irregularity to which our fallen nature is prone. Whatever may be done as means of prevention should be done quickly and heartily. For many years it has been to me a subject of affecting meditation, and I have felt great interest in any remedial suggestion that has come under my notice; yet does it seem that the evil strengthens, and that the number of its victims is continually on the increase.

"There is one remedial phase of the subject in which it has been possible to make various experiments, beneath my own observation, though, alas! I grieve to say, they have not always succeeded. I allude to the reception of young women, who have strayed, into my family as domestic servants. I am aware how timid many Christian mothers and mistresses are of such a movement (and not without reason either); yet when no other course seems open, when erring woman pleads to be given a chance for recovery, and you can give it, the risk may be worth while. I am thankful to say the beloved superior of my domicile has often consented to commit all dangers to the kind

providence of Him who weighs motives; and, though sometimes disappointed, her endeavours have not been wholly without good. In one case, especially, she has the delight to know that the object of her consideration was restored to better paths, and is now the respectable wife of a respectable man. I will endeavour to give you a brief outline of this case soon, as it may be a stimulus to you and to others.

“That this special object of Christian and motherly affection may meet with the special benediction of Him who said,— ‘Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more,’ is the earnest prayer of

Yours, very affectionately,

“J. O. V.”

Our extract is longer than we intended to make it. We hold our friend pledged to go on, and be ready for us by the time our other case is ended, which we cannot now commence, or our paper would be too long. Mothers! we are looking to you to help us in the prevention and cure—ponder the subject.—Ed.

FLOWERS.

MOTHER! try to instil into the minds of the little immortals committed to your care a love of flowers. There is something so pure, so beautiful, and yet so transient in these denizens of the field, that they appear as if the sin of our fallen world had not reached them—they continue to blossom with all their unspotted beauty as remembrances of Eden, of the sinless state of our first parents. How gracious of our omnipotent Creator still to strew our path with flowers—we, who are so undeserving and forgetful of His mercies! Gather a snow-drop in the early spring, mother—that emblem of humility—call your bright-eyed boy to your knee—point out to him the delicate white petals so exquisitely pencilled, and the dark strong leaf so well adapted to protect the bud in its first stage of growth. While looking for fresh beauties in its fragile form, lead his mind to the hand that formed it; tell him how life is likened to a flower, by its being so

frail, so uncertain; tell him that he must strive to become a flower in the garden of the Lord on earth, that he may one day be transplanted to a brighter garden in a better land; tell him, if God so clothes the lilies of the field, how much more will He take care of him!

There are many more important lessons to be deduced from this subject. It is remarkable how soon the attention of a child will be riveted, while speaking to him of a flower. It is very delightful to ourselves to be able to see creation's God, amidst creation's beauties—to trace the finger of God manifested in His works—to view the working of His power in the minute vessels of the tiny flowers that besprinkle the field—to realise, with Cowper, that the One Spirit—His, who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—rules universal nature. How interesting it renders our walks, particularly in the country, to see God in all His works, whilst we are enjoying the infantine prattle of our little ones, and endeavouring to improve the time by words of instruction drawn from objects around us. Let us foster, then, a love of nature in the minds of our children. The contemplation of the works of Him to whom their minds are directed, must be improving and pleasant. We are taught in the Word of God to unite the admiration of the beauties and wonders of nature, to every other motive for devotion; for the God of redemption is also the God of creation. David, the sweet singer of Israel, after considering the works of God, exclaims—
 “What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!”

ANNE.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

Not a tree,

A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains

A folio volume. We may read and read,

And read again, and still find something new;

Something to please, and something to instruct,

Even in the humble weed!

FADING FLOWERS.

These few pale autumn flowers,
 How beautiful they are !
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the summer store,
 How lovelier far !

And why ? they are the last !
 The last ! the last ! the last !
 Oh ! by that little word, '
 How many thoughts are stirred,
 That whisper of the past !

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers,
 Ye're types of precious things :
 Types of those better moments,
 That flit like life's enjoyments,
 On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
 (That time the fastest spends) ;
 Last tears in silence shed ;
 Last words half uttered ;
 Last looks of dying friends.

Who would not fain compress
 A life into a day—
 The last day spent with one,
 Who ere to-morrow's sun
 Must leave us, and for aye !

O precious, precious moments,
 Pale flowers ! ye're types of those,
 The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
 Because like those, the nearest
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
 I woo your gentle breath ;
 I leave the summer rose
 For younger, blither brows ;
 Tell me of change and death !

DRESSING DOLLS.

Do not smile, mother, nor think it beneath your notice to see to it how your little girl dresses her doll. If infancy and youth be the germ and promise of mature life, then it is of importance how your little daughter dresses her doll. The love of dolls is very early manifested by almost all girls, and who can tell whence the propensity has its rise? Who can say that the profusion of finery displayed on the person of the doll, and considered so necessary to make it look "smart," may not imbue the opening mind of its possessor with a love for similar adorning? Sometimes a child conceives an affection for her doll which is like a foreshadowing of maternal love, and a development of a woman's strongest instinct; and if she is encouraged to show her love and care, by due attention to the neatness and propriety of its attire, and taught as early as possible to make its clothes, and to be regular and punctual in attending upon it, much good result in after-life may follow; and when real duties and real cares, with advancing years, devolve upon her, she may find that from her mute baby she has acquired an aptitude and a habit of carefulness and assiduity which will then be of the greatest advantage.

On the other hand, if all a girl's love for her doll is expended in bedecking it with lace and ribands, and loading it with ornaments, we may expect to see in her own person a corresponding love of finery, and most probably an equal neglect of neatness and propriety. It was surely never designed by Him who painted the gorgeous colours of the rainbow, who covered over the most secluded recesses of the earth with a profusion of beauty, and constituted order Heaven's first law, that the loveliest part of His creation should not bestow due and fitting attention on their external appearance, or display a want of taste and care so ill corresponding with the other parts of His creation. But far—far removed from this is worldly con-

formity and the study of fashion, which too often occupies the heart and the thoughts, stealing time from important duties and binding the affections down to earth.

Christian mother! see to the manner in which your little girl dresses her doll; and let your example be to her, in all things, just such as you will like to see her following, when you take your leave of her at the gate of the grave.

A. F. J.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

BY A YOUNG TEACHER.

I WAS making a morning visit with my little boy, when one of the ladies of the house very kindly produced some biscuits for the child. After receiving them he approached me, and very quietly dropped them all, one by one, into my pocket; then asking for them one by one, as he wanted them, he seemed quite as satisfied and happy as if they had all been in his own possession. What an important lesson to me—and what a reproach, thought I!—Am I always content that my heavenly Father should keep my worldly possessions for me? When I receive them, do I refer them all to Him, to have and keep them? Do I think them safe in His hands, and am I satisfied that He will supply all my need as it arises, or am I careful and troubled about many things? Am I fearful to give to the poor, (in which I am but lending to the Lord), lest I should hereafter need myself what I am now called on to give?

Was I better pleased at my child's confidence in me, than if he had kept his treasures clenched in his own hands? And is not our heavenly Father pleased when we thus trust Him? The cakes were really much safer in my pocket than in his little fingers, through which they might very likely have slipped in the street, and been spoiled, if not lost. And so are our worldly possessions in the

care of Him, whose are the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, if we could only believe it. "Take heed and beware of covetousness," is the Lord's injunction. "Be careful for nothing—cast all your care upon Him." This you can only do by exercising the faith of a little child, and making your Father the depository of your treasures, your superfluous wealth, and even of that which you at present need. Give all you have into His hands, that He may guide you in the disposal of it, that you may not be careful about its safety; and ask Him for it, and receive it from Him as you need it. If you look on it as His, you will not be so much troubled if you lose it.

I have read of a child whose parents sent him to inquire for a poor family whose cottage had been plundered by wicked hands the previous night. The little boy tried in his artless way to condole with the poor woman. "My dear child," she replied, "all that I had was not mine, but was lent me by the Lord; if He has been pleased to permit it to be taken from me again, they were only His own things, and so I have no right to complain."

"I have seen many rich burdened with the fear of poverty;
I have seen many poor buoyed with all the carelessness of wealth;
Many poor have the pleasures of the rich even in their own
possessions;

And many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet feel all his
cares."

CORRECT YOUR CHILDREN RIGHTLY.

ONE day, two brothers, one about seven, the other nine years of age, were disagreeing, when the younger one struck the elder. The blow was instantly returned. The mother came forward and struck the elder boy for making his brother cry. After she had punished him she told him that as he was the eldest he should not have struck his younger brother, but kindly reproved him, and have given him a

kiss for a blow. The child instantly replied, "Then, mother, why did you hit me?" The reproof was felt deeply, and had the mother acted agreeably with the advice given to the child she would have gained the conquest, for example goes before precept, and children notice far more what their parents *do* than what they say. The little boy afterwards read to his mother the third chapter of the 1st John, gave his brother a kiss, and went to bed. Much need have mothers to seek wisdom in the correction of their children. How very important, too, that they learn the grand secret of governing themselves. The task is arduous, but when once learned the result will richly repay for all the trouble.

CLEMATIS.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. VI.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

THE next day being Sunday, all the children were assembled around their mother, after their return from the Sabbath school, and opening their Bibles at the part they were reading in order—the history of Joseph—each read a verse in turn to the end of the subject; then Mrs. Mild requested them to keep open their books while she questioned them. "Now, then, my children, who can tell me in what Joseph was like the Saviour?" "I can, mamma," said Minny; "He was beloved of His Father, and I read the other day that Jesus was called 'Beloved Son.'" "Oh, I know something," said Charles; "Joseph's father made him a coat of many colours, and God made His beloved Son a body like our own, my hymn says, when He came down to our earth." "Yes, mamma," rejoined the earnest-looking John, "a body like baby-brother's, when He was 'in the manger at Bethlehem." "Oh, I know another likeness," said Hannah; "Joseph went in search of his brothers, and my text was this morn-

ing that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save those who were lost."

"Well, now, try again," said the mother. "You tell us one, please, mamma," said Minny. "Was not Joseph hated by his brethren?" asked the mother. "Oh, yes, to be sure," replied Henry. "How stupid we all are; and the Saviour was hated by His brethren." "Who were the Saviour's brethren? I thought He was an only Son," said Minny. "Oh, Minny, don't you know," whispered Hannah, "that the Jews were His brethren; and ma, I remember, too, that the brethren of Joseph talked about killing him, and the Jews talked about killing Jesus Christ." "Very well; now go on." "It is rather difficult, mamma, and yet it is very pretty. What shall I find now?" asked Minny. "Joseph's brethren took off his coat of many colours." "Yes, ma, yes, so they did; and the Saviour's coat was taken off; His coat without a seam, and they cast lots for it." "Now, again, ma, please help us out."

"Joseph went away from their fury to enjoy great honours in Egypt," said Mrs. Mild. "I see—I see, ma; and Jesus Christ went up to honours in heaven." "Very well; now, try again, little Minny. Joseph went to secure food and comforts for his family, by the kind arrangement of his heavenly Father." "Ah, I see it, mamma; Joseph had to take charge of the store-houses, that there might be corn to spare in the time of famine." "Yes, Henry," continued Minny; "and the Saviour is gone to Heaven to prepare a place for us." "For us, you say, my daughter; are you included, do you think?" "Oh, mamma, I hope we are all included," rejoined John. "I hope so, too, my dear children; and we need not be in any doubt about it with the Bible in our hands. What is required of us, my son, in God's Word?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Papa said, this morning," replied Henry, "that we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and we should

be saved." "Yes, and what kind of belief is it, do you imagine? Most persons believe that Jesus came into the world, but this belief alone will not save us."

"Is it, then, mamma," asked Hannah, "to believe that Jesus was God and man too, and that He came down to die for us?" "Neither is this enough," replied the mother, "for the wretched beings who are shut up in hell believe all this, my child; do you not remember reading in James, 'The devils also believe and tremble?' " "Yes, mamma, but the devils don't love the Saviour; nor they don't keep His commandments like people on earth can." "Very well, dear; now we shall understand something about it soon. Your Bible says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' and again, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments;' and again, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' Now, my children, I wish to impress on your minds the importance of being made holy by the Spirit of God, and this Spirit is promised in answer to prayer. The Saviour said, when He was upon earth, to a Jewish ruler, that unless we are all born again we shall never enter the kingdom of heaven. Now the belief that the Gospel requires includes all this: we are to repent; believe or trust in the Saviour; love and obey Him, and take Him for our example. Now you can all try yourselves by these rules, and see if you have taken the first step towards the kingdom of heaven."

"What is the first step, mamma?" asked Minny. "To feel truly sorry from the heart, my dear, for our sins, and determine to forsake them, asking the Spirit of God to help us for the Saviour's sake." "I hope I shall soon take the step, then, ma." "I hope so, too, my Minny; then you will be able to say with truth, as you did just now, 'He is gone to prepare a place for us, and when we have passed through the dark valley of the grave, He will put on us a robe of righteousness and a crown of glory, and He will give us a golden harp, to help us in singing together.

through eternity, of redeeming grace and dying love. It is now time for us to separate." The young party then retired to their own rooms.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

DEAR MADAM,—In reading the life of the Rev. Henry Venn, I have been so much struck by the justice and truth of the remarks in the following extract, that I submit it to your notice, thinking you may give it a place in your Magazine. It occurs in a letter written to a relative, on the birth of his first child :—

"I write now to congratulate you on the birth of your child. A Christian will receive it as a charge of inestimable worth ; and, at the same time, as a patient, whose innate depravity must be guarded against, and its cure begun even from very infancy. The child is, at first, little more than an animal ; afterwards, in a small degree, rational ; and for some years, in general, is incapable of being treated as spiritual. Wisdom, love, and mercy call upon us to begin very early with our offspring, to oppose and subdue self-will—the plague of man—the disease of fiends—the enemy of God ! And early and steadfastly opposed, it is, in most cases, very soon conquered, though not extirpated.

"No object is more pleasing than a meek, obedient child. It reflects honour upon its parents, for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure, to the utmost limit of what is fit. It promises excellency and usefulness—to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the will of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management ! We pity orphans, who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied : it has no parent ; it is its own master—peevish, froward, headstrong, blind ;—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to ;—not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all that in future will be connected with it. What bad sons, husbands, masters, fathers, daughters, wives and mothers, are the offspring of fond indulgence shown to little masters and misses, almost from the cradle ! Wise discipline gives thought and firmness to the mind ; and makes us useful here, and fit for the world of perfect subordination above."

A MOTHER TO HER LITTLE SON.

WILLIE, my child, I want to talk to you—I want to tell you that you have something within that little body of yours that can never—no, never die—you are an immortal being. Your life came from God. You must live in heaven or hell for ever. Those sparkling bright eyes will be closed—those little hands and feet will cease to move, and all the body must go into the grave and return to the dust; but the soul, which now gives life and animation to the whole, can never die. The thought that my boy must live for ever, in happiness or woe, fills his mother's heart with deep anxiety. You are committed to her care—she has to bring you up for eternity—to regulate your passions—to instruct your judgment and lead you in the way of righteousness and peace. She watches over you by day and by night, in sickness and in health, and she loves you as herself. Ah, my son, none will ever love you as your mother loves you; and would you not like to live with your mother and your dear father in heaven? Ah, then Willie must love gentle Jesus. Willie must be a good boy, and do what the Bible tells him, and attend to what his parents say.

Was Willie a good boy when he cried and kicked, and would not try to go to sleep?—No; Willie made his mother's heart sad then, and she was ready to cry too, but she asked gentle Jesus to forgive him and make him a holy boy. Now, will Willie try to be a good boy because his mother loves him, and because Jesus Christ loves him, and is always able to see him and listen to his words. Now, Jesus Christ when He was upon earth took little children up in His arms and blessed them, and He loves little children now. I want my Willie to know and love this kind Saviour. He is God's only Son, and always lived with Him in heaven; but “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, He would have all men to be saved, and I want Willie to come to Him that he may be saved. My boy has a wicked heart, and often does what he knows to be wrong; and there is no pardon—no forgiveness but through the blood of Jesus Christ. Willie must ask Jesus to give him His Holy Spirit, that he may be holy and happy on earth and in heaven.

M. B.

A THOUGHT FOR OUR CHILDREN.

"This hand never struck me."

A LITTLE boy had died—his body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother did not think it best, but her child repeated the request and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through the tears of affection and love, and said,—“Mother, this little hand never struck me!” Brother! if you should die and be laid in your little coffin, and your sister should come and take your hand and kiss it, could she say—“My dead brother’s hand never struck me?” And if your sweet little sister should die, and you should look upon her dead, pale face, would you not weep more bitterly if you recollected having once struck her and caused her pain? Ah! yes, you would, we are quite sure; then live together to-day, as if the morrow would separate you for ever. This may save you many a bitter pang, and many a painful regret in future years.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Who does not love little children? They are the poetry of the world—the fresh buds and flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurors, with their “natural magic,” evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Lavater tells us to “beware of the person who does not smile on little children;” and certainly we must confess to the feeling of the heart drawing back from the person who tells us he dislikes children, and thinks them troublesome, disagreeable things! “ “ “

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE MOTHER WHO SPOILED HER CHILD.

She will have her reward. She cultivates a *nightshade*, and is destined to eat its poisoned berries.—*John Foster*.

“ MEEKNESS AND MADNESS.

An old divine, overhearing a mother correcting her child in a violent passion, said—“Ma’am, if you do not learn *meekness* of the Lord Jesus, your child will learn *madness* from you!”

“ HINTS TO PARENTS.

Different dispositions require as various treatment as different physical constitutions; therefore, early study the dispositions of your little flock, and treat them accordingly. We would give this hint to *teachers* as well as mothers.

A contest with a child should always, if possible, be avoided; but if commenced, be sure to carry it through.

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE NEXT YEAR?

"Who knoweth when he may be hit? for great is the company of archers.

A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him.
No going back—the past is an abyss; no stopping—for the present
perisheth;

For ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of to-day.
Our cares are all to-day; our joys are all to-day;
And, in one little word, our life, what is it but—to-day?"

Does it not seem a short time since "The Mothers' Friend" for December, 1852, was put into your hand, mother? "Ah, it does," you say. Yet it is a whole year; but there you are, sitting in your home still; the very same home as when our little messenger greeted you on the last month of last year. Well, is it not kind of your Heavenly Father thus to spare you to your beloved family? Your husband is not weeping over your grave; your children are not written motherless. But where will your home be *next year*, mother, can you tell? No, you cannot; you may have found a home in the grave for the body, but where will the spirit be? awaiting with joy the second coming of the Lord, or dreading the sound of the archangel's trumpet calling you to the judgment? How will your maternal duties appear to have been done, that morning?

Young man, full of health and vigour, hastening to the art of commerce, the office, the study, the workshop, or the field, where will *your* home be *next year*? "Where?" I hear you say. "You ask me an absurd question; in some part of the world I shall have a home, to be sure, and a happy one, I hope." Ah! you cannot be sure of this; the house appointed for all living may be your next home, and eternity may reveal its wonders to your disembodied spirit next year.

Daughter! beautiful and beloved! where will your home be next year? Are you sure it will not be said of that admired body of yours, as it was of the beloved and beautiful Sarah, "Bury my dead out of my sight?" Let us look at a few who have passed into new homes in the past year. A father tells the tale of—

THE LOST BOY.

"Never will the memory of his departure be effaced. The gloom of this first bereavement throws its shadows everywhere. The nursery is desolate—the broken toys—the empty chair—the leaves of the picture-book, are all there, alas! mute witnesses of the companionship and associations of the past, but bringing forward, in bolder relief, the crushing loneliness of the present.

"One lovely afternoon a group of merry children were gathered on the beach, and loudest in that happy throng rose the ringing voice of our dear one. Little did our fond hearts think the young voyager was so near the ocean of eternity. The children had gathered for him pure white stones and blue-veined shells, and as they filled his basket its stores called forth the ringing laugh that made all feel joyous. Those playthings of old ocean were his last sport in the world; that wee basket, with its stones and shells, is now the priceless treasure of a mother's heart. That night the mark of the destroyer was upon the high, pale brow; a few days—days of earnest prayer, deep anxiety and suffering—and the cherished one faded from our sight. A little white headstone tells that the young playmate has found a new home—the simple inscription,

'ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED,

THIS FOLDED LAMB RESTS IN THE BOSOM OF JESUS,

commemorates at once our faith and our consolation." Ah! the little shell-gatherer has found a new but a happy home.

We will now take you to another scene of removing to a

new home, breaking up our paper into parts for the benefit of busy mothers.

THE DEPARTING DAUGHTER.

A pious and devoted young disciple is waiting patiently, on a bed of suffering, for the sound of her Good Shepherd's voice. Beside her stands her excellent father, motionless and like a statue. The being he is watching is his only—his beloved—his lovely—his devoted daughter, who is just now passing to her heavenly home. Not a muscle moved in the marble-like form of the father—not a groan was heard from his burdened heart—the anguish was too deep for such an utterance. The very strength of the storm sometimes stills the sea. So it was with him. But a tear glistened in his eye—a little tell-tale messenger of woe, which had arisen up to that window of the soul. He had not told her yet (though the truth was plain to his practised eye), that the dark foldings of death were gathering like night-curtains around her—that the hour-glass had been turned for the last time, and the sands of life were running feeble, few and numbered. How could he? She was his only one—his darling child. But she saw the tear in his eye, as it stood dimming with silent melancholy the smile of hope, and she readily divined the cause; she knew, she felt that the hour of her departure had come. She was dying, and *she was happy*. UNUTTERABLY HAPPY, for *Jesus was there*. "Father," said she, feebly, but with heavenly sweetness, turning her full eye upon him, "father, dear father, am I dying? Don't be afraid to tell me, for *I am very happy*. Oh, I was never so happy! If this be death, oh, I should like to die always. Death is sweet! sweet! SWEET!!!" With these, her last words, she passed to her angelic home.

We intended to take you to the side of a dying youth, a Sabbath-school teacher, and to the home of a departing mother, but our paper will be too long; one other scene, and we will rest our pen.

THE OLD MAN CHANGING HIS HOME.

He was very rich, and his gold was his God. His heart was filled by the love of the things of earth; in these he had delighted for more than fourscore years. To the Sabbath, to the temple of God, and to the God, of his mercies, he was an utter stranger; nor could his friends turn his thoughts from his earthly treasure. But the old home is to be taken down; he would not believe it; he lay struggling with the dark-winged messenger, talking of his riches. "Bring me," said he, "my bundle of notes." They were brought. While he was looking at them, he said, "I believe we shall not lose it." While holding his notes, and examining them in his withered hand, he died.

Where can his home be? He loved gold here, does he now walk the golden streets, or is he the companion of Dives? Well, we shall know, some day. But, mother, father, daughter, son, where will your home be next year?

LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHAT is life, father?"

"A battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail;

Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,

And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every hand,

And rest not, day nor night;

And the feeble little ones must stand

In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, father?"

"The rest, my child,

When the strife and the toil are o'er,

And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,

Says we need fight no more:

Who driveth away the demon band,

"Bids the din of the battle cease,

Takes the banner and spear from our falling hand,

And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble—I fear
 To yield in that terrible strife!"
 "The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
 In the battle-field of life.
 My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
 He loveth the weak and small,
 The angels of Heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all!"—*Household Words.*

TRUTH! TRUTH! TRUTH!

"Trust payeth homage unto truth."

"Little children are
 Candid and curious; how they seek
 All truth to know and scan,
 And ere the budding mind can speak,
 Begin to study man!"

MOTHER! father! did you ever think how confiding and trusting is the spirit of your little child? We presume, of course, that he has been trained according to the rules of "the Book" given for your guide by the "God of truth." That he has seen no double-dealing in his home—heard no words intending to deceive—seen no "acting a lie." Then, we say, how confiding is the young spirit! Why, if you told him with a serious countenance that you made the sun, or that the whole world was yours, he would believe you, and tell the fact to those around him, saying, "It is true—for my father or my mother said it!"

Some people are fond of saying things to little children, in joke, that often bewilder the little head, and cause the infant heart to doubt its truest friends. A gentleman was one day sawing some wood, when a little girl, who was on a visit to his house, ran by very near the saw. "Ah! ah!" said he, "if you come so near again, I shall saw your head off." The child believed him, and ran terrified to the far end of the garden, and when she saw the gentleman near her after this, she would exclaim, "You shall not cut my head off."

We knew a little girl who was told, when she went to bed one night, that if she did not remain still and quiet, and go to sleep, she would see frightful things in the dark. The child believed it, and, for years after, she was in the habit of straining her poor little eyes in the dark, to discover what these "frightful things" could be.

One of the best things in this way, which we have known a long time, came under our notice lately. A gentleman from London called on a friend in the country, who has a sweet, well-trained little boy; the gentleman entered into a chat with the little fellow, and presented him with a penny. At length he asked the child if he would go to London with him, "Yes," said the little fellow, with the greatest confidence. "Then run and get your hat," he continued, "and come along with me." The child, nothing doubting, was about to run off for the hat, when his mamma said, "No, my boy; the gentleman does not mean it; he is only joking." This seemed, indeed, a strange matter, and looking up, he asked very gravely, "Is he tipsy, then?" "Oh, no!" the mother replied; but the boy had received a new impression of the gentleman's character, and opening his hand, and looking at the piece of money he had received from him, the child asked, "*Is his penny good?*" We should imagine the gentleman will never forget this question.

Mother! father! friend! never talk to little children so that you may leave the impression that you are either "tipsy," or are capable of passing base coin. Take for your motto, in all your intercourse with these little ones, Truth! truth! truth!

WHAT DID YOUR BIBLE COST?
 'Tis all in vain for me to boast
 How small a sum my Bible cost;
 The day of judgment will make clear
 'Twas very cheap or very dear.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

DISCOURAGEMENT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I was thinking one day of the question—"What is the chief end of man?" and I remembered the answer given in one of the catechisms to this important inquiry—"To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever;" but observation, however, teaches us that the glory of God, and the happiness of men, are subjects which receive less attention from the great bulk of mankind than any other; and, alas! British mothers are very often indifferent to this great object—at least, as far as my experience goes. I have occasionally left my home for the express purpose of inviting mothers to unite with me and a few others in prayer, and reading, and talking, for the conversion of our children; and to ascertain the best mode of training them for this world, and the world to come. And although this invitation is given but for *one hour, once a month*, it is painful to any reflective mind to hear the trivial excuses which lead many to absent themselves. I suppose the apostle felt something of this when he said, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." The venerable Newton, too, when speaking of the Marthas in *his* day, was constrained to write—

"How oft are we, like Martha, vexed,
Encumbered, hurried, and perplexed;
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot."

Let not, however, the *few* be discouraged, for—*thus saith the Lord*, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them."

A. O. S.

While our friend is thus discouraged by the lack of co-operation among the mothers in her locality, we can gladden her benevolent heart by telling her of many thousands of mothers, in other places, who rejoice in the given them by these meetings, and of many who have been led by them to see the responsibility of their position, and to commence active exertions in their once-neglected maternal duties. We could tell her, too, of one good

mother who was once as sadly cast down as she is, but who now has the pleasure of meeting two bands of mothers monthly, and of circulating among them *five hundred* of "The Mothers' Friend!" "FORWARD!" must be our watchword till we receive the command to pass over Jordan. We have yet a little more in store for our friend, which shall be forthcoming (D. V.) in our New Year's Numbers. —ED.

STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. VII.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

LITTLE Minny, who was so fond of asking questions about everything, grew up an intelligent girl, and richly rewarded her mother for all the pains taken with her in her early youth; and, having given her heart to the Saviour in the morning of her life, she became a blessing to the whole circle in which she moved. Some others of this happy family gave early promise of being lambs in the fold of the Good Shepherd, and departed to that better country, where knowledge and love are perfect. Some are now filling honourable places in society, giving proof of a pious mother's early care and teaching. And Minny—poor Minny!—when dark days came, and clouds of sorrow rested on her father's house—when riches took wings and flew away, and death came to lead her beloved father into the gate of his dark dwelling, she, the young Minny, helped to support her widowed mother by the laudable effort she made, in teaching to other little girls what she had acquired in her youthful days.

Dear young friends, never be ashamed to ask for instruction on subjects you do not understand, and never pass over a word in reading that you do not comprehend; and if you have no kind mother or friend near you, try to find it out by books: but, above all, seek that heavenly knowledge which is able to make you wise unto salvation.

Ask the Saviour to send His Holy Spirit into your heart ; remind Him of His promise, that those who seek for heavenly teaching shall receive it ; and then, if you love and serve the Saviour here, walking in the way He has himself described, and in which He has gone before you, then will you be mettened, either to live and be useful on earth, or to die an early death and be happy for ever in heaven.

Little child, look up and pray,
 Seek the Saviour every day ;
 Though He dwells in glory now,
 With a crown upon His brow,
 Yet He loves each little child,
 Who is holy, meek, and mild.
 Choose, then, Mary's better part ;
 Jesus asks you for your heart.
 He will nothing less receive ;
 Seek Him, love Him, and believe.
 Thank Him, too, for all you see,
 Every flower, and every tree.
 Earth is still a lovely place,
 Where the Maker's hand we trace ;
 Yet there is a world on high,
 Far more glorious in the sky.

A DEAD MOTHER SPEAKING.

"Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,
 That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life ;
 Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
 Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?"

HAVING an opportunity of exchanging a busy sphere of usefulness for one combining usefulness with relaxation, I passed a fortnight at Worthing. This was peculiarly pleasant to me, as I had not been in that neighbourhood before ; and the weather being very fine, I was able to have some pleasant rambles through the fields and villages on to

the Downs. One was my favourite walk, that through the fields at Heene, crossing the railroad, by the church at Tarring which is being re-built, and then for about two miles through fields to High Down Hill, where there is the celebrated "miller's tomb." This was a beautiful country stroll; but, beautiful as the country was, there was another charm, and it was this. As I was ascending the High Down Hill, and repeating the words on the miller's tomb, surely, said I, this is very familiar to me; I know something of this place; where have I heard of this? who told me?—it is a long time ago. At last I caught the thread—it was my mother. I had forgotten that my mother, whose spirit has been "present with the Lord" these nineteen years, had ever been in this part of England; but at once came back the scenes of early childhood, when I, a boy, would listen, at my mother's knee, to the tales of her journeyings; and so vivid was the remembrance, that as I stood by the miller's tomb, and surveyed the beautiful country round, I could hear her voice describing the scene, the lovely spot, and repeating the lines on the tomb.

Need I say I wept at the remembrance of my mother? To that mother I owe much, I cannot trace how much; those early lessons which she gave me, taking me aside and then pouring into my youthful mind, in such a way as only a faithful, loving mother can, some truth concerning God, heaven, hell, eternity. These lessons were never forgotten; and if I have been preserved amid the many snares of youth, if I have been useful in the Sabbath school, if useful in the Church of God, if a comfort to the sick and dying, and made useful in preaching the everlasting Gospel, it is through God's blessing upon the instruction of my blessed mother:

One circumstance, which I have often recalled of late, I would mention. My mother was sinking fast, and she called her boy to her, and asked him to read to her about Jesus—that was her comfort now. I read, but I did not

feel what I read; I do not remember what I read; but this I know, that it was about Jesus, and it was a comfort to her. And this same Jesus is now my comfort; through that same precious death I have hope of everlasting life; and though that mother had no reasonable hope, when she passed from this life, that her son was "born again," yet, departing in faith, her prayer has been answered.

Mothers! do you take your children aside, and talk and PRAY with them alone? Your boy will remember you, if you do; lovingly remember you, when all else forget you. I meet constantly with men who cannot be restrained from the ribald jest, the coarse joke upon womankind; but, none of these had a loving, faithful, praying mother. Mother, your son will be what your influence makes him. England's future will be what the mothers of England's sons now are. England! God expects every mother to do her duty.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. X.

ASSUREDLY, many a Christian heart will respond to this appeal. Who can look on them in public, and in imagination reflect on their history in private, without a feeling of agonising interest for their rescue from such an awful situation. Many have made efforts, and have failed; have exposed themselves to personal annoyance in their efforts to do them good. Many are deterred, from feelings we cannot but respect, yet such is its distressing character, that methinks the hope of success is worth great risk, whilst we are conscious of purity of motive. The following short account of one reclaimed wanderer may stimulate to effort many who read "The Mothers' Friend."

A. F. was the daughter of respectable persons in humble life, but her father being mentally afflicted, she was left to the support and guardianship of her mother. She was sent to a Sabbath school, and enjoyed the usual privileges of a Christian

circle. At an early age she left home for service, and soon gave sad evidence of waywardness and folly.

The regulations of the respectable family she had entered were soon irksome to her, and she left it for a situation, to her more attractive, in a seaport town. Soon, alas! she fell beneath the baneful influences that surrounded her—forsook the house of prayer—neglected the instruction peculiar to her youth, and fell a prey to the wiles of the seducer. In this position she continued for a season, externally gay and glittering, till, as usual in such cases, a fresh victim usurped her place, and poor A. F., an outcast and a wanderer, was consigned to the miserable contingencies of the public streets. This horrid life she pursued for years, amidst privations and sufferings to be imagined, not expressed; till, at last, on a memorable evening, the kind providence of God guided the footsteps of two pious youths across her path. She accosted them in her usual way—they were passing on, when one thought he observed in her face a peculiar expression. There was affected merriment, but he saw, or thought he saw through it a saddened heart. He spoke kindly to her, the poor girl staggered—she had not been accustomed to kind words—she burst into tears, and entreated him to say no more. This softening of the spirit encouraged him to persevere, and the distressed wanderer confessed to her awful state, and her ardent desire to escape from its dangers and distresses. They parted with a promise to bear her case in mind.

On the following morning they sought her at her lodging, and found the hopeful appearances of the past evening strengthened, and her anxiety increased to be restored to her home and mother. Having placed her in temporary lodgings, the rest was easily effected, and, in a few days, they had the great delight to restore her to her sorrowing parent—a monument, as they fondly hoped, of sovereign mercy. Months passed, and time matured the good resolutions she had been enabled to form, and with her restitution to respectable society were added pleasing evidences of real Christianity.

One thing weighed on her spirits;—she was a burden to her mother. What could she do? Who would kindly open her a path to honourable servitude? At length, a neighbouring lady made the trial; she was received into her house. Nothing occurred to weaken the confidence of her friends, and a better situation was soon obtained for her, through the agency of personal connexions of her mistress. Here she filled an honourable

post for a considerable period, when she formed an acquaintance with and was married to a respectable sea-going youth, became truly pious, and has, for many years, lived in usefulness and reputation.

Christian men! Be ready to extend Christian kindness to the outcasts; who can tell what a word in season may effect?

Christian mistresses! Be not too scrupulous. Pity them—pray for them. Give them a trial, and who can tell? Will not one such instance as this compensate for many disappointments?

J. O. V.

“LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE GREAT EARS.”

THERE is always some great practical lesson lying round about such proverbial sayings as that at the head of this paper. I am strongly reminded by it of my early days, and sent rummaging back to the time when I was a very little fellow, with my pinafore on, sitting beside my mother's knee, listening most attentively to the conversation which was going on between her and one of the neighbours, who had just called in, and who thus began:—“As I was passing your door, I thought I would look in, and ask you how you do, or it would seem very unneighbourly.” Then, stepping a little nearer to my mother—which movement awakened a corresponding degree of curiosity in our little selves to understand the matter—she said, in a mysterious kind of whisper, “You have heard about Nanny Crow, no doubt?”

Now, this Nanny Crow was a near neighbour of ours, and one who spent a large portion of her time running from house to house, telling all, and more than she knew to be true. I had often heard her loud voice, and seen her excited countenance, in desperate quarrels with her neighbours, till my poor little heart trembled again; and the remarks which I heard—and I treasured all up—between my father and my mother, gave me no very exalted idea of her; so I was doubly attentive to this whisper, which was

continued with a significant nod directed towards me. "have been told, by those who know, that she is likely to be brought before her betters to answer for her evil tongue; you won't mention it, of course." The little pitcher's great ears had taken it all in, every word, and was deeply pondering what it could mean. Oh, ye mothers, take good heed what you say in the presence of your children, and in what temper you say it.

Another instance, when I was a little older. My mother had taught me never to loiter when I was sent on an errand, but always to make the best of my way back; this advice, accompanied now and then with a word of judicious praise, had so established the habit, that I never thought of stopping or looking at other boys at play, but ran as fast as I could, and was sometimes rewarded by the observation—"Dear me, child, are you come back? Why, I thought you could hardly have got there by this time."

One day another neighbour looked in, but a different character from the last, who thus accosted my mother—"How are you, Mrs. Carr? Well, I declare, how clean and comfortable everything looks!" "Why, Mrs. Law," replied my mother, "you know I expect my husband home shortly, and I always like to have things neat and tidy against he comes home; for you know he has been working hard all day, and returns weary and tired. I take care to have the kettle boiling, and a nice bit of warm toast ready for him; and a bason, with some warm water and towel, that he may make himself clean and comfortable. He then sits down in the arm-chair, and he soon gets refreshed, and I always make it a rule never to talk to him much at first, and he never wants to go out, but will take his book, and will read to us till we go to bed." To all this I listened with vast attention; moreover, I knew it to be all true, and children are keen observers of truth, and they instantly detect any departure from it, which is often one of the first stumbling-blocks in their way, and

my mother's geese were always geese, never swans! Besides, my mother by this means raised my father in my esteem, and he would sometimes say to me—"My boy, be good to your mother; there are not many boys who have such a mother as yours. Don't you see how she strives to make us all happy?" So I was brought up to think no home like ours. All these things entered freely into the great ears of the little pitcher.

We must admit that there are very many different men and women in the world to my father and mother, and that to deal with the tempers of some people is next to impossible; and how to work a change in some households is hard to understand; but the thing may be done, and there is nothing so effectual as real godliness. Those who are unhappy, and sigh for a change, but don't know how to set about it, we entreat them to break off their bad habits—forsake evil and wicked companions—seek the friendship of those who fear God—go with them to the house of prayer—read the Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation—and, above all, earnestly pray to Him who is able and willing to aid you in all your efforts heavenward, for the sake of His dear Son Jesus Christ. He is near unto all them who call upon Him in truth and in sincerity.

M. B.

LITTLE WILLIE'S SUNDAY.

A LITTLE boy, of three years' old, came to town with his parents, having spent the previous year in a retired country place; this new home was in full view of a railway-line, and during the first week his interest in the continual succession of trains was intense and unwearying. This was not diminished by his parents having occasion on Saturday to take him a short distance in a railway carriage.

On his return, as he was going to bed, he said to his mother, "May I go in the train to-morrow, mamma?"

She replied, "Not to-morrow, my boy—to-morrow is God's own day." He paused a moment—and then asked, "May I go to church with you to-morrow, ma?" "Yes, dear, I hope we shall go." "Shall we hear the singing, ma? Will they sing? I do like to hear them sing—I do like the music." "Yes, they will sing, dear; and they will pray. Papa and mamma will pray. Can you pray?" "No, I cannot, ma." "Would you like to be able to pray? I hope you will be able to pray soon. God likes to hear people pray. He likes to hear them sing, too—and so you would like to go to hear them?" "Yes, ma." "Then I will tell you what we will do. We will get up to-morrow morning, if God pleases to allow us; and when we have prayed, and had our breakfast, we will go to hear them sing. We will not look at the trains all day, because it is the Lord's day. We will look at them on all the other days of the week, but not to-morrow. Then, after dinner, we will see some pretty pictures in Mary's 'Scripture Lessons,' about Jesus and Samuel; and you shall have your letters to find me those that will spell 'Gentle Jesus,' and 'Samuel,' and 'Abel,' and some more. And now would you like to kneel up in your little crib while mamma prays for you?" "Yes, ma, very much!" So he knelt up, clasping his little hands, and looking at his mother. She prayed that a blessing might rest upon him, in few words, and on all dear to him; and especially that he might have a new heart; and love the Saviour.

After this she briefly turned the conversation into prayer, asking that he might pass the Sabbath so as to please God—that he might not wish to look at the trains, but might go to the house of prayer, and join good people in praying and singing, and listening to God's word; and that he might be happy in doing this. Willie listened in silence; and when his mother had finished he exclaimed, "Oh, that will be nice, ma!" "What will, dear?" "What you have been saying, mamma." She then bade him good

night; and thus ended his first lesson on the subject, so far as regarded shutting out the world, and abstaining from things—lawful at other times—on the day which God has given us for His more especial service, and for our advantage, both as it regards this world and the world to come. Mothers! take your little ones by the hand, and try to get a Sabbath day's journey towards heaven.

A SECRET FOR THOSE WHO ARE POOR.

THE SWEDISH COTTAGE.

"I WENT lately," says an agent of the Bible Society, "to one of the many small dwellings of poverty, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, where the poor wife of a sailor lived, whose husband had gone to sea several years since, and had not again been heard of. Besides four little children for whom this poor woman had to provide, she has her own aged mother to support and attend to—but no complaint is heard in this dwelling! no murmuring!—and although everything in the little room bears witness to the greatest poverty, this woman's disposition for CLEANLINESS, DILIGENCE, and ORDER, shows itself everywhere. But that which especially makes this dwelling an abode of present bliss, is the circumstance that both she and her sick mother have found the Pearl of great price—the blessed Jesus. A BIBLE, which I had the happiness of presenting to them two years ago (and which now, indeed, forms the most conspicuous ornament and only treasure in their poor dwelling), had, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, become the principal cause of this happy state of mind. It is now, we rejoice to say, no longer uncommon to find little flocks (few in number indeed) gathering around the Bible, God's own book, in order to learn from it the way of salvation." Mother! Do you love the Bible? Do you read it with your children? Then you know "the secret!"

PASSING THOUGHTS FOR PASSING PERIODS.

“One generation passeth away and another cometh.”

THIS beautiful reference to humanity in the aggregate is constantly illustrated in individual experience. The thought is—incessant change—a continual shifting of the scene—that which we clasp slides hastily away; again we extend the hand, only again to realise a delusion and a snare. Unsubstantial and fleeting are all earthly things, yet we have necessarily much to do with them. We are here—running along—passing—and shall soon be where there are no changes, no more uncertainty, but settled, irreversible, everlasting finality.

Mother! did you ever think of this? Is it not wise of us to mark each passing period, and from it, as a standpoint, review the past and ponder the future? Each day—each week—each month—and especially each year—a portion of our history, during which, ordinarily, many interesting and important events transpire with weighty bearing on our future experience. Will you permit “The Mothers’ Friend,” in its closing visit for the passing year, to aid you in a few retrospective and prospective thoughts? First, observe the record on *earth*. Memory, that faithful remembrancer, will, at your bidding, mother, father, retrace the steps along which you have threaded your course. Has it been a year of bodily suffering? Ah! to some we know it has. Has it been a year of painful separations? Have ties, closely bound round your tenderest affections at its beginning, been rudely snapped? Mother—father—brother—sister—lover—friend—have they passed to eternity, or gone far—far away to distant shores? Have earthly expectations been sadly blighted? Have riches taken to themselves wings and fled away? or has God given you gold and silver in abundance? Is your domestic circle yet unbroken? Are your household bless-

ings continued? Then ponder these things, and bear in mind, in connexion with them all, that there is a record made of them *above*! Start not! Dream not that you have been unobserved. The record is on high! How has the varied experience of the past year been met and dealt with? Do you trace regret for doing wrong—submission to the Divine will—patience under suffering—abiding confidence in God—constant desire to do His will—and by example and precept helping your dear ones onward to the heavenly city?

Now, to our stand-point. What is the record? Should you tremble to unfold the awful page—to read, in the light of eternity the history of the past? “The Mothers’ Friend” urges you earnestly, affectionately, to think, to ponder, with prayer—solemn prayer *now*, at our stand-point. But what of the future? You say, perhaps, we may never realise much, as far as this world is concerned; true, but what are your intentions? Time flies—days open and close—while you doubt and hesitate the record is progressing. What are your prospects? What do past reminiscences unfold? Misspent days—neglected duties—or a progression in faith and toils of love, with less of earth and more of heaven in the heart, betokening a nearness for a happier state of being.

—Mother! father! close not another year till these thoughts have their proper weight, and are, with honest courage, tested well. Remember, again and again, “the record is on high!” Sin and folly may blind the eyes, deaden the conscience, stop the ear, blunt the feelings, absorb the soul; but the day shall declare it; and to such, an awful revelation it will be. But, Christian mother, *you* need not tremble to think of your record being on high—the unfoldings of the day that shall “reveal secrets,” can be to you only happy; with sin and sorrow escaped, holiness perfected, and a mansion prepared for you, all must be well. May it be the honour of “The Mothers’ Friend”

to close 1853 amidst the joyous hopefulness of many such a heart, and may 1854 witness them increased a thousand fold.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PASSING ON.

Years rush by us like the wind ; we see not whence the eddy comes, or whither-ward it is tending ; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed : and yet time is beguiling us of our strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

QUICKLY PASSING.

What would you think of a railway passenger arranging bed and board, books and work, to make his abode in the carriage—when lo ! his journey is at an end, and he must move out ? Are we not passengers quickly passing ? Have we a heavenly home at the end of our journey ?

“ Now is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time ;
Now is the watchword of the wise ; now is on the banner of
the prudent ? ”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Morning Dew Drops ; by MRS. BALFOUR. With preface by Mrs. STOWE. London : Partridge & Oakley.

A book full of truths well told ; an epitome of abstinence principles, written in an agreeable and Christian spirit.

The Door in the Heart. London : Partridge & Oakley.

A book that will not only enter the door of the heart but claim a place there.

Band of Hope Revival. London : Partridge & Oakley.

This little work for our children is cheap, good, and useful.

Home Thoughts. London : Kent & Co.

This little serial keeps up its character.

The Great Choleraic Visitation in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle : Barkas.

A useful little work, earnestly written, and so cheap that benevolent hearts may supply hundreds of cottages with its scriptural counsel.

